



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07485062 3

1

1

1

Am.
NYP
C

Howe

S. L.

Dec. 1. 1859.

His



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX, AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



THE NEWS-BOYS' LODGING-HOUSE.

HARRY LEE;

OR,

HOPE FOR THE POOR.

"O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

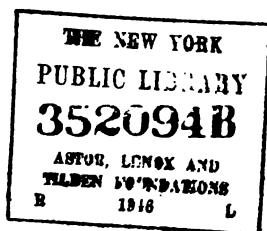
"No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own."

With Eight Illustrations.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.

1859.

TE



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year one thousand
eight hundred and fifty-nine, by

HARPER & BROTHERS,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern Dis-
trict of New York.

P R E F A C E.

IN our large cities, where there are ten thousand happy, cheerful homes, where there are lodging-houses furnishing "accommodations" at prices ranging from six cents to \$1 50 per night, where there are scores of public charities, many of them having beds, or at least shelter to spare, where not only the regular prisons are nightly stocked with the homeless, but where the semi-prisons (police station-houses) are without color of law, by a humanity refreshing to observe, turned to the transient use of charity, it may be a matter of wonder to many that every night hundreds are to be found wandering through the streets, or sleeping in any dark place discoverable, be it an ash-barrel, coal-box, hay-barge, cellar-way, open staircase, or even upon the sidewalk where heat escapes from steam-boilers beneath the pavement. Such, however, is the case.

It is no object of this story to discover the origin of or to designate a general cure for this evil, but simply to trace the history of one such case, to show that there is hope for the young if taken in time, and

Seven Gables - Apr. 26, 1946

to point out the direction in which to look for better things. There is foundation in fact for almost every incident introduced, and, did time permit, a much more natural picture might be given. Perfection, however, is not necessary. Humane men and feeling women will not require more than a hint in order to act out the impulses of a nature fashioned in the image and likeness of Him who is the God of the poor, the widow, and the fatherless.

It may be interesting to the reader to know that this story was originally written for the inmates of the News-boys' Lodging-house at New York, and read to them by the superintendent. It accomplished the design with which it was written, inciting several of its auditors to seek homes in the country; and it is now given to the public with the hope that it may awaken a deeper interest in an institution which has already done so much for the homeless boys of New York.

C O N T E N T S.

Chap.	Page
I. SLEEPING OUT.....	9
II. THE NEWS-BOYS' LODGING-HOUSE	21
III. NEW VIEWS PROPHETIC	28
IV. OUT OF WORK; SPORT; THE STATION-HOUSE.....	31
V. MORNING AT THE STATION-HOUSE	37
VI. THE JOURNEY	44
VII. A COUNTRY DRIVE AT NIGHT.....	54
VIII. THE NEW HOME	58
IX. LIFE ON THE FARM.....	67
X. NEW FRIENDS	80
XI. ELLEN'S HISTORY.....	98
XII. A CONFESSION.....	108
XIII. SCHOOL.....	108
XIV. A DAY IN THE WOODS.....	126
XV. CHURCH AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL.....	133
XVI. THE SNOW-STORM.....	139
XVII. AN INTERIOR DISCOVERY	147
XVIII. THE UNEXPECTED MEETING.....	154
XIX. MORE DOUBTS, AND OF DIVERS KINDS.....	170
XX. CHRISTMAS COMING	176
XXI. CHRISTMAS COME.....	183
XXII. NEW YEAR'S DAY	194
XXIII. THE PUZZLE AGAIN; A DRY CHAPTER.....	204
XXIV. SUGAR AND LOVE MAKING; A SHOCKING DISCOVERY..	213
XXV. AN ODD SOLILOQUY	226
XXVI. ELLEN'S GARDENING	232

Chap.	Page
XXVII. A RAY OF LIGHT	242
XXVIII. SCARLET FEVER	249
XXIX. TROUBLE AT THE FARM.....	263
XXX. THE SHADOW OF DEATH.....	270
XXXI. EFFECTS	279
XXXII. TRUE HAPPINESS	294
XXXIII. THE FIRST LETTER	303
XXXIV. ONE YEAR AGO	309
XXXV. AN ACCIDENT.....	315
XXXVI. TRIALS	321
XXXVII. LOOKING FORWARD.....	338
XXXVIII. A HAPPY PROSPECT	355
XXXIX. HARRY'S HOME	367
CONCLUSION	378

HARRY LEE.

CHAPTER I.

SLEEPING OUT.

“Few, save the poor, feel for the poor; the rich know not how hard
It is to be of needful food and needful rest debarred.”

LONDON.

It was a cool, pleasant morning in the early part of October; the sun was not yet up, but already the noise and bustle of New York had begun, even with the first dawning of daylight. If any one had been passing along one of the wharves on the North River, he might have seen a boy, apparently about seventeen years of age, sitting up in a hay-barge on the top of the hay, and looking over very thoughtfully into the water. But it was very quiet there; no sound to be heard except the faint murmur of the water and the rattle of wheels in the distance; as yet no one was passing by. There he sat, with his cheek leaning on his hand; and if he had given expression to his thoughts, they would have been something like these: “This is a miserable way of living; up in the morning to work; at it all day, rain or shine, hot or cold; just barely getting enough

to eat and something to wear; no home to go to at night. I wonder if I'll never be any better off. I wonder if it's got to be so always."

Poor Harry Lee! it is not strange that such should be his thoughts, for he had not one pleasant or comforting recollection of the past, not one cheering, encouraging prospect for the future. Left an orphan in his early childhood, he had been thrown upon the cold charities of the world. Wandering through the streets, sleeping upon door-steps, in the open market, or upon a hay-barge, where we first introduce him to our readers, memory could bring before him no picture but one of poverty, vice, and wretchedness.

For some minutes longer he sat there; a fresh, cool breeze was blowing across the water, lifting the tangled masses of dark hair from his forehead, and disclosing a good, honest-looking face, which might have told any one that Harry Lee could be trusted; there was no mistaking that expression, though just then he had a discontented, unhappy look. After a little he raised his head, and, saying aloud, "Well, it's no use to sit here doing nothing," turned round to wake his companions—five boys of different ages—who were still lying asleep in the hay.

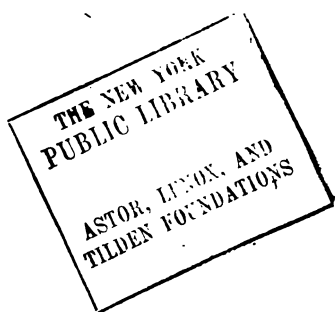
"Holloa, fellows, get up! It's broad daylight. Get up, I say, Jim!" at the same time giving him a pretty rough shake.

"Let me alone," was the gruff reply of one of the sleepers, half wakened.

"I guess if I do somebody else than *me'll* be after



SLEEPING OUT.



you, and they won't wake you up by shakes. Turn out, I say, turn out!"

With sundry yawns and stretches, and rubbings of sleepy eyes, one after another the boys got up, and scrambled out upon the wharf. There was one little fellow about twelve years of age, who, hardly awake, in getting out had left his cap behind him. It was seized by a tall, disagreeable-looking boy at least three or four years older, and, holding it up in the air, he called out, "Here, Jim, ain't this yours?"

"Yes; pitch it down."

"Pitch it down! You're a fool; I'm going to pitch it in the dock. You've got to swim for it."

"Oh, Tom, don't; I'm afraid. I can't swim only five strokes, and that's with my clothes off. Give it to a fellow, can't you?"

Jim spoke imploringly, but in vain. Tom was one of those persons who love to tease any one they get into their power, and in another moment the cap would have been gone had it not been for Harry Lee. He sprang up, and, snatching it away, tossed it to its owner, saying, "There, Jim; now clear out, or you'll get into a *muss*." Jim, only too glad to escape so easily, started up the street, while his tormentor turned to Harry and said roughly,

"I'd like to know what business *you've* got a meddling with *me*?"

"Why, what's the matter with *you*? Do you want to fight?" said Harry. "If you do, just pitch in!" But Tom evinced no farther belligerent symptoms, and

thought it most prudent to *look* his anger out for a time. When a good deal cooled, so that he knew it would provoke no blows, he muttered,

"I'll do whatever I choose without asking *you*."

"Well, then, you won't choose to bully a little fellow like him when *I'm* about, *that's* all."

This retort cut Tom enough to make him want to show a courage which he did not really feel; so he replied, but in a very tame tone,

"I'll pitch that old hat of *yours* into the water if you say much more."

"I'd like to *see* you," quickly responded Harry, drawing back his fist, and with a scowl on his brow. "Go ahead! what are you waiting for?" He stood thus for a moment, but, seeing no action on Tom's part, he took off his hat, and, holding it out, said, "There, take it now, and let me *see* you throw it overboard: just try it!"

But Tom's cautiousness seemed to tell him that it would not be exactly safe, and that he would find rather more than his match in Harry, for he drew back a little, muttering to himself, "I wish you'd mind your own business," and walked off, while the other boys derided, and Harry rose marvelously in their opinion. They soon dispersed, and Harry remained alone. Tom lingeringly sauntered off. After a little while he stopped, and, finding that Harry was not looking at him, he picked up a stone, threw it, and ran. Harry turned around, and instinctively took a stride in the direction in which Tom was going, but checked himself, and

stood still, as he contemptuously said half aloud, "Ah! *wouldn't* I like to give you a punching, you great coward you!" He continued for a moment looking and shaking his fist, to which Tom replied by placing his thumb to his nose and twirling his fingers in the most orthodox style of mingled cowardice and vulgarity.

All that had just occurred was not calculated to put Harry in a better humor, and the same dismal thoughts with which he awoke came back again. Poor fellow! Pretty soon he had come to the conclusion that many another had reached before him, and will again, that this is a miserable world, and every thing in it is going wrong. And yet it was not usual for him to feel so; generally he was as cheerful, light-hearted a boy as is often met, but this morning he seemed "to have got up on his wrong side," and he could only see the dark side of every thing.

It was still very early when he reached the Washington Market, where he was going to his daily work as a butcher's errand-boy. There was scarcely any one there; the market people themselves seemed half asleep; and there was nothing for him to do for a while, so he walked around, bought at a stand some coffee and cakes for breakfast, and sat down to eat them. Pretty soon he heard a merry voice call out,

"Holloa, Harry. Why, old fellow! where did you come from? I thought you were lost. I was going to put you in the papers, with a \$1 reward, among 'Lost, strayed, or stolen.'"

"You'd better say where did *you* come from, Frank; you h'ain't been about here these three weeks."

"*That's* so. Well, I'll tell you where I've been;" and the new-comer, a boy not so tall as Harry, sat down beside him and began his story.

"You see, the reason why I h'ain't been round here of nights is, I've found a first-rate place to turn in; and I've been wanting to tell you about it this good while, but we didn't happen to strike each other before now."

"What sort of a place is it, Frank?"

"Why, they call it the 'News-boys' Lodging-house.' It's up in the top story of that building there, on Fulton Street, where the *Sun* office is, *you* know. I *tell* you it's tip-top."

"But how do you get in?" said Harry.

"*Walk* in, of course; I guess you won't find nobody to *carry* you in. Go up stairs and give in your chink, and they'll let you sleep in a first-rate bed all to yourself. They don't pile you three in a bed, like they do around at Masheen's. It's a bed to yourself, and, besides that, they wash one shirt a week for nothin', and give you a closet with a key to keep your things in, if you've got any to keep, and then, if you're in before six at night, you get your supper to boot, free! I tell you what, it's *some*."

"Some what?" said Harry.

Frank's only reply was an immoderate burst of laughter; and Harry, evidently mortified at his own dullness, and resolved to redeem his reputation, added quickly, "Oh, I know what you mean now; it's 'high,' it's 'tall,' and I guess the price must be too."

"It is, is it? Seven cents for supper and bed—what do you think of that? Why, your coffee and cakes cost you *six*, and they'll give you two cups of coffee and as much bread as you want."

"But it's nothing to me. *I'm* not a news-boy."

"Oh, that's nothin'. They've got all sorts of chaps there. If you've got no place to sleep, *that's* enough; they'll let you in. Come along to-night and try; *they'll* let you in, and you'll like it too. It made me stiff at first. I got so used to bricks, and stones, and planks, and iron rails, at the *Herald* office, I had to take the bed off at first, and go it on the slats; but they wouldn't let me do that again, so I *had* to break in to a bed or walk chalk. Now that I'm *used* to it, it goes fine. It don't take you long."

"But what's it for, Frank? *They* can't make no money off it at seven cents. Why, I'd *eat* a shilling. What's it for?"

"Why, it's for you and me to sleep in. I don't know what else. Of *course* they don't make no money. Rich folks 'scribe to it and keep it a goin'; and when folks is goin' to die, they just tell the lawyer to write in a hundred or two in the will for the News-boys' Lodging-house. You know, they think it'll go easier with 'em in t'other world if they do such things as that."

"Folks ain't fools, Frank. They've got better sense than to think they'll slip in that way."

"Well, you needn't get *mad* about it. I didn't say *I* thought so. I said *they* thought so, not *me*. *Them*, you know."

"Yes; but I don't believe it. Folks you could fool that way's got no money, and—"

"Well, *any* how, the money's *guv*, that's enough."

"I guess somebody started it to save the M. P.'s* the trouble of picking up us chaps in the streets."

"Well, I don't care who started it or who pays for it. I know it's first-rate. You come along Broadway by the Park to-night just about dark, and you'll find me there; we can go along together. You'll be there, won't you?"

Frank was off, walking backward long enough to hear Harry reply, with his mouth full of cakes, "Yes, I'll be there."

Harry got up to go to his work. The butchers were all busy cutting and carving away at the huge pieces of beef. No one looking at the amount of meat there could have helped asking where it was all going, and wondering if it could ever be used up; but one look at the crowd in Broadway or Chatham Street a few hours later would have answered the question. The market was beginning to fill up, and Harry was soon away with a great basket to carry home for its owner. It was a happy thing for him that he had met Frank, whose cheerfulness seemed to be infectious, for all his unhappy rising thoughts had vanished, and he went about feeling as pleasant as he had ever done. Many a time during the day he found himself wondering what sort of a place the News-boys' Lodging-

* It may be necessary to explain to those who live outside of New York that "M. P." signifies Metropolitan Police.

house was; who took care of it; if the boys had to be very quiet there. Somehow he hardly thought Frank would like it if that were the case. He often wished night would come, and a dozen times fancied himself at the Park railing, the sun setting. He wanted very much to see the lodging-house for himself; but wishing did not make the world turn faster, and there was nothing he could do but wait. It was wonderful what an effect this had upon Harry all day—with what a different spirit he went about his work. The thought of something pleasant to come always brightens the day's labor, even when it makes the hours seem tediously long. Harry was truly glad to look forward to a change from the last night's lodging. He was heartily sick of "snoozing," as the boys term sleeping out. He was disgusted with it, and just as much so with some of his companions—Tom, for instance. Then the idea of the lodging-house seemed to be an answer to some of the morning's thoughts. Perhaps this might be the first step toward some better way of living.

The long day at length came to a close, and the last rays of the setting sun found Harry standing by the iron railing of the City Hall Park, on Broadway, waiting for Frank, who pretty soon came dashing along in as great a hurry as usual.

"Oh, there you are!" he called out, as he joined Harry; and, laying his hand on his friend's shoulder, he said, "Harry, I'm in luck to-day; just see here!" He took out of his pocket two little red cards.

“What’s them?”

“Lodgin’ tickets; got them for nothin’. Come on; I’ll tell you. I was going along here to-day, and a lady dropped her handkerchief beside me. Thinks I, ‘May be she’d as soon have it again as not,’ so I picked it up. I *tell* you it smelt good, and them white things *is* soft and nice. Well, then, you know, I ran after her, and pulled her sleeve like, and she turned round. You don’t know what a *bird* she was. I kind of shivered when I saw her, to think I had been touching any thing of hers; but she soon drove the shivers away, and made the hots come, for she said, ‘Thank you,’ and bowed to me just as if I had shiny boots and a silk hat. Then she asked me to stop a minute: so she opened her purse. You know, *I* thought she meant to give me some money, and I nearly said, ‘No, sir-ee, ma’am,’ when she took out these tickets. Says she, ‘Are these any *use* to you?’ Says I, ‘I *guess* they are.’ So she laughed, and gave me two, and there’s yours. Wasn’t that luck?”

“Yes; and more than luck, it was kind. We poor wretches don’t often hear a *decent* woman speak kind, and it ain’t no wonder that all the women we care for *ain’t* decent. No decent girl would *look* at such fellows as you and me. The decent girls go to church and get good, and leave us to go to—” Harry was about to use a scriptural word profanely, but he stopped suddenly, for a new thought just there entered his mind, and he broke out, “But, Frank, I want to ask you who *keeps* the lodging-house?”

"Oh, didn't I tell you? There's what they call the superintendent—he's a first-rate fellow. I rather guess he was once a boy himself."

Harry smiled at this reply, which Frank observing, said, "You needn't laugh. There's lots of men you meet in these streets that I don't believe ever *were* boys; they look as if they were *born* men with whiskers and boots."

"Well, then, ain't he that?"

"No, he ain't; but he's a man, though, for all that, and, I believe, a *good* man too."

"But what do you do there, Frank?"

"Oh, all sorts of things. There's a bath-room, and wash-room, and library, and a play-room, where we often have jolly times. We can do just what we choose up there. The M. P.'s don't know the way up them stairs, and nobody meddles with us so long as we don't curse and swear, or break each other's heads. But here it is, Harry; come on up."

CHAPTER II.

THE NEWS-BOYS' LODGING-HOUSE.

"Take heart; there yet is hope for thee,
And thou hast found a faithful friend."

ANONYMOUS.

THE two boys entered the open door. "Take a long breath, Harry; you've got to climb up pretty high;" and Frank led the way, running up the stairs

at a rate that would soon have tired any one else ; but they were both so eager, the one to see and the other to show all the wonders of the lodging-house, that they seemed determined to waste no time in getting in. Harry was full of curiosity, asking questions about every thing ; and Frank was only too glad to answer them, proud of his own connection with the institution, as well as of every thing in it.

“In the winter time they have school in here,” he said, as they went in. “Ain’t the desks nice? This is the play-room too, and when we get agoing, I guess the folks down below must think there’s a young thunder-storm rumbling and rolling around up here, or, any how, all but the lightning.”

But, while Frank was talking at this rate, Harry was losing all he said in feeling that so many eyes were upon him. He was a stranger, and the boys knew it. He saw they did, and all his bashfulness was aroused. He did not feel quite sure of being welcome ; and every thing was new and strange. He was embarrassed ; and, though he wanted to see what was there, yet his feelings were so uncomfortable that he would rather have been in the street again than in the focus of so many eyes as he believed he was. The truth is, he was not nearly as much observed as he imagined. The boys noticed him as a new-comer, but were much more intent on their own pursuits than on watching him, and when he perceived this he began to feel more at ease, and to ask questions which led to his being thoroughly shown around by Frank. He began with asking,

"What's that table for, Frank?"

"Oh, that's the bank; come see it. You can have one of these holes yourself to put your money in. The News-boys' Bank never suspends."

"Did you ever put any thing in?" Harry asked.

"Well, to tell the truth," Frank replied, with a rather comical look, "I don't often happen to have *much* more money than my pockets can hold. I put a five cent piece in sometimes; but never mind, I'll have a fortune *one* of these days."

"It'll take a good many days to make it at that rate," was Harry's reply.

"Will it?" returned Frank. "Why, how much d'ye s'pose five cents a day *is* in a year, without interest?"

"I don't know. Five dollars?"

"No, *sir*, it ain't. It's—let me see—it's more than eighteen dollars!"

Harry was surprised; but, when he considered the subject, he found that it was so. He was silently thinking how many dollars he had wasted in small amounts. At length he spoke again:

"That's eighteen dollars without interest; how much would it be *with* interest?"

This was a question beyond Frank's depth, and it was referred to the librarian. He took up a piece of paper, and, after writing upon it for a few moments, replied,

"I've figured it only once, and may have made a mistake; but I think that five cents a day, at five per cent. a month interest, paid monthly into the bank,

will amount in a year to about twenty-six dollars and a half."

Harry stood aghast; but his surprise was interrupted by Frank, who had kept to one subject as long as he possibly could, and was off to something else.

"Come along and see the wash-room. I guess it won't hurt *us* to wash our face and hands;" and not till that necessary operation was performed did he wish to introduce his companion to the superintendent. "Look here; don't you waste this water."

"Why not—is it *holy*?"

"No, but it's *heavy*, and may be you'll have to pump some up here one of these nights."

"What's that for?"

"Why, you see, it don't *walk* up into these here pipes by itself; and when a fellow does any thing they don't like, they let him help it up with a pump—*that's* all," Frank added, rather demurely. "*I* tried it one night, and, I *tell* you, it wasn't fun. Make haste and wash; I'm done."

"Hold on, Frank; don't be in such a hurry. Where's the superintendent? What's his name?"

"Mr. Wilson—he's in there. Come on; I guess the boys are going to play."

There were about thirty boys of different ages in the room when they went back. Mr. Wilson, the superintendent, was also there, and, as they entered, he was at once attracted by Harry's appearance. He had a fine face, and large, flashing eyes; his head was well formed and covered with dark brown curls, and

his forehead broad and high ; his mouth and thin lips indicated resolution, firmness, and decision. He was tall and well proportioned, just verging into manhood. Hardship had only strengthened his physical frame, and his bearing was manly, as if conscious, at least, of integrity. He was even then a hero among the boys who knew him ; few dared to interfere with him, and none felt that they could treat him insolently with impunity.

Frank seemed to be perfectly at home ; he knew most of the boys. He had the happy faculty of being "up to every thing ;" never at a loss to know what to do or say. "That's Mr. Wilson over there," he said to Harry, pointing toward the superintendent. Harry eyed Mr. Wilson earnestly, and then, turning to his companion, said, with a careless, almost impudent air, "I guess he'll do."

"I rather guess he will," was the reply ; and Frank was in the midst of the boys, who were discussing the question as to what they should play. When he arrived, in a moment it was decided in favor of "prisoners ;" and, as it happened, he chose Harry on his side. "Never mind me," was the answer of the latter to various injunctions not to let himself be taken, and to do his best to make their side victorious. Much to his delight, they did win, and Harry was as proud of the conquest as Frank himself, and very glad to have had the chance of showing off his own strength and agility. This game was followed by a speech from Frank, addressed to his "friends and fellow-citizens,"

which was received with shouts of laughter from the boys; and the superintendent seemed to enjoy it as much as any of them, and Harry was confirmed in his opinion that Mr. Wilson would *do*.

The speech was scarcely ended when the noise and confusion of so many tongues, all busily going at once, ceased instantly upon the entrance of some visitors, two ladies and a gentleman.

"Oh, that's her; that's the lady," Frank whispered, almost breathlessly and much excited.

"Which one?"

"That one there by the door. I wonder if she'll know me."

At any rate, she did not notice him just then. After seeing all that was to be seen, the ladies complied with a request to give the boys some music, and in return were entertained with the "News-boys' Welcome," a song which seemed to utter some of Harry's own feelings. In the midst of one of the verses, Frank, who was joining in with heart and soul, singing at the top of his voice, turned round, saying in a whisper to Harry, "Why don't you sing, Harry?"

"I can't."

"Well, sing *any* how."

"I don't know it."

"Oh, pshaw! just make a noise; open your mouth and holler out."

Harry was not disposed to follow that piece of advice, and listened silently to the others, which he thought a much more sensible proceeding.

Frank was perfectly determined that the lady who had given him the tickets should see that he had made use of them, so he placed himself where she would be obliged to see him in going out. He was rewarded with a cordial greeting and more kind tones, that echoed in his ears for a fortnight.

Other games followed. Frank initiated Harry into the mysteries of chess and checkers, and soon found that his scholar was quite a match for him. The time passed rapidly away, and both of the boys were delighted with the way in which it had been spent. The evening was concluded with worship, and then came the introduction into the sleeping-room. How nice and comfortable it looked! Harry was charmed with the rows of neat beds, and enjoyed the very idea of sleeping there. He and Frank were very near each other, and, after the boys were all in bed, Frank raised himself up, "I say, Harry, is this as good as the hay-barge?"

"*Well*, it is."

"Shut up there!" called out another boy; "d'ye s'pose we come here to spout?"

"No, I hope not. *I* come here to sleep."

"Then shut up, and *go* to sleep."

The two lads, however, continued their conversation in whispers, resolving to ask to be allowed "to sleep together."

For some time Harry lay awake thinking of the agreeable contrast between his present position and the place where the last night had been spent. He

thought he should like to stay there always ; he wanted nothing better. Such a home was good enough for him. But at length he fell asleep, his last thought being a confused idea of seeing Frank standing on top of the City Hall, making a speech to a crowd of boys about the News-boys' Lodging-house, declaring it to be the greatest institution in America.

CHAPTER III.

NEW VIEWS PROPHEPIC.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

"Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

LONGFELLOW.

THE next morning Harry awoke with happy, hopeful feelings, very different from the dismal waking thoughts of the day before. The first remark to Frank, as they passed down stairs together, was, "Well, it *is* a first-rate place. I'd like to know what put it in any body's head to start it."

"I don't know nothin' about that. I've heard some folks say it's *religion* that started it, but I don't know. I only know I'm mighty glad it *is* started."

"So am I," said Harry, more gravely. "It's a great sight better to stay up there than to sleep in some sort of a place where you know you've got no business to be, and afraid all the time that an M. P. will come along and haul you out."

"That's a fact, Harry. It seems like it made a fellow feel two inches taller to stay there; but there's one thing I want to tell you, you can never go to the theatre without paying extra when you come in. They charge extra after ten o'clock. I went off to the Chatham one night, and I couldn't get in because I hadn't the fines."

"I don't mean to go to the theatre any more. I mean to save up. I've let many a dollar slip at the Chatham, and, mind, I tell you, they won't get out of *me* another red; but where did you go that night you got turned out?"

"You mustn't tell any body if I tell you. You see, there's another entrance round on Nassau Street, so I went round there and went up stairs, as close to the old place as I could get, and slept up there at the top of the steps. Somehow I didn't want to go away from it. It seemed safer up there than any where else."

"Frank," said Harry, as though he thought he had made a great discovery, "do you know, I believe that Mr. Wilson *cares* for us fellows. He *looks* at us and *talks* to us as if he did."

"I told you that yesterday. Didn't I say I guessed he used to be a boy himself?"

"I believe he was," said Harry, laughing; and they

both parted, Frank calling out, "Come along to-night; I'll be on hand."

Every thing went right with Harry that day. He had not been so happy and so contented for a long time, and evening found him at the lodging-house again. There was some little change in the exercises that night. The superintendent read a short account of the life of Henry Clay, who had risen from being a farmer lad, working away with his spade or plow, and only going to school part of the year, to be the brightest ornament of the United States Senate—a man who was honored and beloved during his life, and universally mourned for at his death.

"Why can't I try to follow his example?" thought Harry. "Why can't I make something of myself? I don't see what's to hinder me." And he resolutely determined that he would try what industry and perseverance could do for him. He had already learned a lesson of self-respect at the lodging-house. Mr. Wilson seemed to think, as Frank said, "that boys were of some account," and Harry was beginning to think so too. He had been wishing for some time that he could change his employment, and now he wished it more than ever; but he wisely determined to remain at what he had until he could find something better to do. It would have been well if he had kept that resolution. How he happened to forget it, and what were the consequences, we have yet to see.

CHAPTER IV.

OUT OF WORK.—SPORT.—THE STATION-HOUSE.

“I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.” *Macbeth.*

“Beware of desperate steps! the darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.”

COWPER.

THINGS went on very well with Harry for nearly two weeks. Every night was spent at the lodging-house; and each evening, as he went up the stairs, it seemed to him more and more like a pleasant home, until he felt very much as Frank did on that first evening, proud of his own connection with it. Whether he belonged to it, or it belonged to him in some degree, he could not precisely determine; but it made little difference which—he was happy, comfortable, and contented. Then, he had become quite well acquainted with the superintendent, and regarded him as a true friend. It was so pleasant to know that some one cared for him and took an interest in him; and the evenings were so merrily spent that it would have been quite a trial to spend one any where else. At least, he thought so now. Harry could read, that is, after a fashion; but he was really longing for winter

to come that the school might begin. It would be so nice to have regular lessons, and he meant to be very punctual in his attendance and very industrious, so that he would be sure to improve rapidly.

It was just at this time that he got into a trouble that seemed at first as if it would put an end to all his better hopes and higher intentions. One morning he had been thinking of all the great things he would like to do, forgetting that our present duty is to be faithful to whatever work we have to do. So he went on for some time "building castles in the air," until his common every-day work seemed very distasteful to him. In this humor he went as usual to the Washington Market, all the time thinking it a great hardship that he had to go, and altogether in such a temper that any one might have foreseen some sort of trouble in store for him.

Unfortunately, it happened that the butcher who employed Harry was also in a very unpleasant state of mind. Something had occurred to make him exceedingly cross and hard to please. It was no more to be expected that two people feeling thus should get on peaceably together, than that a coal of fire could be quietly placed in a keg of gunpowder. Several times it seemed as if an explosion were near at hand, for Harry was not trying to do any thing right. His employer was in no mood to put up with carelessness, and Harry was even less inclined to be quiet, when found fault with, than he usually was. At last, with some heedless movement of his arm as he passed the

stall, he knocked down a large piece of beef, and a dog, that had been watching it wistfully, had darted forward and almost taken possession before he could seize it up again. A laugh from the by-standers only served to increase the owner's anger, and he told Harry to begone. "He had no use for such a careless, clumsy scamp." Harry dashed the meat down again with some equally passionate reply, and walked off, muttering, "*He* didn't care," and he tried to think so. But in that he was mistaken; he did care very much. After all his good resolutions, it was by no means pleasant to find himself with nothing to do, and only himself to thank for what had occurred; and he felt extremely uncomfortable and unhappy. That was the most miserable day Harry had spent for a long time. It is only too certain that

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do,"

and he found it to be true before the day was over. Several times he barely escaped a difficulty with some other boys as idle as himself, and not for many days had so many profane words passed his lips, nor so many passionate, discontented thoughts dwelt in his heart. The truth was, Harry had not only done a *foolish* thing, but he felt that it was *wrong* too; still, he was too proud to admit it even to himself, and, as many other persons do, he allowed his consequent ill-natured feelings to vent themselves upon every one he met. Toward evening he fell in with a party of boys who seemed to have nothing to do, and who amused

themselves by lounging about the street-corners, talking rudely and boisterously. The day before he had felt above such associates, but now he was glad to mingle with them, for in such company there was little danger of the quiet voice of conscience being heard, and he wanted to forget all that had happened during the day.

"Boys," said one of the party, "let's go to 'the Bowery' to-night. Let's have some fun. What do you say?"

All assented, not excepting Harry. Forgetting entirely his recent resolution expressed to Frank, and, indeed, thinking of nothing but how he might drown his feelings of self-condemnation, he turned his steps with theirs toward that part of the city. Any one who had seen or heard them going along the street might have easily guessed how that night's performance would end. They joined the crowd lounging about the theatre, and waited a chance to get in. Pretty soon three men came out. "I'm not coming back here to-night," said one. "Suppose we scramble our checks." "Good," was the reply; and the checks were tossed up, with the words, "Best fellow grabs first."

There was a terrible scuffle for a moment, but Harry managed to seize one, not without getting sundry kicks and cuffs in the struggle; but that was a matter of very little consequence since he secured a check, and he entered the theatre with the two other successful scufflers. He had not been there for a long time, and

now he was ready to enjoy all that was going on. In his intense interest in the play he forgot all the disagreeable incidents of the unhappy hours gone by. No one applauded more heartily; no one laughed with greater delight; no one was more perfectly carried away by the enjoyment of the time and place than Harry. Once—once only, in the course of the evening, he thought of the lodging-house; but the contrast with the low company in which he had now placed himself, and the profanity and indecent language around him, made him unhappy, and he banished the thought. He was determined to enjoy himself, and he controlled his feelings with a resolution worthy of a better cause.

When the performance was over, while Harry and his friends were pushing their way out through the crowd, he wondered where he should spend the night. It was not long before he found out, and in a way he little expected.

He felt reckless now, not caring what he either did or said. At his proposal the three boys went into a low drinking saloon and called for something to drink. Already excited, it took little to make Harry forget himself entirely. Some silly speech of one of the boys was resented as an insult, and answered by dashing a glass at his head. Such conduct was not to be endured, and the owner of the place showed him the way out in the most unceremonious manner. A torrent of abusive language and horrible oaths was returned, and he picked up a stone, which would very soon have found its way through the window, when his uplifted

arm was seized by a strong hand. He tried to free himself, but in vain, and a calm yet very authoritative voice said, "You'd better come along quietly." Harry was in the hands of a policeman, and on his way peaceably, though far from peacefully, to the Beekman Street Station-house.

It was any thing but pleasant to be asked his name, age, etc., only to have them recorded with the charge, "Drunk and disorderly;" but there was no help for it now, and oh! the bitter thoughts that filled the poor boy's heart as he was consigned to one of the cells. Worn out with excitement, and stupefied by liquor and foul air, he lay down, and soon lost all recollection of his troubles in a heavy sleep; but how different now from a week before, as he slept in his own bed among at least the free, if not the good! If the spirits of the dead do indeed look down upon us, feeling an interest in our virtues and horror at our crimes, how often must crime and intemperance, and all their ministering abettors, be loathed and execrated by the departed as the roots of human woe.

CHAPTER V.

MORNING AT THE STATION-HOUSE.

"A friend in need
Is a friend indeed."

THE first ray of light had not reached the interior of the station-house when Harry awoke, started up with a half-defined feeling of something being wrong, and then, as he remembered all that had passed, he buried his face in his hands and gave way to his miserable feelings.

"It was no use," so he said to himself. "He didn't mean to try any longer. Other people might be of some good to themselves or others, but he could not, and he might just as well go to ruin and be done with it."

If we fully understood our own natures, and the influences that bear upon them, it is highly probable that such suggestions would be found to originate partly outside of ourselves, and being wrong, or tending to wrong, they ought to be dreaded and resisted as from the Evil One, whether direct or not; but Harry did not think of this. He gave way to his feelings, and, lacking a higher support, it is not to be wondered at. It was not strange that he both looked and felt desperate. Some time passed away, and he still sat there; then there was a stir in the building as though all its

occupants were waking up, and pretty soon the door at the end of the corridor opened and let in the daylight. The policeman who had arrested Harry came along and spoke to him. He might have seen that he was not a hardened offender, or he might have been touched by his woe-begone appearance. At any rate, he spoke to him with more true kindness, both in manner and words, than Harry had ever thought it possible to find in an "M. P." The compassionate tone in which he had first addressed him induced Harry to ask a question that he had been revolving in his own mind for some minutes.

"Is there any body here that could go for a friend of mine?" he asked.

"Well, may be so," returned the officer. "Who do you want sent for?"

"The superintendent of the News-boys' Lodging-house," answered Harry, in a hesitating tone.

"Whew! You don't mean to say you're one of his boys? Well—" and the policeman turned and went away.

Poor Harry! He was so mortified, so heartily ashamed of himself, that he did not know what to say. He was almost sorry he had spoken of Mr. Wilson at all. He tried to wish he would not come, nevertheless he found himself listening eagerly to every footstep, instinctively hoping that it might be his. Every moment seemed an hour while he waited and wondered, Would he come? and, if he did, could he get him out? What would he think? What would he say? Would

he have any thing more to do with him? At last these questions were answered. Mr. Wilson came. He spoke kindly yet sadly, and soon left the cell door. How he arranged it Harry did not know, but after a few minutes he was liberated and standing in the street with his friend. Not a word of reproof was spoken, and it was not needed. They walked along for some minutes in silence, Harry going mechanically in the same direction with Mr. Wilson. He wished he would speak. He felt as if it would be a satisfaction to be thoroughly *rated* for yesterday's conduct; but, when the silence was broken, it was in a very kind tone, and almost a faltering voice: "Harry, have you ever been out of New York?"

"No, sir," and he was more bewildered than ever. That had nothing to do with the present business, and Harry thought it was hard to understand what Mr. Wilson meant; but he went on,

"I think it would be better for you to be away from a city like this. A great many boys have been sent to homes in the West, where they are well cared for, and are free from many temptations. How would you like to go?"

He did not answer for a moment. The idea was new, but it might be that this was a chance for him to escape from some of his troubles. Without waiting for the answer, his friend went on:

"Think about it, and tell me what you think to-night. But where are you going now?"

"To look for work, sir," Harry replied, in a tone that plainly showed he meant to find it.

"You will be at the lodging-house this evening?"

"Yes, sir."

They parted. That day Harry proved the truth that saying, "Where there's a will there's a way." He found little difficulty in getting enough to do to keep him busy, and, being busy, he kept out of mischief. He was the first boy at the lodging-house that evening, and had time for a good long talk before anyone else came in. Honestly and manfully he told the superintendent all that he had done the day before without attempting to make any excuse for his conduct. Then he heard about the Children's Aid Society; how it found homes in the Western States for those who were in need, and it did seem to Harry that this would be the very thing for him. It would be much easier, he thought, to keep straight in the country, and perhaps he might become a respected man after all.

"I got a letter to-day from a farmer in Ohio," said Mr. Wilson. "He wants a boy about your age to help him on his farm. He says he must be an honest, industrious boy, willing to work, and to do the best he can, and, in return, he will have a happy home, and be sent to school in the winter." He stopped, and Harry scarcely dared to hope that *he* would be chosen to go. If it had not been for yesterday he *might* have been thought of, but surely not now. He felt that he did not deserve it. Tears trickled down his cheeks. Could if he only might, he *would* try to do all that was expected of him, and *be* more.

Mr. Wilson looked up. "Harry, I think you may be trusted. I am *sure* you may. Would you like to go?"

Harry could not answer for sobs and emotion. Mr. Wilson waited for a time till his feelings had spent themselves, and asked again, "Would you *like* to, Harry?"

"Yes, sir," was the response. He could say no more. His heart was full. After all, Mr. Wilson not only cared for him, but was willing to trust him. At that moment, for he was then excited, he felt he would rather die than do any thing which should prove him unworthy of that trust, and he laid his arms on the table, and his face in his arms, and wept. These were tears of penitence, and, when directed to Him, God accepts such as prayer from those who can not express their thoughts. A tear is a universal prayer.

"Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear."

Who is there that can not confess his sins, or hers, by tears? and who, having thus confessed, has not found relief? But to our story.

"Think about it, Harry, to-night. A party of boys and girls are going out with Mr. Tracy, the agent of the Children's Aid Society, in a few days. Think over it, and tell me in the morning." He did think of it, and the more he thought the better he liked it. Yes, he would go, and in Ohio he would carry out all his good resolutions. Never should Mr. Wilson be sorry he had trusted him. He told him so the next morn-

❖

ing, and, through the Children's Aid Society, it was settled that he should go and have his expenses paid.

The superintendent was right. Underneath a great deal that was wrong in Harry's thoughts, feelings, and actions, there was an honest, manly heart; and the best way, the only way to do any thing with him was by arousing his own self-respect by trusting him. The truthful confession of all that he had done the day before had shown what he really was; and no one could fail to respect a boy who had the candor and the courage to acknowledge his fault, and determine that it should never, never be repeated.

Frank had a grand piece of news to tell him that morning, and he was so full of it that he asked no questions about Harry's absence from the lodging-house the night which had been so full of wretchedness. As soon as he could get a chance, he took him aside and said, "I've got something to tell you. The folks will have to get somebody else to furnish them with news pretty soon."

"Why? Where are you going?" Harry asked, with a hope that Frank might be thinking of taking a westward journey too.

"I ain't going any where, but I'm going to stop selling papers. Up in the office the other day there was a gentleman that I've talked to sometimes, and he asked me if I could read. I told him 'Yes.' Then he asked if I could spell well. I told him 'Yes.' Then he wanted to know if I would like to learn to set types. I told him 'Yes' again. I've been after

that a long time, but I didn't know how to set about it; so he fixed it all, and I'm going to begin right away. Ain't that *some*?" Harry thought it was, and really rejoiced at Frank's good fortune. Then he told him of his own prospects; and, together, they talked and wondered about the great unknown West, where there seemed to be so much room for every body, and need of all who were willing and able to work, and the thought of going grew more and more delightful to Harry. Hope was brightening his future.

"There's one thing, old fellow," said Frank, "I'll miss you when you're gone."

"I wish you were going too; we get along together first-rate. But maybe we'll meet each other somewhere one of these days," he answered.

Frank's words had given him a very pleasant feeling. It was no little happiness to him, alone in the world as he was, to think that some one cared for him, some one would *miss* him when he was away. Poor Harry! he had naturally a warm heart, and sadly needed some one whom he could love. He cared more for Frank than for any one he had ever known, and he really felt sorry to part with him; but still he was anxious to go, and he almost counted the hours till the time should arrive when he would say good-bye to New York, and turn his face toward his new home in the West.

CHAPTER VI.

THE JOURNEY.

"She came—she is gone—we have met—
And meet, perhaps, never again;
The sun of that moment is set,
And seems to have risen in vain."

COWPER.

Two days passed rapidly away, and the time had come for Harry to leave. It was with a sad feeling that he left the lodging-house for the last time. It had been every thing to him. There he had met his first friend; there he had been taught to respect himself; there he had been awakened to better desires; and, anxious as he was to go to his new home, he could not leave the old one without some sorrowful thoughts. Then, too, though he had few ties to New York, he knew no other place. He had spent his whole life there, and the pleasant excitement of setting off upon his journey was mingled with something of sadness. To his two friends, the superintendent and Frank, he had said "Good-by," and had tried to thank the former for his kindness to him. Now he felt that he was indeed setting out upon an entirely new life, and he could not help having some doubts and fears as to how he should like it.

The morning had come when a party of boys and

girls, about forty in number, was to start for the West in care of Mr. Tracy, the agent of the "Children's Aid Society." Some of them were leaving their parents and friends, but with many the journey was to be the dividing line in their lives—all dark and unhappy in the past, the future bright and cheerful. They were not going from home or friends; and, though there were a few sad faces, most of them were very merry and cheerful. On board the ferry-boat, crossing over to Jersey City, where they were to take the cars on the Erie Railroad, Harry was standing by the cabin door looking back to the city. There was the very place where he had spent the night before he heard of the lodging-house. How many things had happened to him since. He could scarcely believe it was only two weeks ago. Then he wondered where the other boys were who had slept there with him. He wished somebody might tell them of the home he had found. He was sorry he had not tried to find poor little Jim, and directed him to it, but it was too late now.

The boat stopped. There was the usual bustle and noise, and then Harry found himself seated in one of the cars with the rest of the party. A few moments' delay; the bell sounded; the conductor called out "All aboard," and they were gone.

There is always a very agreeable feeling of excitement in setting out upon a journey, and to Harry there was the additional charm of novelty. The very motion of the cars raised his spirits, and he forgot every thing but the pleasure of the moment. Soon the city

was left far behind, and they were dashing along past the fields of stacked corn and stubble, although it seemed to Harry the cars stood still, and fields and trees rushed by. The quiet farm-houses in the distance moved more deliberately than the fences at the roadside, but yet they moved; and the woods, where an early frost had changed the leaves of some of the trees to the most gorgeous and beautiful colors imaginable, seemed to Harry like a mighty, distant, marching army, bearing its gaudy banners swaying in the wind. He was seated by an open window. The day was lovely, cool, and bright, and he thought he should never weary of looking out at all the beautiful scenes they were passing through. Sometimes there was nothing to be seen but the dense forest, where the noise of the train startled the birds and squirrels among the trees. Again, on every side were beautifully cultivated farms, and then Harry would try to imagine what his future home would be like. He scarcely dared to think it would be such a place as some of those he saw, where the air of comfort and happiness that seemed to rest upon every thing around might have made any one envy a farmer's life. But the greatest delight of all was when the road wound along the edge of some steep mountain; and, looking away down at the bottom of the precipice, a quiet, silvery stream was seen gliding, if not sleeping in its bed, and the tall tops of majestic trees, growing on its banks, waved themselves proudly, yet far below, as the train dashed by. With a boy's natural love of adventure, Harry liked it all the

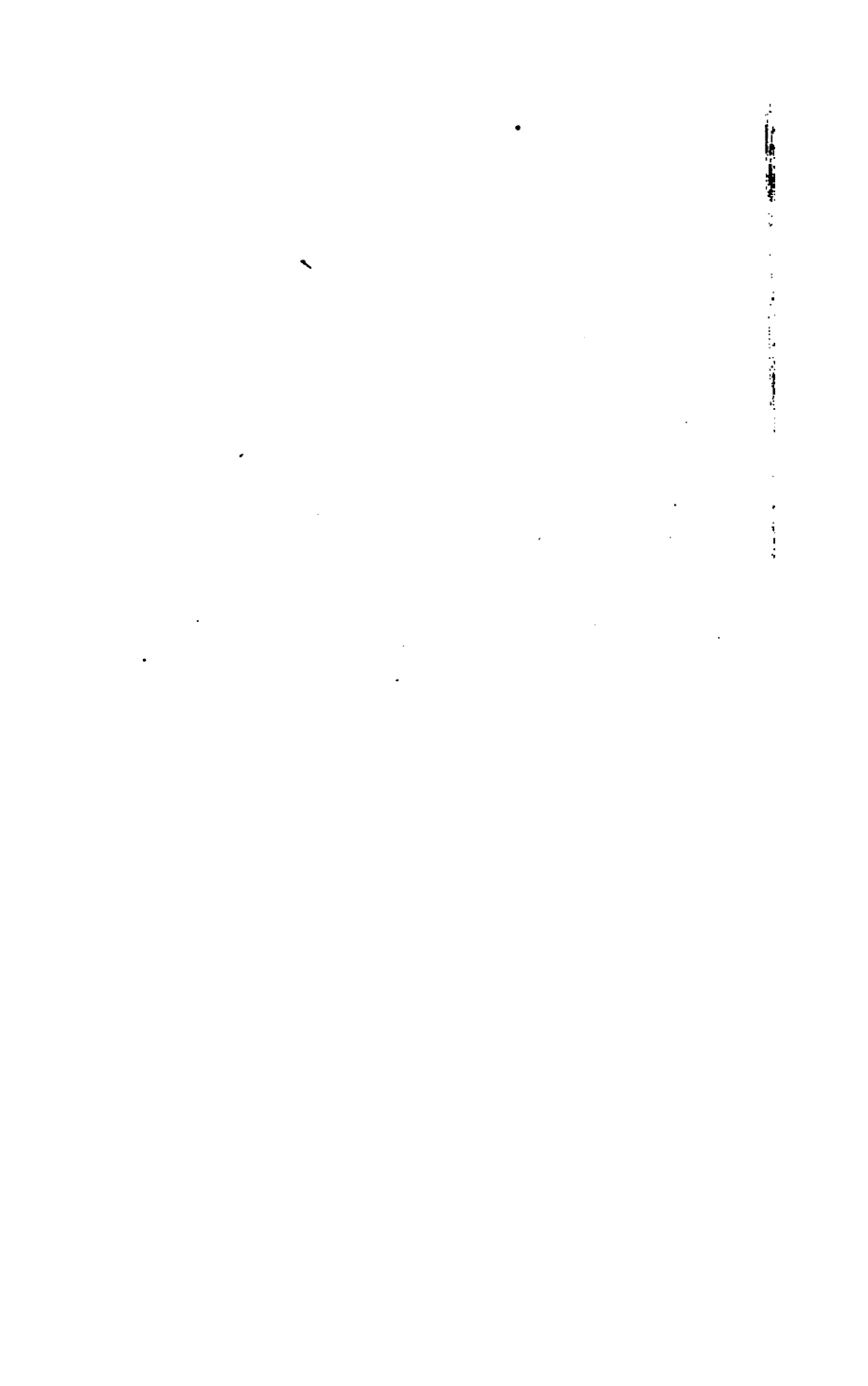
better for the slight feeling of danger. He was amazed at the boy sitting beside him, who took so little interest in any thing that he soon fell asleep. He thought *he* would not want to close his eyes till he reached the end of his journey. There were the usual incidents of a day's travel by railroad; the stoppages at the different stations (when Harry was always exceedingly impatient to be off again); the getting out for meals or changing cars; but, at last feeling tired, the sun had scarcely set, when his head drooped, and, like the rest of the young travelers, Harry was asleep.

About midnight they were all aroused to get into another train at Dunkirk. He felt no farther inclination to sleep, and, when they were fairly started, again enjoyed looking out upon the surrounding country. It was a bright, moonlight night, and he liked it even more than in the day; and, as he sat there gazing out, his thoughts went back to New York. The boys were all asleep at the lodging-house now. He wondered if Frank *really* missed him, and how they had spent the evening. Then he thought of the future, and made a great many good resolutions. No one should be disappointed in him. He would show them that they made no mistake in trusting Harry Lee.

The next morning the agent was sitting near by, and Harry asked what state they were in. "Ohio," was the answer; and then he felt as if he were really nearing the end of his journey. In answer to his questions, he was informed that they would reach Columbus in the afternoon, and that he would most likely be

met there at once by his future employer, Mr. Jones, and reach home that night; and again some of Harry's misgivings came back. "What sort of a man would Mr. Jones be? What kind of work would he have to do? Maybe he'd be treated like a slave;" and a hundred different questions came into his mind, but there was no one to answer them, and he must wait and see for himself. Of two things he felt sure. *First*. Nobody should keep him long against his will, for what were legs made for? *Second*. If treated kindly (no matter how hard they worked him), he would never leave them without their consent.

At noon the party stopped for dinner. After they had dined, it was not quite time for the train to start, and Harry was standing by the side of the track talking to some other boys. The road just there made a sudden curve, so that any thing coming in the opposite direction could not be seen till it was close at hand. Harry noticed two girls, who were engaged in a seemingly very interesting conversation, just opposite to the spot where he was standing. One of them (who seemed to be about fifteen or sixteen years of age, and quite pretty) very thoughtlessly stepped upon the track. He had half a mind to tell her she had better get off, but he never liked to speak to genteel strangers. They seemed to be members of a different race from that to which he belonged, and, despite her beauty and the instinctive promptings of his caution, he said nothing. He only *wished* her off the track. But just at that moment a shrill whistle sounded. He





THE RESCUE.

started, and looked around in time to see a train of cars coming down the road at full speed. Not one instant did he stop to think. One moment more and it would have been too late. In that moment he sprang forward, threw his arms around the young girl, scarcely conscious of what he was doing, and snatched her from the horrible death that threatened her. She was saved.

The train swept thundering by, bearing its wealth of life and tons of merchandise safely along, and harmlessly; but those who saw the deed trembled as they rejoiced, while the moving mass rolled by in its own mighty though senseless majesty.

Trembling violently, and pale as death, the young girl made some attempt to thank her preserver, but her bewilderment and excitement were too great. She burst into tears, and Harry, much embarrassed, almost cried himself. Of course, there was great commotion. Every body wanted to hear of the narrow escape, and Harry found himself a hero. Had a New York news reporter been present, he would have made an "item" of it; and, to secure insertion, he would have cut the charming girl and heroic boy into halves or quarters.

Harry felt exceedingly uncomfortable at hearing so much said about him, and managed to escape as soon as possible. He stole off and seated himself in one of the cars, and pretty soon the welcome "All aboard" was shouted, the hoarse whistle sounded, and they were again on their way, the young girl, having fainted, being left behind. Harry, however, did not know of this. Not till now did he realize that *he* had been

in any danger; but, as he sat in the cars and thought of it, how, in another minute, that girl might have been killed; how, if he had stumbled or she had struggled, they would both have been crushed to atoms, the peril he had incurred to rescue her impressed itself vividly on his mind and deeply in his feelings. He felt absolutely sick with horror; and, burying his face in his hands, he tried to shut out the terrible scene.

Gradually he was able to do so, and he looked around with some curiosity to know if she were one of his fellow-travelers. Why had not that occurred to him before? Who *was* she? He quietly scrutinized all the faces in the car, half hoping and half fearing that he might meet hers, but it was not among them. It struck him as strange that he had saved her life, and yet did not even know her name. He wondered if he should ever see her again—where she was going—where she was from—if she had recovered from her fright, and a thousand other things. Harry had entered the vestibule of a new class of feelings, and henceforth nothing which is utterly devoid of these feelings could entirely satisfy his nature. After what had just occurred, he found it impossible not to feel a very decided interest in her, and he was disappointed, although relieved, at not finding her in the car he was seated in. He did not doubt, however, that she was in the train.

It was growing late in the afternoon when Mr. Tracy, the agent, announced that they were near Columbus. There were all the unmistakable signs of

nearing a city. Harry felt a new excitement at the thought of meeting with Mr. Jones, and almost wished they were not quite so near; but locomotives (like some political motors) have no souls, and do not slacken up for any one's feelings. *Motion* is their function, not *feeling*; and most unsympathetically on the train went, till caution and skill brought all "up" in the dépôt. Every one got out of the train. Harry looked around for the heroine of the day's adventure, but she was nowhere to be seen. He searched again, but she must have escaped. He was disappointed. He was consciously sad. For the first time in his life he had felt that there was a "decent" girl whom he might almost venture to approach in a friendly way, but it was only a faded vision. He went with the rest of the party into the waiting-room, and was soon rebusied in surmises respecting Mr. Jones. He felt nervous, and could not sit still, but walked up and down the room, wondering what was going to happen next. He was not accustomed, as most young people are, to depend on others. He had learned to rely upon himself, and for himself to foresee the immediate future. Recently he had extended his thoughts to anticipate the future remote, but just now his wonder was, "What next?"

Mr. Tracy had gone out, and Harry went to the door. After standing there a moment, the agent approached with another gentleman—a tall, broad-shouldered, middle-aged man, whom Harry knew by instinct to be Mr. Jones. It was true. He came up to the door and held out his hand, saying cheerfully to

his companion, "So this is my boy?" and then, speaking to Harry, "How *are* you? I'm glad to see you. What's your name?"

"Harry, sir."

"Harry, is it? Well, Harry, I'm glad to see you; I want to make a *man* of you. What's your last name?"

"Lee, sir—Harry Lee."

"Harry Lee—a good name, and a good fellow. I guess we can drive teams together, Harry;" and the cordial grasp, the pleasant face, and the kind tone of his rough voice told Harry that he had found a friend. He was satisfied.

CHAPTER VII.

A COUNTRY DRIVE AT NIGHT.

"I GUESS," said Mr. Jones, "a little country air won't do you any harm." [Harry thought the farmer looked as if it was a very good thing for *him*, but he had the good sense not to say so.] "We've got twelve miles to ride before we get home," he added, "and I guess we had better start pretty soon. They'll all be waiting for us at home." A little more conversation with Mr. Tracy ensued, and then Harry shook hands with him, and followed the farmer across the street, where a neat little covered wagon was standing. "Come, Harry, jump up!" and Harry was "up" in a moment. Mr. Jones untied the horse, and soon they

were trotting along quickly over the smooth road. Mr. Jones asked various questions about the journey and about Harry's past life. He had such a pleasant, almost boyish manner, that it was impossible not to feel at ease with him; and Harry chatted away as if he had known him all his life, telling him how much he had enjoyed the trip, and asking various questions about his future home.

"My farm's a good twelve miles from the city," said Mr. Jones; "we'll get there just in time for supper. They all want to see you mighty bad. There's the little ones, Mary, and Charley, and Nannie. I wouldn't wonder if they're down at the gate now a-looking for us."

Harry had never before felt that he was of so much consequence. It was decidedly pleasant; and, besides, the farmer said "we" and "us," as if he belonged to his family, and he could not help wondering if it was possible that they *could* be "decent."

The country they were passing through was beautiful. Harry knew nothing of farming, but he knew that the farms looked as if their owners were very industrious—every thing was in such good order, and one glance was enough to show that there had been a plentiful harvest.

"I reckon you don't know much about the country, Harry?"

"No, sir; nothing at all. I've always lived in New York."

"Well, that don't matter; we'll have to teach you,

that's all. You've got a heap to learn, but you've got plenty of time to learn it in."

"I'll *try* to learn, sir. Mr. Wilson would be ashamed of me if I don't."

"If you've only got the *wish*, I'll answer for the rest."

"I do want to please you, sir; and, if you'll only wait till I get my hand in, I'll *do* it." Harry did not say this boastingly, but with a calm spirit that surprised the farmer, who began to feel that he was at most a man instead of boy. He reined up the horse, and, putting his foot upon the lines, with both hands he turned Harry round, and gazed on him with evident pleasure, saying, "Harry, I said I'd make a man of you. I can't. You *are* a man, except the body."

Harry was not simply pleased, but touched. He was unused to kindness, and each token of it had great effect. He tried to speak, but could not. His chin quivered. Tears filled his eyes, but manliness would not let him weep. He felt in sympathy with the farmer, and resolved to *deserve* his good opinion.

Mr. Jones, when he saw Harry's emotion, drew up his eyebrows, gave a half whistle as if it were for the horse, jerked the lines, and on they rode, at first in silence, but afterward talking pleasantly.

It was growing dark, and Harry was thinking rather anxiously of having to be introduced to the whole family; he would have given a week's work to escape it; "for," thought he, "I never made a bow in earnest in my life." Fortunately, he was not long in *antici-*

patory agony, for Mr. Jones intensified it for a few moments by announcing that they were at home. Untold, Harry got down, opened the gate, and in a few minutes the house was in sight, or at least the cheerful lights that shone from the open door, where Harry saw two or three children standing. In another moment there was a shout, "Oh, here they are, mother; here they are!" The wagon stopped, and the travelers alighted.

"Wife, here's the stranger; make him feel at home. His name's Harry—Harry Lee."

Harry tried to bow, and did manage to get his hat off, but no one noticed it except Mrs. Jones, and she needed no counsel to be kind; kindness shone in her very face. She took him by the hand, saying, "I'm glad to see you, Harry, right glad. Come in; you must be tired and hungry."

Harry was relieved and pleased with Mrs. Jones's kind tones, and he obeyed her willingly. The children followed, and, in due time, introduced themselves to the new-comer. After taking out various parcels, Mr. Jones went away with the horse and wagon, and Harry went into the dining-room with the rest of the family.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NEW HOME.

"The rest, and peace, and love, and joy, that dwell alone at home,

Attract, please, charm the wand'rer, whose sad fate has been to roam."

CARROLL.

Mrs. JONES led the way, and Harry followed. There was a wide passage running through the house, and a staircase on one side ; turning to the left, they entered a large room that was used as parlor, dining-room, and common sitting-room ; a door at one end opened into the kitchen. On the opposite side of the passage was Mrs. Jones's bed-room, and up stairs above it two smaller rooms where the children slept ; while over the dining-room there was one of equal size, used for stowing away every thing that was not in immediate use. All this Harry found out afterward when he had become familiar with his new home. To-night all was strange, and he felt very much out of place, and not at all at his ease. The room into which he was now introduced looked very bright and comfortable ; it was quite cool, and a wood fire was blazing away cheerily. The table was set for supper ; every thing on it looked neat and nice. Mrs. Jones evidently was an excellent housekeeper.

Harry sat down quietly, wishing Mr. Jones would

come in, for with him he already felt "at home." Mary was an active girl of twelve. Charley, a merry, mischievous boy, two years younger, was cutting a piece of wood; while the youngest child, a bright-eyed little girl of five years old, stood by the fireplace, and watched Harry intently, as if she did not know very well what to make of him. As soon as Mr. Jones came in, he seated himself near the door, saying, "Come here, Nannie," and the little girl was on his knee in an instant, and Charley climbing up on the back of his chair.

"Father," said Nannie, very demurely, "I thought you said a *boy* was coming home with you."

"Yes, little pet, I did."

"Why didn't you bring him?"

"I did, Nannie."

"No, he's a great big man, as tall as mother."

Of course, all this was not meant for Harry's ears; nevertheless he heard it, and was rather amused. Mr. Jones turned to him, and soon made him feel quite at ease, and they were in the midst of a very pleasant conversation when Mary announced that supper was ready.

"Come, Harry, I reckon you're pretty hungry, ain't you? You ought to be, after such a long journey. But, mother, where's Austen?"

"Oh, he's gone over to the mill; he'll be back directly," said Mrs. Jones.

Harry wondered who Austen was, but he did not ask. He took the seat assigned him next to the little

girl who had been so much interested in all his movements since he came in. She looked at him for a minute or two, and then said,

“You ain’t a little boy like Charley.”

Harry smiled, and Mrs. Jones said, “Be quiet, Nannie; you’ve got no manners.”

Harry, however, did not at all dislike to have her talk to him; it made him feel more at ease; and before the evening was over he and Nannie were very good friends. Now, however, the supper was the one great business, and Mrs. Jones insisted that Harry must be very hungry, and that he must take everything offered him. At first he felt rather awkward, for he had never been accustomed to sit down to his meals in any such way as this, and he imagined that the rest of the party were all looking at him. However, he *was* hungry, and he did full justice to Mrs. Jones’s cooking and baking.

“Father,” said Charley, “did you get my shoes to-day?”

“Yes, you’ll find them in one of the bundles; but mother will open them.”

Charley waited, all impatience; but as soon as supper was over his mother brought in the bundles and began to examine their contents, the children all very eager to see what each one contained. In the midst of this business the door opened, and a tall, thin man, rather older than Mr. Jones, and altogether a very different looking character from the cheerful, pleasant farmer, came in.

"Oh, that's you, Austen; how did you get on to-day?"

"Pretty well, considering."

"Of course you couldn't do your own work and mine too; but here's somebody'll help us after a while. This is the boy I told you about; his name's Harry Lee. And, Harry, this is Mr. Austen."

Austen gave a sort of nod to Harry, and Harry made an awkward bow to him. While Austen sat at tea, he and the farmer carried on a conversation about the crops, to which Harry listened very attentively, with the hope of getting some information; but he did not succeed very well. Part of the time he did not know what they were talking about.

"Mr. Austen," said Charley, "I reckon you'll have to show *Harry* how to hold the plow, if you *won't* show me."

"I suppose Harry, as you call him, knows how already," was the reply.

"No he don't, I'm sure. Do you, Harry?"

"No," said Harry; and Mr. Austen looked up in assumed amazement, saying,

"Well, where *have* you been living all your life?"

"In New York, sir," said Harry, feeling very uncomfortable.

"Oh, sure enough. Well, I guess you'll have to learn a good many new things out here. I never saw a boy from New York that *wasn't* as dumb as a beetle."

"There, *there*, Austen; that won't do. Harry's a

good fellow, and he came here just on purpose to learn," said Mr. Jones. "Let's see, what is there to do to-morrow? it's Saturday, I believe."

"Well, there's that there fodder to be housed."

"And, oh, father," exclaimed Nannie, as if she felt *she* ought to have a word to say about what her newly-found friend should do, and her memory, doubtless, quickened by her palate, "the apples—the apples! *They're* all ripe; *they* ought to be put away."

"Not to-morrow, petty; there won't be time. We've got to see to the corn and fodder first."

"Why not, father?" said Charley, who thought he had as good a right to advise his father as little Nannie.

"I could tell you why, but I haven't time; I want to talk with Austen. But you know you couldn't *live* on apples, and neither could the cows and horses."

"Yes I *could*, father; I *know* I could," answered Charley, really believing himself in the right.

"I guess you won't get a chance to try," Mr. Austen answered. In return, Charley "made a face" at him, which, however, his mother did not see, or he would have been sent to bed at once; but, finding no farther attention paid to his remarks, Charley seated himself on the floor beside Harry, and they fell into conversation.

"What sort of a place *is* New York?" he asked. "Is it like Columbus?"

"No, I don't think it is," said Harry.

"It ain't as big as Columbus, is it?"

"Oh yes, it is; it's a great deal bigger; you'd get lost there; it's a great city."

"So is Columbus a great city, and I know I *wouldn't* get lost. I can go *any* where by myself all about Columbus, and Columbus is the biggest place in the world; *ain't* it, father?"

"*What*, my son?"

"Ain't Columbus bigger than New York?"

"No, my son."

Charley seemed willing to believe it when his father said so, but not before. Little Nannie was now determined to have her share of Harry's attention, so she came and stood beside them, telling him the names of the cows, and how many chickens she had, with various other pieces of information equally interesting.

Harry had never had any thing to do with little children, and was rather entertained by their conversation. He felt sorry when the clock struck eight and they were told to go to bed. He had grown to like them very much, but particularly little Nannie. When they were gone Mr. Jones said to Harry,

"Would you like to know what sort of work you'll have to do here? I guess you hardly know what farmers have to do."

Harry did exceedingly want to know, and Mr. Jones went on. "You see this ain't our busy time; we've 'most got the harvest in; but you can try your hand at whatever's going on, and when spring comes you'll be ready to go ahead with the rest of us."

"Don't you think he'd better go down in the corn-

field to-morrow morning along with me?" Mr. Austen asked.

"Oh certainly; and I'll be along too."

Harry was very glad to begin his duties; he had come there to learn, as the farmer had said, and he liked the prospect of going out the next morning to take his place and commence his work.

"Harry must be tired, Mr. Jones," said his wife, who, after putting every thing away and rolling the table back into its place, had been sitting with her sewing, working away very busily.

"Yes, I am sure he is. Don't you want to go to bed?"

"Yes, sir, I am both tired and sleepy," said Harry, who, now that the excitement was over, was beginning to feel the effects of his long journey.

"I'll show him the way; I'm going to bed too," said Mr. Austen, as he took up a candle, and Harry followed.

"Good-night, Harry," said Mrs. Jones, kindly.

"Good-night, ma'am," returned Harry, feelingly. No one had ever said "good-night" to him before, and to his heart the words were more than a parting salutation.

Austen opened the back door at the end of the passage, went out, and crossed the yard to a little building with only one room in it down stairs and one above.

"This is our house," said he, as he opened the door; and a nice little house it was. There were three win-

dows in the room; in the middle there stood a little table with one or two books on it; another, with a looking-glass hanging over it, stood in one corner; two single beds, a wash-stand, and two chairs completed the furniture. The walls were white, the paint was clean, and every thing wore an air of scrupulous neatness. Harry glanced around in delight, saying, "Why, it's real nice."

"To be sure it is nice. D'you s'pose Mrs. Jones keeps any thing that ain't?"

"Why, no; but it don't seem as if such a nice room *could* be intended for me."

"Well, I believe that's the calculation," said Mr. Austen, as he sat down and began to be a little more communicative. "I'll tell you what," he said, "you're a lucky fellow to get such a home as this. There's Mr. Jones, I've known him twenty years, and you can't find a better man. You always know just how to take him; he don't have any notions and cranks, and, what's more, he don't like folks that has."

Harry began to wonder if *he* had any "notions and cranks," but he could not decide.

Mr. Austen continued: "And Mrs. Jones, she's just the *smartest* woman; the way she keeps things straight, and gets through all her work in less time than most women take to *think* about it, is a caution." And so Mr. Austen went on, till his auditor was thoroughly persuaded that Mrs. Jones was an extraordinary woman, and he wondered that her fame had never reached the New York papers. Then he thought

he would like to know something about Mr. Austen himself; so he began,

“Mr. Austen—”

“Don’t call *me* mister; that’ll do very well for the children, but I don’t like it from other folks; just call me Austen, as all the people about here do.”

“Well, then, Austen,” said Harry, “do you live here all the time?”

“Certainly; where else would I live?”

“I don’t know; but I wanted to ask you if this is your home.”

“Of course it is. Mr. Jones couldn’t work all this farm by himself, so we’ve been working along together for this long time. Don’t you know nothing at *all* about farming?”

“No, not a bit; I’ve never been out of New York till I started to come here.”

“More’s the pity,” replied Austen; then he added, “You look like you had been raised in a city; I don’t believe in them, *no* ways;” and thus they continued talking for some time. Harry, however, was exceedingly tired, and glad to go to bed. It was very nice to lie down again, after sleeping the last night in the cars, and it was not many minutes before he was sound asleep. Austen looked at him as he lay there so quietly, as if he enjoyed the rest so much, and said, half aloud, “Poor fellow! I guess he’s seen his share of trouble; but he’s found a good shelter now; and, somehow or other, he’s got an honest face. He looks like he’d turn out well.” He made up his mind that he

would try to be kind to Harry; for, though he had a rough manner, and was ashamed to do any thing tenderly, he had a great deal of true kindness at heart. As he had said of his young companion, Mr. Austen "had seen trouble," and it was this which had given him such a different expression from the farmer, whose every look, tone, and motion seemed to express true happiness and contentment. It took a little time for Harry to get accustomed to some of Austen's ways—his "cranks"—but when he did, he found him a true friend.

CHAPTER IX.

LIFE ON THE FARM.

"Shortly his fortune shall be lifted higher;
True industry doth kindle honor's fire."

SHAKESPEARE.

BRIGHT and early the next morning Harry was awake. He got up at once, and found that his roommate had already dressed and gone. It had been so dark the preceding evening when he arrived that he could not see what sort of a place his new home was, and now he made haste to go out and look around. He met Austen at the door.

"So you're up, are you?" was his salutation. "I was just coming back to call you."

Harry did not know how much he had gained by rising so early. It was one of the things that Austen

considered an indispensable duty, and he thought much better of Harry when he found he did not need to be called. "I guess you'd like to look about a little, wouldn't you?" he added.

"Yes, sir, very much."

"Then come along with me; I'm going down to the pasture." He walked off whistling; and Harry followed, looking around, very much interested in all that he saw.

The house stood a little higher than any other part of Mr. Jones's farm. Immediately behind it there was a deep wood; on the right a large garden, not so famous for flowers as for vegetables; and beyond it the orchard stood just on the slope of a hill. On the left there lay an open meadow, where the barns and stables were placed, though at some distance from the house; and then farther on, and in front, field after field stretched away almost as far as the eye could see. There was only one other house in sight, and it seemed to be about a mile off. Altogether Harry liked the looks of the farm very much indeed. Every thing was in beautiful order, and there was a general appearance of comfort and industry. The little yard behind the house was fenced in, to keep the turkeys and chickens from wandering off into the woods. Harry forgot to shut the gate as they passed through, much to Austen's horror.

"Look a-here, *this* won't do," he said to Harry, as he went back to fasten it; "you'll have to remember never to leave a gate open about this place."

That was the first lesson, and he said to himself that he would try to bear it in mind, though he did not like Austen's manner of speaking; however, he thought it was just as well that he should begin at once to get into proper habits about little things. They went on into the pasture, as Austen had called it, where there were several horses and cows feeding. This time Harry thought he was sure to be right, and shut the gate as soon as they passed through.

"Don't shut that gate!" bellowed Austen. "Ain't you got no better sense than that? Wait till the cows go out."

Harry, unused to being ordered in such an imperious, boisterous manner, dashed it open with a bang, and in no pleasant mood replied, with an oath, "How am I to know *what* you want? You tell me one minute never to leave a gate open, and the next you jaw me for shutting it."

Austen stopped and looked at Harry for a moment in silence, but, whatever his thoughts were, he did not express them; he only replied, "If you do decently what you're told, you'll get along better than by cursing and slamming gates." Then he began to whistle again, and the conversation ended. It was very well that it did, for neither of them had any thing particularly pleasant to say. They went down toward the part of the field where the horses were, and Harry forgot his displeasure in his interest in seeing Austen's way of catching them. They seemed to know him, and submitted very quietly to be led up to the stable.

There he put on the harness, and fastened them to the wagon. Then he turned to Harry again, and, speaking very civilly, said, "You'd better go up there and shut the gate *now*; the cows have all gone through, and the horses will go after them if it's left open." Harry felt ashamed of his first violence, and the more so as Mr. Austen now spoke very pleasantly. He obeyed cheerfully. Coming back, he got up beside Austen, and rode out into the woods.

"You see here's a tree was blown down the other day," said he. "I chopped it up yesterday, and we might as well haul it up to the house now."

Harry assisted to throw the sticks of wood into the wagon; he had a good strong arm, and, with a willing mind in addition to that, he could work as well as any one. Austen began to think very well of him. They hauled the load of wood up into the wood-shed back of the house, and threw it down there to be chopped into smaller pieces, and split at some other time. Just then a horn sounded.

"What's that?" Harry asked.

"That's for breakfast," Austen replied; and they returned to the house and washed their hands, though Harry had never before considered that a necessary preparation for any meal. Then they went into the dining-room, where the rest of the family were assembled.

Perhaps it was because Mrs. Jones knew how to cook uncommonly well, or it may be because he had been already at work, or that the long journey had

given him a good appetite ; but, for some reason, Harry thought he had never tasted any thing so nice as the cup of hot coffee, the smoking corn-bread, and slice of fried ham that constituted his breakfast. Besides that, he found it was no crime, when he had finished the first round, to utter that terrible word "*more !*" and having in some degree recovered from the first feeling of awkwardness natural to any one in such a situation, he enjoyed it very much.

"Well, Harry," said Mr. Jones, pleasantly, "you've made a good beginning ; I see you've been at work already."

"I'll be bound Mr. Austen would have him at it quick enough," said Charley.

"Yes, Charley ; but Harry is willing, and that makes work pleasant."

Certainly Harry neither looked nor felt as if he desired any one to pity him that morning ; he was only anxious to be really at work, to learn what he had to do, and to *do* it. No one ever set out with a more determined resolution to fulfill the duties required of him than he did. The children chatted away about every thing, Mr. Jones joined in, and the breakfast hour proved a very pleasant one, as it usually did afterward. Harry made the discovery that Mrs. Jones was a very quiet person, having little to say, and Mary was very much like her ; he was glad that there was some one else present who did not seem inclined to talk, for he was not yet sufficiently at home to join in the conversation, where there were so many people, and all of them "decent" except himself.

Breakfast over, Mr. Jones asked if the wagon was ready, and set off for the corn-field with Austen and Harry, who was entirely ignorant of what he was to do there, but willing to do any thing. As it turned out, the work to be done was to gather up the leaves of the corn that had been dried by the sun, and make them into bundles to be put away for winter use. Harry had not known before what "fodder" was, but he thought he would wait to see, for he did not like to show how completely ignorant he was of every thing relating to his new life.

"Come along, Harry, and I'll show you how to set to work," said the farmer, pleasantly, gathering up the fodder in his arms, and then, when he had collected enough, tying it in the middle with one of the long, thin, dried leaves. Harry began immediately, and Mr. Jones rewarded him by saying that he did it as well as he could himself; so he went on diligently. During the morning they happened to be in different parts of the field, and Austen was near Mr. Jones: he began to tell him what he thought of the new hand.

"I can tell you what, sir, he's a smart young fellow."

"Yes," said the farmer, "I guessed as much myself from the first; he seems as if he meant to go at it with a good deal of spirit. I shouldn't wonder if he makes a first-rate farmer one of these days; you know every body's got to begin."

"There's one thing," said Austen, "he's touchy

enough; he flared up this morning, and came mighty near having a fuss with me the first thing."

"That won't do," answered Mr. Jones: "how *was* it?" Austen told him, and, after considering a moment, he remarked, "Poor fellow! I guess he's been used to doing every thing his own fashion; we'll have to be easy with him for a while, till he gets into our ways."

At this very time Harry was wondering whether the exhibition of his temper about the gate had made Austen dislike him: he was sorry it had happened. He hoped Austen would not tell Mr. Jones about it, and, as he never heard it spoken of again, he supposed he never did. He was determined that no fault should be found with the way in which he did his work, and he was faithful to his resolution all the morning.

Fodder-gathering proved a much simpler operation than he had imagined, requiring, it is true, care, industry, and perseverance, but by no means mysterious. By eleven o'clock it was all done. Having been gathered and bundled, it only remained to load the wagon, take it to the stable, and stow it away in the loft; and this, too, was a very simple thing. Harry tossed the bundles up into the window, where Austen caught them and arranged them in the proper place. When the dinner-horn sounded it was all stowed away.

"Well done, Harry! you've earned your dinner to-day," Mr. Jones said to him. "You've done a good morning's work."

Those few words gave Harry more pleasure than the gift of a five-dollar bill could have done. They

encouraged him to think that he would be *able* to carry out the resolutions he had made. He felt cheered and inspired, and his feelings were almost irrepressible when, at the dinner-table, the farmer said, "Children, I guess we can go down in the orchard this afternoon, after all, so well has Harry helped us through with the fodder."

There was a general exclamation of delight; little Nannie clapped her hands for joy, and all felt that Harry was a great boy.

"Well, I've got to go to mill," said Austen; "but I guess you don't want me."

"No, *sir*," said Charley, "*I* don't, for one."

"Charley, Charley," said Mrs. Jones, "you know that's very rude. You'll have to stay at home if you don't behave better."

Charley was silent, but he *looked* the same sentiment at Austen, and turned up his nose provokingly. It was evident Austen and Charley did not love each other any too much.

"Father," said Mary, "how are we going to get the apples home? Mr. Austen is going to take the wagon to the mill."

"We'll take the cart. Harry, I guess you and Charley can go get it up, while I see about the barrels."

Harry set off with a good many doubts and fears as to *his* success in catching a strange horse in an open field, but he thought Charley might know something about it, and, at any rate, he meant to try.

"I guess we'd better take old Whitey," said the little boy; "he's the easiest to catch."

Harry thought that an all-sufficient reason for choosing him, and Charley went into the stable and brought out an old bridle, and together they sallied to the field.

"Here, Harry, we'll just put this on him, and bring him along up."

The old white horse stood perfectly still while Harry, wonderfully relieved to find it so easy a thing, put on the bridle. Then he led him up to the stable. Charley showed him the proper harness, and in a very little time the cart was ready. He felt not a little proud of his own performance when he drove round to the door, and yet he was glad that no one else seemed to think it at all wonderful; as, indeed, they did not, forgetting that he had never been accustomed to do any thing of the kind before. The baskets were put in, the children climbed up, Mr. Jones opened the gates, and Harry drove, though it could hardly be called "driving," when the old horse would have gone by himself if no one had held the reins.

"Now who's going to climb the trees?" asked Mary.

"Why, me and Harry," was Charley's reply. "Here, Harry, give us a lift."

Harry did so very willingly.

"You'd better go up too, Harry," said Mr. Jones. "I'm 'most too old to try such tricks."

Harry was only waiting for orders, and soon clambered up the tree.

"Now take hold of that limb and shake," said Mr. Jones, pointing. He did so, and a shower of beautiful red apples fell on the ground. Down, down they came, one after another, to the great delight of the children. Little Nannie picked up a large fine one that had rolled away from the tree, and sat down to eat it.

"Oh, Nannie, is *that* the way you work?" asked her father. "What would we do if Harry sat up in the tree and ate instead of shaking?"

"Why, *I* couldn't eat then. That wouldn't be right."

"Well, if Harry ought to work, oughtn't Nannie to, as well?"

"Oh, I'm *little*."

"Good for *you*, Nannie; good for you," said Mr. Jones, laughing heartily, and chucking her under the chin.

Nannie laughed back, and, having come to enjoy herself and not to work, she went on eating; but, holding out her little hand to her father, she said,

"Father, you may have a *bite*;" at which again he laughed, took one, and kissed her as he lifted her from the ground and hugged her to his bosom. Both seemed very happy.

That was a merry afternoon to Harry; he climbed one tree after another, and shook down the fruit almost in glee, thinking if this was farm life he would be sure to be pleased. When enough were down they all set to work, piled the cart full to overflowing, and

drove up to the door of the house. Here the apples were put into baskets and carried up stairs to the store-room, to be kept in barrels.

"Ain't this fun, Harry?" asked Charley.

Harry, smiling, replied, "Yes, I like it very much."

"Ah! but it ain't half so nice as nutting; it'll soon be time for that too. Oh, *Harry!* but I'm so glad you came here to live."

Once, as he was going up stairs with two large baskets of apples, Harry heard Charley say to his father,

"Father, don't you think Harry's a nice boy?" He did not hear the reply, but he was glad to know that some one thought so, and such little undesigned remarks caused him to feel very happy indeed.

By sundown the apples were all put away, the cart housed, and old Whitey turned loose in the field. The day's work was very satisfactory to look back upon, and Harry found himself then free to do whatever he chose.

Charley, of course, went every where with his new friend, and at first he was a very good guide. There was a large pond in one corner of the field, and they went down to look at it.

"Oh, Harry," he exclaimed, as if a bright thought had just struck him, "do you know how to swim?"

"Yes, to be sure I do," said he, glad to find some one subject where his knowledge was superior to Charley's.

"Won't you teach me? I can't swim, and I want to learn."

"*I'm* willing, but I must first see what your father says about it."

"Oh, he don't care; only Austen says I'll have to learn to swim before I go in the water, or I'll get drowned. But I won't; will I?"

Harry smiled, but made no direct reply. He would see what Mr. Jones thought about it.

"Are there any other boys round about here, Charley?"

"Oh yes, indeed," was the answer; "there's *lots* of 'em. You'll see 'em all in the winter when school begins; but, Harry, I don't like *any* of 'em as much as you." Thus talking, they walked on till they supposed it was supper-time, and then returned to the house.

Supper was not quite ready, and Harry made himself useful by going to the spring, which was just at the edge of the wood behind the house. He brought a bucket of water for Mrs. Jones, and carried back the milk and butter. These were kept standing in shallow water, where they were quite safe, and always sweet and cool. Austen soon returned from the mill, the steak was broiled, the tea "drawn," and the cakes smoking on the table as they all sat down to supper together, the children still excited with the afternoon's enjoyment, and Harry happy in the consciousness of having done a good day's work, and having done it well. He had pleased every body by his obliging disposition, and he found himself pleased with them. It is so with every one. We can not confer happiness on others and escape it ourselves.

Harry was delighted with the first day's experience of life upon a farm. He had been pretty hard at work, but he did not object to that in the least; and every body was so kind, that he felt more like one of the children of that happy family than a stranger who had just come under their roof.

Mr. Jones had never been in New York, and he spent part of the evening in asking questions about the great city; and Harry was pleased to be able to impart any information to one who was so kind to him; besides, it was agreeable to know there was one place that he knew more of than did any one else there; that knowledge made him feel decidedly at his ease in carrying on a conversation where so many persons were present. Mrs. Jones and Mary were sewing quietly, the children amusing themselves in various ways, and the evening passed rapidly away. Harry was ready for bed when the hour arrived, and lay down to rest, well satisfied that he had made a good choice in leaving New York. Whether Frank missed him or not, he missed Frank, and he could not help wishing him present, or, at all events, near. Although so much pleased with the happy things around him, still he was conscious of a lack of something, he knew not what exactly, but he thought it was Frank. Reader, it was that very same feeling you have often known, growing out of the divinely-implemented instincts of your nature, longing for some pure sympathetic being to whom you may unbosom your inmost feelings, and with whom you can feel they will be sacredly private.

Would it be surprising if, in time, Mary should grow to be that one to Harry?

On this point we shall see; but does *any* merely human being ever fully meet this yearning instinct of the soul? Is it not the voice of God speaking directly to the heart, and saying, in accents of tenderness, "Come unto me, and ye shall find peace, and rest, and joy unutterable?"

CHAPTER X.

NEW FRIENDS.

"A maiden mild,
Not a woman, not a child;
But the grace which heaven confers
On the twain, I ween was hers."

ALICE CAREY.

THE next day was Sunday, and, of course, all ordinary work was set aside. Harry was left pretty much to himself during the whole day; two or three times he was called on to do some little thing, as carrying an armful of wood into the kitchen, bringing a bucket of water from the spring, or something else of that sort; but the rest of the time was his own, to spend as he chose. There was a little rain in the morning, that kept the family from church; but it cleared off by noon, and, with Charley for his companion and guide, he wandered about the farm, seeing all that was to be seen. It proved to be a long, tiresome day, as

one spent in doing nothing usually is ; for as yet Harry knew nothing of "making the Sabbath a delight," so that he was heartily glad when it was over.

Monday morning brought its busy occupations ; before breakfast he took his first lesson in chopping wood, Austen being decidedly of the opinion that the day's work should begin early, and so he found him something to do as soon as he was up. Then there was a field to be plowed, and he was to try his hand at that as soon as breakfast was over. It was rather awkward at first ; the plow would go down too deep into the earth, or not deep enough, and, almost in despair, he was about to sit down and say, "I can't *do* it, and there's no use in trying ;" but just at that moment something seemed to whisper to him, "Try, try again." This was the name of a song he had learned at the News-boys' Lodging-house, and with it revived old memories. He fancied he saw Mr. Wilson standing by the melodeon, singing, and all the boys following, and then the words of the song came up so forcibly that he could not help repeating them to himself, as follows :

"'Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try, try again ;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again ;
Then your courage should appear,
For, if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear ;
Try, try again.

“Once or twice though you should fail,
Try, try again;
If at last you would prevail,
Try, try again.
All that other folks can do,
Why with patience may not you?
Only keep this rule in view,
Try, try again!”

After repeating the words he mused a moment; then, stamping his foot on the ground, he burst out with, “*I will—that I will,*” and, calling up all his resolution, he went on. The plow went smoother, for it was held more firmly; the furrow was straighter, for it was cut with interest. Harry felt himself begin to succeed, and his energy was again aroused. It was no little satisfaction to hear Mr. Jones say,

“Well done, Harry! you’ll make a capital farmer yet: that’s a very clever furrow.”

Harry began to think there was a *charm* in the song, and he often repeated it afterward.

In the afternoon he was left in one part of the field by himself. As he went on, busy at his work, he heard a boy’s voice singing in the next field, that belonged to another farm. He listened; the words sung were repeated over and over again.

“I am a merry farmer boy;
I live upon a farm;
I work all day, and sleep all night,
And so keep free of harm.”

He wondered very much who the singer was; but presently, as he came near the fence, he saw another

boy younger than himself also plowing. He looked up as Harry came near, and stopped singing. Each wanted to speak to the other, but neither of them knew how to begin; presently Harry broke the silence, saying, "Do you live about here?"

"Yes," answered the boy; "that's our house right through there on the hill."

Harry looked in the direction pointed out, and saw a very nice, comfortable-looking stone house, which stood on a hill at some distance.

"What's your name?"

"My name's George," said the boy: "what's yours?"

"Harry Lee."

"Oh, yes," George replied, "you're the boy that's come to live with Mr. Jones; they're nice folks over there, ain't they?"

"First-rate," was the hearty reply.

"Where did you come from?"

"From New York: I never lived in the country before."

"Didn't you? I've lived here all my life; sometimes I feel like I want to go away; I'm tired of living in one place."

"I shouldn't think you'd get tired of living here," said Harry; "I like it a heap better than New York."

"Well, it *is* a good place."

Just at that time some one at a distance called out, "G-e-o-r-g-e! G-e-o-r-g-e!"

"I'm a-coming," he called in reply; and then he said to Harry, "I've got to go, but I'm coming over to see you some of these days."

Harry wondered who his new acquaintance was, and determined to ask Austen; so, when he met him, he asked who lived over on the hill.

"Squire Miller," was the reply.

"Well, who's George that lives over there?"

"Oh, he's Squire Miller's son. How did you come to know any thing about him?"

"I saw him down in the next field," Harry said, "and he said he was going to come over here."

"I guess that'll be as the squire says," was Austen's reply: "he keeps him mighty straight."

Somehow Harry thought being kept straight could not be a very dreadful thing, judging from George's appearance; he reminded him more of Frank, with his merry, light-hearted ways, than any one he had ever seen. That evening he asked Charley what sort of a man Squire Miller was.

"Oh, he's first-rate."

"Do you know George?"

"Yes, indeed, I guess I do; but he hasn't been over here this long time."

"Why not?" Harry asked.

Charley looked as if he did not like to tell; but presently he said, "The last time he came over I got mad at him, and told him I didn't *want* him to come back any more."

Harry almost laughed at Charley's serious way of talking about it; but he continued, "What did you get mad about?"

"Because he went up in a tree where I couldn't

climb, and he wouldn't help me up too. I guess he won't come over here any more."

"Yes, he will; he's coming over to see me."

"Is he? oh, that's good; I'm so glad; only *I* didn't want to ask him to come."

Harry was now much amused at Charley making, as he thought, "such a fuss about nothing," quarreling about such a trifle, and thinking it a very serious affair; but, if he had reflected a little, he might have remembered many a time in his life when he had done things equally ridiculous—when he had not only quarreled, but fought about something just as trifling in itself; and, even since he came to the farm, he had been quite angry, and had spoken very rudely to Austen when he had just as little reason for it.

The very next evening, when they had finished supper, there was a knock at the door. Mary opened it. Harry recognized George; but he was not alone. Mr. Jones went to the door, and spoke to some one whom he seemed very glad to see, and asked him to come in, and Harry soon discovered that it was George's father. He seemed to be a very pleasant, kind man; and, from the pleasure with which he was received, he concluded that all the family must like him very much, as indeed they did. Mr. Jones called Harry and introduced him to "the squire," as he was usually called, and then the two boys, left to themselves, went out, and over to Harry's room, where they could have a good talk by themselves.

From George Harry learned a good deal of the peo-

one morning, Mrs. Jones said to her husband, "Mr. Jones, there is so much sewing to be done before the winter sets in that Mary and I can't do it all; we must get some one to help us for a week or two."

"Very well," he replied, "do whatever you choose about it; you know best. I'll foot the bill."

"That's just the trouble," said his wife; "I don't know who to get."

"Oh, mother," exclaimed Mary, "*I* know who—Mrs. Foster's niece. She's just come to live with her. *She* goes out to sew."

"What! not *that* young thing?"

"Yes, ma'am, she does; and they say she sews very nice."

"Well, maybe so. I'll go over there this morning and see about it."

All this conversation seemed to have little interest to Harry, and when breakfast was over he went off to his work without giving it another thought. It so happened, however, that when the horn sounded for dinner he got back to the house before either Mr. Jones or Austen; Mary and her mother were both in the kitchen, and Charley off somewhere else with Nannie. Harry walked into the dining-room without noticing that there was any one there, but no sooner had he closed the door than he saw a girl sitting by the window sewing. There was something about her that seemed familiar, though he could not tell what. He paused and gazed, for even in profile she was beautiful; but, when she turned and looked up, her beauty

was more than beauty to him. She was the very girl whom he had saved from a horrible death upon the railroad. She, more quick than Harry, instantly recognized in him her preserver, and excitedly started up, dropping her needle-work; for an instant both felt exceedingly embarrassed as they faced each other, scarcely knowing whether to sit or stand, speak or be silent, retreat or advance. Both blushed and turned pale, and blushed again by turns, and each to each seemed unspeakably attractive, yet fearfully unapproachable, for, alas! in Harry's eye she was too "decent" for *him* to make any advances to, and she felt a delicacy natural, proper, and lovely in a maiden about speaking to any stranger; yet *such* a stranger, was it not an exception? And then, too, Harry's manly air, noble bearing, open countenance, kindly look (all evident until his confusion had induced awkwardness), attracted her almost irresistibly, and his embarrassment *certainly* justified an advance on her part. Harry would have stood there a long time, not knowing what to do or say, had not she, summoning resolution and self-possession, come forward, and, extending her hand, said,

"You saved my life."

"I—I—no—I—yes—I—I—the—the *cars*, you mean," replied Harry, as he timidly, half-unconsciously held out his *left* hand.

"Yes," replied the young girl, amused at his awkwardness, but touched by his embarrassment, and speaking very friendly; "you saved me from being

run over by the cars. I *thank* you, and a great deal *more* than thank you. I could not utter my feelings then ; I was overcome with the terrible realization that I had but just escaped a horrible death. I *wanted* to tell you, but I *could* not. I trust you do not think I undervalue your services."

Harry was dumb, but felt he was *bound* to say something, he did not know what. He realized that he was in the presence not only of a "decent" girl, but one much his superior (which feeling created a sense of distance in his mind), and, besides, the one great conviction, begotten by the sad experience of his whole past life, was being shattered—he was compelled to feel that "decent" people *may* care for the poor and ignorant, and treat them as human beings, for this young lady did. This fact attracted him to her: one class of feelings repelled, and another attracted him, producing a turmoil of emotion and confusion of mind. These impressions now attributed to him, and which it has taken so many words to depict, flashed through his soul in an instant. He obscurely *felt* them only; they were not clearly perceived. They were, however, really there.

The idea had not yet occurred to Harry that he had within HIM every faculty in rudimentary form which the soul of the loftiest man possesses; but it was a fact, and, my reader, it is equally true of *you*. Think of it.

The young lady, finding that Harry could not speak, continued. "Ever since that day I have been wish-

ing I could see you again, to tell you how grateful I was ; but," and she laughed almost coaxingly as she continued, "you must first tell me *who* I have to thank."

"You mean—I—you mean—"

"I mean, what's your name?"

"Oh, my name's Harry Lee ; but you needn't thank me ; any body would have done it."

"But still only one person *did* do it, and I *do* thank you. My name is Ellen Foster."

With this introduction they were friends, and Harry felt less distant from her. Shortly after the rest of the family came in, and Mrs. Jones looked more than a little surprised to find Harry sitting near her seamstress, and the two conversing as if long acquainted, yet blushing as though they had been lover and sweetheart.

Harry was fearful that the whole story would be recapitulated at the table, but Miss Foster simply said, "We are old friends. I'll tell you all about it one of these days," and nothing more was said.

Not a word had Harry to speak that day. He wondered how it ever happened that they had met again, and wished there was some way to find out ; but he could not or would not ask Miss Foster any thing about it, and there was no one else who could tell him. His work that afternoon was exceedingly uninteresting. His mind was on something else. Never since coming to the farm had he rejoiced so much to see the sun go down.

At the supper-table he met Miss Foster, or, as Mrs. Jones called her, Ellen, again. In the interim she had told Mrs. Jones about their first meeting, and Harry had become almost a hero in her eyes too. After supper the theme of conversation was the railroad rescue and railroad disasters in general, till at length it was time for Ellen to go. She rose, but was met by Mrs. Jones with,

“You’d *better* stay all night.”

“I can’t, ma’am, to-night. I told my aunt I was coming, and she’ll expect me. I had better go before it gets too dark.”

“Why, child,” said Mr. Jones, “it’s too dark *now* for you to go over there alone.”

“Oh no, sir, I’m not afraid; I can go alone.”

There was but little use in trying to convince such a man as Mr. Jones. He thought it *was* too dark, and that was enough. He insisted that she should not go by herself, when he kept a houseful of men and boys, and she a stranger. “Harry can go with you just as well as not; or Charley, if Harry is too tired.”

This sentence affected the various parties in the room singularly. To two it brought blushes, and hopes, and fears; in Mrs. Jones and Austen it raised a curious interest to see how both Harry and Miss Foster would “take” it. In Charley it raised a boisterous gallantry, which, however, was checked by a fear of passing alone through the long, dark, wooded lane connecting the two places. Mr. Jones was pleased with seeing how all the rest were affected, but we feel a more par-

ticular interest in Harry and Ellen than the others, whose feelings we must lay out of view, except so far as they are useful in explaining our hero's.

Ellen was really thankful, and felt warmly toward her deliverer, but she did not want every one to know it. Farther, she did not know any thing about Harry except his one kind act to her. The little she had seen that day gave her the impression that he was a good-hearted but very awkward boy, altogether unacquainted with the "rules of politeness," notwithstanding he was good-looking. She was grateful. She felt she *ought* to be; but, while she *hoped* Harry was more attractive than he seemed at first, and, therefore, was *willing* to feel more than grateful, and while his manly countenance and regular features tended to inspire a warmer feeling, still she was altogether uncertain how she should like him upon farther acquaintance; and, then, would he like her? Harry was about her age, and she knew enough of the world to feel assured that very slight attentions would be looked upon by people generally as "courting," etc., but particularly in young people, and she dreaded such remarks or smiles as are given on these occasions. On the whole, though she liked Harry, she preferred having Charley go with her, if either must go, though she saw no good reason for *any* one to go.

Harry felt peculiarly also. He had not that culture of mind which she had, and was not able to examine, express, or control his feelings as well as she could. Impulses and impressions regulated his conduct *direct-*

ly; they were not first submitted to the scrutiny of mind. Ellen's beauty awoke a strong feeling within him, and the fact that he had *done* something important for her which she valued highly, and it seemed to him too highly, strengthened that feeling; but these two things, far less than her kindness and tenderness of tone in speaking to him, a poor, ignorant boy, attached him to her. It was a powerful feeling on his part, therefore, that made him wish to be the chosen beau. But, on the other hand, he saw Mrs. Jones "looking" at him and Ellen—just think of it, *looking*—and the corner of her eye was beginning to wrinkle with a mischievous smile. "He didn't want to be laughed at." Then, again, he never *had* "gone home" with a "decent" girl in his life, and he wouldn't know how to do it—what to say; which side of her he must walk on; whether *he* ought to hold out his arm as he had seen the "decent" men of New York do to *their* ladies. He *couldn't* do that. And then, too, he'd have to make a bow and take off his hat when he said good-night to her; and, rather than do *that*, he'd carry a quarter of beef a mile! He *couldn't* do it, and it was no use to think about it. And, then, *maybe she wouldn't want him*. If he'd offer, and she'd say no, he'd *hate* her till his death. So he wished she *wouldn't* choose him; but still he would have been pleased to know that she would *like to have him*.

It takes a long time to describe those feelings, but they flashed through the souls of Ellen and Harry instantaneously, and Charley was the first to speak:

"*I'll go! I'll go!*" This was the dictate of his first impulse; but, when the thought of that dark lane came up, he said, "Oh, mother, let me and Harry *both* go." This suggestion of Charley's caution was a most happy thing. It pleased every one—Ellen, Harry, Charley, and all—except poor little Nannie, who had grown to like Ellen so much that she wanted her to stay all night, *any* how. "Her aunt wouldn't cry," she said. But at length they set off.

The lane leading to Mrs. Foster's lay through the wood, and old tall trees spread their great boughs over toward each other, mingling their foliage across it. Even in daytime it was sombre; but now that the light had faded it was already so dark there that Ellen found her escort very agreeable company. They walked on a short distance in silence, Harry on her right, and Charley on her left. Harry did not offer his arm, as he should have done. He felt that he *could* not. Ellen commenced the conversation by asking a question for talk's sake, and not for information.

"Are you going to live with Mr. Jones?"

"Yes; I came from New York to live there."

"And we all *like* him, too," said Charley.

Ellen was glad to hear it, but she said nothing in reply.

"I came from Boston to live with my aunt; she'll want to see you, she's heard so much about you, without knowing you were near."

Harry rather dreaded seeing any stranger, especially one who had heard about him beforehand, but he did

not say so. They continued the conversation, and soon they had passed through the wood.

"That's our house," said Ellen, pointing it out. It was just a little way before them. A light was shining through the window, the curtain was raised, and a lady's figure could be dimly seen.

"Aunt's waiting for me, and you *must* come in and see her."

Harry felt it would be useless to refuse, and perhaps impolite, although he was far more inclined to run away. Charley, however, felt no hesitancy, and his courage emboldened Harry; he resolved to go through with it, hoping they would not make too important a matter of what seemed to him a very simple thing.

"Why, Ellen, what on earth kept you so late?" was the salutation as she opened the door.

"I *couldn't* come any earlier, aunt; but I've brought you a visitor."

Mrs. Foster rose from her seat and came forward.

"This is Harry Lee," Ellen said; "and it was he who kept me from being killed on the railroad."

"What! you don't say so?" Mrs. Foster took hold of both his hands. "My dear boy, how shall I thank you?"

"He doesn't *like* thanks, aunt," said Ellen; "at least he wouldn't let *me* give him any."

But her aunt was not so easily interrupted; she would tell him, and with great volubility, how deeply grateful they all felt for his noble conduct.

"And now tell me, how is it you happened to meet again?" she said.

"I'm living at Mr. Jones's," Harry answered.

"And he couldn't help meeting me there, aunt. It was *too* ridiculous that we didn't even know each other's names," Ellen said, laughing. "We had to introduce ourselves."

There was no end to the questions Mrs. Foster had to ask, and Ellen was so talkative and so agreeable that Henry felt much more comfortable than he had expected to. At last he got up to go, but Mrs. Foster objected.

"Wait till uncle comes," said Ellen; "he'll be back soon."

"I must go," said Harry; "they'll all be wondering what's become of us; and Charley must go to bed."

"Well, if you can't wait, he'll see you some other time; but I know he'll be sorry he didn't see you now."

Harry lay awake for a long time that night, thinking over the terrible scene when he had saved Ellen, his disappointment at not finding her at the dépôt, the feelings which then, for the first time, sprung up, their meeting to-day, her kindness and superiority, his going home with her, her aunt's esteem and gratitude. Even Mr. Jones had said, when he heard of the railroad feat,

"Well, I declare, Harry, you are of some account, and no mistake; but if folks *will* stand on a railroad track, I think they *deserve* to be killed or *squeezed*. You New York boys are great fellows, coming out here to hug the girls. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

When, at last, Harry fell asleep, his dreams were of the hay-barge, the News-boys' Lodging-house, Mr. Jones, his own farm, and other delightful things, of which it would not do to tell just now; but among them was Ellen, the charm and centre of all.

CHAPTER XI.

ELLEN'S HISTORY.

"Weep not that the world changes; did it keep
A changeless, stable course, 'twere cause to weep."

BRYANT.

THE next day Mr. Foster came over to the farm at dinner-time to see Harry; and, having seen him, and talked for some few minutes about his saving Ellen's life, he invited him to spend the evening at his house whenever he felt inclined, saying "they would all be glad to see him at any time."

Ellen was to stay with Mrs. Jones for a week; and, while she was there, Harry learned a good deal of her past history. After supper, Mr. Jones usually occupied himself with a newspaper; his wife was always engaged with her work, and had little to say; and it happened that, after a day or two, Harry, and Ellen, and Mary managed to sit in some quiet corner of the room, and have very pleasant little conversations together. It was by these conversations, and by the kindness of this country family, that Harry gained the conception that the refined *can* care for the poor; and,

we may add, it was in these evenings that Ellen learned to respect Harry's sincerity and manliness. The account she gave him of her life was a sad one, so that he wondered at her being always so cheerful and happy ; but she had naturally a joyous disposition, that had never been overcome even by the many trials and sorrows she had borne.

Ellen's earliest recollections were of living in a neat little cottage just on the outskirts of the city of Boston, where her father, who was a carpenter, lived ; but she remembered very little about him, except that he was very fond of her, his only child, and that she and her mother were always glad when the hour came for him to return at evening, and sorry to see him go to his daily morning work. But there came a sad change : one day he was brought home terribly injured by a fall from the scaffold of a house upon which he had been working. For some days her mother had watched over him, and done every thing in her power, and then he died. She remembered that quite well, and her own sorrow when he was laid in the grave. Then their little home had to be given up, and they went to live in a close, dark room, in the very heart of the city, where she had no place to play, and nothing to see but brick walls and dusty streets ; and her poor mother was so sad and unhappy that the days passed away very drearily. They had no friends, and their only dependence for support was the sewing that her mother did ; and well Ellen remembered how busily she worked away, day and night, that they might

have the shelter of a roof over their heads, and enough to eat and to wear. So a year passed; she was sent to a public school; and, when at home, her mother taught her to sew. One day, as she entered the door, a man stopped her, and asked where Mrs. Foster lived. She took him up stairs to their room, and then discovered that he was her uncle, her mother's brother, who had been away at sea for years, and had now come home to spend the rest of his life.

This was a happy change for them again. He rented a little house, where they all lived very comfortably, and Ellen had the pleasure of seeing her mother cheerful and contented.

Four years passed away, and they wanted for nothing necessary to their comfort. Ellen was as happy as the day was long, and never thought again of any sorrow coming. But one day her mother was taken sick, and day by day she grew worse until there was no hope of her recovery. She sat beside her constantly, refusing to leave the room even to lie down for an hour or two, until her mother, who had been dearer to her than all the world beside, closed her eyes forever on this earth. Ellen was an orphan. For a long time it seemed to her she could never again be happy; she only wished that she too were dead; but at length she began to be more quiet in her sorrow, and, though she did not forget her mother, she could go back again to her daily employments with interest.

She continued to live with her uncle, and kept house for him; and, young as she was, she tried to keep ev-

ery thing about their little house in good order, so that home would be pleasant. After some time she grew to feel quite happy again, and every thing was going on well with them. One day, however, when she came home from school, her uncle told her that she would soon be relieved from some of her duties—that he was going to be married.

Ellen did not know whether she liked the prospect or not, but she said nothing about her own thoughts and feelings. The time arrived; the marriage took place; the new aunt came, and the charge of the house passed from Ellen's hands. At first she was well pleased with the relief; but soon she began to wish that things were as they used to be, when she could do just as she chose about every thing; and, besides, she and her aunt did not agree very well, so that Ellen was unhappy. Things grew worse and worse; every day there was some difficulty; her aunt continually found fault with her for every thing she did, and at last her uncle, too, began to think something must be wrong. This made Ellen perfectly miserable.

But that was not the worst of it. He formed the habit of staying out late at night; and one night, when she happened to sit up longer than usual, he came in, and she discovered that there was something worse than late hours. It was difficult to believe it possible that her uncle, once so good and kind, had actually become a *drunkard*; yet so it was. From that time there was neither peace nor comfort. Every night saw the same thing repeated, and poor Ellen felt that she had a home no longer.

It was just at that time that a brother of her father's, who lived in Ohio, found out where she was. He had not known what had become of her after her mother's death ; but now a friend of his, who had gone to Boston on business, made inquiries about her, and informed him how she was situated. Immediately he wrote, inviting her to his own comfortable home in the West. She was only too glad to go, and her uncle and aunt were equally glad to get rid of her, so she set out for her new home in charge of the friend who had found her out. It was on the journey that she and Harry had first met. She explained to him how it was that, after he had rescued her, they had seen no more of each other. She had hardly thought it possible that they would ever meet again, and now it was as pleasant a surprise to her as it was to him. This is the substance of a good many conversations they had during the evenings while she was staying at Mr. Jones's.

Mr. Foster, Ellen's uncle, with whom she was now living, owned a small farm adjoining that of Harry's employer. He and his wife had come from Boston, and settled there many years before ; they were hard-working people, and, by industry and economy, managed to live very comfortably. Having no children of their own, it took them scarcely an hour to decide upon taking Ellen and adopting her as soon as they heard how she was situated. They were very fond of her already, and she could not help being happy and contented. There was scarcely enough work to do at home to keep Ellen busy, and, as she sewed very

neatly, Mrs. Foster had determined that it would be well for her to go sometimes to the neighbors' houses to sew for a week, where she was needed; so it had happened that she had come to assist Mrs. Jones. Ellen herself was quite well pleased with this arrangement; it suited a sort of independence of feeling which she had, for she knew that the money she earned by her sewing was very acceptable to her aunt, who had to be very cautious and careful in all her expenses.

CHAPTER XII.

A CONFESSION.

"Be wise;

Soar not too high, to fall, but stoop to rise."

ONE evening, when Ellen and Harry were talking together, he said, "You've been to school a long time, haven't you?"

"Yes," she replied, "I went to school about all the time I lived in Boston."

Harry sighed. "I wish it was time for school here," he said; "*I* want to begin right off."

"Why, didn't you *ever* go?" asked Ellen.

"No, never; and I do want to go so much; but there's just one thing—" Then he stopped, and sat silent. He felt embarrassed.

Ellen looked up. "Well, Harry, what is it?"

He did not reply at once, and she went on: "I think I can *guess* what it is."

"Can you? Well, let's see; what is it?"

Ellen hesitated a moment, and then said, "I expect you think all the boys about here have been to school before, and know more than you do."

"Yes," said Harry, "you've guessed right this time."

She sat still for a little while, thinking; but at length said, "Can't you read?"

"Yes, I can read some; not very well."

"I'll tell you," said Ellen, "*this* is what you can do: if you can find time to read a while every day, you'll get on very well by the time school begins; I don't believe most of the boys about here know much more than that."

Harry looked rather puzzled. "I won't know if I'm going right," he said; "and, besides, I haven't got any book."

"Oh, I have plenty of them. I'll give you one, and I'll show you how to go on too, Harry, if you would *like* me to." She spoke inquiringly.

"Will you, really? I *would* like you to. I think I'd learn faster with you than any one else." This last sentence he said in a low tone, confidentially, and Ellen understood him.

It would be some weeks yet before school would begin, and he meant to accomplish great things in that time, with Ellen's help.

The next evening she went home, asking him to walk over with her. The plan was submitted to Mrs. Foster, and she approved it; so Ellen ransacked an

old bookcase that stood in one corner of the room at home, and soon found the book she was in search of. Harry took it from her, and turned over the pages; it looked easy enough; he was sure he would be able to read it with a little help from Ellen. Mrs. Foster had left the room. Ellen said nothing for a few minutes while he was examining the book, and not knowing very well what to do next.

"I suppose we might as well break the ice at once," she said, pleasantly. "What do you say to having a lesson now?"

"Oh, *I'd* like it, if you've got time," Harry replied.

Ellen had nothing else to do; so she assured him, and they sat down together; but both teacher and scholar were a little embarrassed. Harry had not thought he should be ashamed to read to Ellen, yet now he was almost afraid to begin, and she saw and sympathized with the feeling. However, she opened the book, and found the place for him; and, summoning up all his courage, he commenced. Not many lines were read before he came to a word that he could not pronounce; but Ellen did not seem surprised, and set him right so quietly, and with so much delicacy, that he did not feel abashed at all. Very soon the first feeling of awkwardness passed away, and he enjoyed the lesson exceedingly.

The next day Ellen told Mrs. Jones all about it, and it was arranged that they might use the passage as a school-room while she remained at the farm; so, every evening, they sat there together, and sometimes Ellen

sewed while he read; and, after the lesson, they usually had a pleasant conversation about matters and things in general.

Before she went home, it was decided that Harry should go over to Mr. Foster's three times a week and continue his lessons. Many an hour after that did Harry pore over this book, and, with Ellen's assistance, he made such rapid progress that she, one evening, said to him, "Harry, I don't believe any one will be able to tell whether you have been to school before or not."

Harry shook his head. "Yes, indeed they will." Then he added, "But I can't help it; one thing's certain, I'm going to catch up with the best of them as soon as I can."

"Yes, Harry, you ought to do that, for *my* sake," said Ellen. "I want you to do me honor."

"For *your* sake, Ellen, I *tell* you I will."

That was a new notion, and another reason why he should exert himself. He advanced so rapidly that in a short time he could read much better than Charley, who had been at school five winters, but, seemingly, only to see how skillfully he could manage not to learn. In this he was quite successful.

"Well, Harry," said Mr. Jones, one morning about this time, "I've been inquiring about the school, and they tell me it'll begin in about a week. I'd like you to attend."

"I desire to go, sir, very much."

"Well, you're very different from this boy," he

said, laying his hand on Charley's head. "I'm sure it's bad news to him to *hear* of lessons."

"Mr. Jones," said Harry, "what time will I go to school?"

"From eight o'clock till twelve; that's the way most of the folks about here do with their boys. I guess you'll learn enough in four hours to last you the rest of the day."

Harry thought that would be nice indeed, and nicer still if he could only appoint the teacher. In that case he would appoint a lady, and he knew precisely who.

Mr. Jones, who cared little for books, wondered very much at his eagerness to go to school, but concluded that it was only a boy's fancy for any thing new, and that he would soon get tired of it. In that, however, he was mistaken, as he found out afterward, when Harry not only kept up his fondness for "learning," but seemed to like it better and better every day.

CHAPTER XIII.

SCHOOL.

"Not from gray hairs authority doth flow,
Nor from bald heads, nor from a wrinkled brow."

DENHAM.

"The monarch mind, the mystery of commanding
The birth-hour gift, the art Napoleon,
Of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding, binding
The heart of millions till they beat as one,
Thou hast it."—HALLECK.

THE day so long expected at length arrived. It was a bright, cold morning when Harry and Charley set out for the school-house, which was about half a mile distant. The path lay through the woods, where the fallen leaves rustled beneath their tread, and the nuts were falling around them as they walked along; Harry in great haste to reach his destination, but his companion much more anxious to amuse himself on the way with any thing and every thing he could find.

"I wonder what sort of a man the new teacher is," said Charley; "I hope he's like the last one; he let us do whatever we wanted to."

"That's a funny way to teach," Harry replied; "I always thought the boys had to do what *he* wanted *them* to."

"Oh, but he wasn't a bit strict. I'm afraid Mr. What's-his-name isn't like him."

"His name's Mason, isn't it?" said Harry. "Your father said he was very particular, and meant to make the boys keep pretty straight."

Charley gave a very audible sigh. "I hate school," he said. "I've a great mind not to go."

"You'd better not try any such tricks as that, Charley; I guess your father would have something to say about that."

Charley knew that very well, and made no reply. He really had no idea of making any attempt to stay away from school, though he might almost as well have been any where else, for he accomplished very little when he was there.

It was some satisfaction to Harry that they were to have a new teacher, so that he would not be the only stranger in the school. Ellen's lessons had been of great benefit to him. He had improved very rapidly, and had more confidence in his own powers than he had ever felt before. He meant to astonish every body by his success. The school-house was only a large log cabin in the midst of the woods. There was a fence around it, inclosing a yard where the boys were allowed to play during recess and before school hours. When Harry and Charley got there a good many boys were standing about talking. George was among them, and came forward immediately.

"Come along, Harry," he said; "here's a whole lot of fellows you've got to know. Here he is, boys," he called out, by way of introduction, leaving him to find out their names unassisted.

They were all talking about the new teacher.

"I've *seen* him," said one.

"*Have* you?" asked another. "What did he look like?"

"He looked more like a man than any thing else," replied the first speaker.

"Oh, pshaw! now don't try to be so smart; *tell* us something about him," said George.

"There he comes! there he comes!" the boy said; and every head was turned to see Mr. Mason.

He seemed to be quite a young man, with a pleasant expression, and yet a determined look, that made his scholars feel at once that he meant to be master there.

"Good-morning, boys," he said, kindly, and one or two of the boys replied, while the others stood in silence. "It's time to come in," he said, taking out his watch, and then turning to the door. The boys followed, and the one who had seen him before went up to him and asked if he should ring the bell.

"If you please," was the answer. The lad went to the door and rang it, and in a few minutes all the scholars had come in and taken their seats. Harry had placed himself near to George, while Charley was in another part of the room with some younger boys. They were all remarkably quiet—rather awed by the presence of a stranger. Mr. Mason waited till every one was seated, and then began.

"Boys," he said, "I am a perfect stranger to the most of you, and, of course, we can have no regular

lessons to-day. I will have to find out just what each one of you knows, and arrange your studies accordingly. But, before we begin, I must give you two rules, which it is absolutely necessary that you should observe; not only to-day, but every day. One is, that I shall be obeyed promptly and cheerfully; the other, that there shall be no talking and laughing during school hours."

This speech, and the tone in which it was delivered, produced a visible effect upon his audience; the boys looked at each other as if they thought they had found some one who would manage them now. To tell the truth, they were a very unruly set, and their last teacher had given up in despair, unable to keep any sort of order in the school-room. Mr. Mason had come there with the determination to begin a new order of things, and to insist upon perfect quiet and instant obedience.

The exercises of the school were begun by reading a chapter in the Bible, followed by a short prayer. Then he called the boys up to his desk one at a time, and made some inquiries as to what they had been learning; the name and age of each was written down in a book. When Harry's turn came, he felt exceedingly awkward, and wished that Mr. Mason had known something about him before; however, he walked up to the desk.

"What is your name?" was the first question. He answered, and it was written down. Then the teacher looked up: "You live with Mr. Jones, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, very well; I know—you can sit down."

He felt wonderfully relieved, and went back to his seat. Mr. Mason got through with his examination of the scholars very quickly, and then said he would hear them all read aloud. Again Harry was in fear and trembling; but when he heard how miserably some of them read who were almost as old as he was, he began to feel more courageous: he was sure he could do better. Soon his turn came; just as he took the book into his hand he remembered what Ellen had said about his doing her credit, and he resolved to try; he read a sentence slowly and distinctly, without making one mistake, and when he finished Mr. Mason said, "*Very* well," and Harry was satisfied. He wished Ellen had been there.

There was one boy who seemed to have made up his mind to create some sort of disturbance in the school. He had come in late, and in walking across the floor had made as much noise as he could. When he was told to read he passed the book to the next scholar.

"I want you to read first," said the teacher.

"I can't," he muttered.

"Well, you can try, at least."

"I don't want to." The boys all looked at Mr. Mason to see what he would do; but he seemed perfectly composed—not in the least disturbed. "You can get your hat and go home. I'll call and see your father. You can not return until I let you know, and in no case before to-morrow."

"I'll read, sir, I'll read."

"I can not permit you to read now. Get your hat."

The boy did so, but he did not go home. He went to the door, and at recess, with tears in his eyes, besought Mr. Mason to allow him to return. Mr. Mason was moved, and promised to submit the case to the school, and, if possible, to help him.

When recess was over and the boys all reassembled, they saw the boy present who had been sent home. His eyes were swollen as though he had been crying. He was the centre of observation, and every one wondered what was to come next. Mr. Mason stood up and tapped the bell. You could have heard in any part of the room a pin drop.

"Boys, you all witnessed the insubordinate, disobedient spirit of James Oaks. You all heard me say that he could not return to-day, yet here he is. You must wonder why it is. I am about to explain.

"I never punish any one out of spite. When James disobeyed me this morning, I felt more grieved than angered. I punished him for his good, and for your good, not for my own satisfaction. It would have pleased me better to have forgiven him at once, upon his expression of willingness to obey, but I *dare* not. It would have been the beginning of disorder throughout the school. In order to preserve your respect, I must keep my word. Having said he could not come back to-day, I can not admit him. In one sense I can, but if I do you will cease to respect me, and if you would not, I would cease to respect myself.

"While you were out at recess, James came in and entreated me not to go to his father. He says he is sorry for having disobeyed me. I believe he is. I feel very sorry for him. I forgive him from my heart, and want to remit the penalty, but I can not do it without your full understanding of the case, nor can I do it without inflicting *some* punishment. If all the boys request me for *THEIR* own sake to allow James to come back to-day, I will do it; but if a single boy objects, I will not. He was punished for your sake, and if you ask me to forgive him for your sake, I'll do so, provided you will all consent to bear some punishment yourselves, to prove to me that you are really sincere. I do not see that I can in any other way allow James to return before to-morrow. Think, boys. Suppose you were in James's place—suppose I were about to go to *your* parents to complain, would you not feel very badly? Would you not want some one to help you, and intercede for you, to prevent me from going? I think you would, and that's precisely the way James feels now. I am *sorry* for him. I want to save him. I want you to help me. Think of poor James!"

Mr. Mason was silent. The room was as still as though it were empty, but all eyes were fixed on Mr. Mason, and tears stood in many of them. Suddenly a noise was heard. It was James himself. He was sobbing, and tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Boys," said Mr. Mason, "I think James is truly sorry."

Some of the boys began to wipe their eyes and look at each other; but in another moment they were surprised by James Oaks rising and saying, "Oh, sir, whip me! whip me! Don't punish these boys! don't punish my father too! Whip me! I deserve it! whip me!"

Mr. Mason wiped a tear from his eye too. He had not expected this. He observed a momentary silence, but at length spoke.

"Boys, I have two things to propose to you: the first is, that there be a committee of three boys, whom I will appoint, to decide upon some other punishment instead of expulsion; the other is, that every boy consents to be kept in after school ten minutes. Which do you choose?"

"The committee!" said some, "the committee! the committee!" "Keep us in!" said others; "keep us in! keep us in!"

At first there was a pretty equal division of opinion, and the school-room re-echoed with the confused shouts; but presently "Keep us in" seemed to prevail. Mr. Mason tapped the bell, and held up his hand as a signal for silence. The turmoil was hushed in a moment.

"Boys, I am truly glad to see how deep an interest you feel in your penitent companion. Before we take a vote, I want to make a remark or two." All were attention.

"If we have the committee, James will expiate his fault, and the mercy which I will be able to show just-

ly to you and to myself will be partial. I will then be doing you no favor at all. If you are *kept in*, I will be able justly to show mercy, *because you ask it*. It will then be *as a favor to you* that I grant it. Those now in favor of the committee will hold up their right hands."

There was only one hand raised. It was Harry Lee's. But he kept it up.

"Put down your hand. Those in favor of being kept in, hold up their hands."

Every hand in the room was raised except Harry's.

"It is a vote. The boys will all be kept in except Harry Lee. He can go when school is out."

Harry held up his hand again.

"What *is* it, Harry?"

"I would rather stay in, sir."

"You may do so; and, as you were the only boy who voted in favor of the committee, you may say *why* you did."

"Because, sir, if I'd been James Oaks, I'd sooner be punished myself than have others punished for me."

"Do you think it would have *cured* you so well?"

Harry considered a moment, and replied, "I don't know, sir, but I'd ha' felt more like a man."

"Either of these plans would have been good," said Mr. Mason, again addressing the boys; "but, since the plan you have chosen causes James to feel that he is forgiven for your sakes, and that by being disobedient to me he was hurting you, I am glad you have adopted it. If you had adopted the committee, James him-

self should have been one of the three, Harry Lee another, and George Miller the third ; and whatever punishment the committee had selected I would have inflicted, if not wrong, although it would have pained me greatly. Boys, I want you all to feel that I'm your friend, and particularly those who are the most prone to evil.

"James, you are forgiven for the sake of all the boys. You may take your seat."

No one else attempted to evade any of the teacher's orders, for that day at least ; and every one not only felt that Mr. Mason was not to be trifled with, but that he was equally just and kind.

The writing lesson that followed was a trial to Harry. Each boy had a slate and pencil given him to let Mr. Mason see how he could write. Harry sat there for a few minutes not knowing what to do ; but at last he very sensibly concluded that it was better to be perfectly honest and truthful at once, so he got up from his seat and went to the teacher's desk. He looked up, and asked what he wanted.

"I came to tell you, sir, that I don't know how to write. I never tried in my life."

"Indeed ! I am glad you told me. Go back to your seat. I'll have to punish you for leaving it without permission, but I do it kindly. I'll come to you presently."

"Boys, Harry Lee has left his seat without permission. He has not offended me by doing so ; on the contrary, it happens that he pleased me ; but still, he

has broken the rules, and it is necessary to punish him. To save every one else, I tell you all publicly about it. Harry shall determine his own punishment when school is out."

The boys looked at one another, and seemed to think Mr. Mason a strange man. He was strangely severe, but kind at the same time. Several wondered if this was the real man, or whether it was not only a first day's performance.

In turn, he did come to Harry, and "set him a copy." It was his own name, and he was to imitate it. Harry did it as carefully as he could, but he thought that he had made terrible-looking things, and was ashamed to have Mr. Mason see them. Much to his delight, however, when he had looked at the slate, they were pronounced "very well done for a first attempt." Once during the morning George leaned over and whispered to Harry, "How do you like him?" But, before he could answer, a tapping on the desk made them both look up. Mr. Mason had seen them. He said nothing, but wrote in his book, and the offense was not repeated.

The lesson in arithmetic was a little better. Harry could add up numbers very quickly, and Mr. Mason did not go beyond that the first day. Then he had often amused himself by making figures, and he succeeded in that as well as most of the boys. He began to believe that Ellen was right when she said that most of them knew no more than he did. How the four hours passed away he did not know, but twelve

o'clock came very soon. It was time to dismiss. Mr. Mason reminded them of their punishment, and there never were ten minutes passed more cheerfully. It was a positive pleasure to all the boys, except James Oaks, to *be* thus punished. For five minutes Mr. Mason spoke to them, but the last five minutes he required them all to fold their arms behind them and sit in perfect silence. At length the time was over, and they were dismissed, except Harry, who was told to remain, that he might choose his punishment for having left his seat without permission. It was decided that he should "stay in" the next day at recess, and in a minute or two he joined the rest of the boys. Various remarks were made about Mr. Mason and his strange way of doing things.

"I don't know whether to like him or not," said George, doubtfully.

"Like him, indeed!" exclaimed another boy, who still seemed to think that schools were only designed to make boys miserable. "I'd like to see *any* teacher that I'd like."

"Well, I like him," said Harry, decidedly; "he's kind, I'm sure."

George walked along part of the way with Harry and Charley.

"I tell you what," he said, "Mr. Mason's going to be the governor in that school-room. Did you see how quick he looked up when I spoke to you? He must have mighty sharp ears."

"Well, you know he *told* us we mustn't talk," said

Harry, who was reasonable enough to see that the teacher ought to be obeyed.

"That don't make any difference," George answered. "I guess the last teacher we had told us plenty of things we never thought of minding."

"I don't believe Mr. Mason would put up with such doings as that," Harry replied; "when he says a thing he means it."

"I reckon he'll have some trouble yet with two or three fellows in that school; they won't mind any body."

"He'll *make* them mind him," said Harry, decidedly impressed with the new teacher's strength of will and purpose. "I've seen a man like him before, and worse boys than grows in these diggin's."

Charley kept his opinions to himself until they were seated at the dinner-table; then Mr. Jones asked how they liked Mr. Mason.

"I don't know, father," he said; "he's mighty—" Charley could not find the right word, and stopped.

"Well," said his father, "he's mighty what?"

"Not exactly cross," said Charley, "but he won't let any body *do* any thing."

Every one at the table laughed at that description, and Harry spoke up, saying, "I like him very much; he's kind and pleasant, but he makes the boys behave themselves. Why, he had half of us a-crying to-day." And then followed a history of James Oaks.

"Oh, I see now why Charley don't like him," said Mr. Jones; "but I'm glad to hear it. He's a *man*."

How about the lessons, Harry? Did you get tired of them to-day?"

"No, sir, not a bit," Harry said, emphatically.

"Harry's trying to make out that he's mighty good," said Charley. If they had been any where else, he would have felt very much inclined to resent such a speech as that; but, as it was, Harry kept silent, and little Nannie spoke up in his defense.

"Charley, what makes you say that? Harry *is* good, and you're the crossest thing I ever saw."

"It's none of *your* business *what* I say," he answered, angrily; but Mrs. Jones at once punished him and put a stop to the difficulty by sending him out of the room. Harry went on telling Mr. Jones about the school and Mr. Mason, and how nicely every thing had gone on.

"I hardly know what to make of you, Harry," the farmer said; "you're the first boy I ever saw that thought so much of school. Who put such notions into your head?"

"I don't know," Harry replied; "I think they came there themselves; it seems to me that nobody ever *comes* to much without schooling."

"Well, maybe you're right, Harry; anyhow, I'm glad you're pleased;" and there the conversation ceased. Mr. Jones was very well satisfied when he saw that the interest in the school did not make Harry neglect his work, but that, on the contrary, he went back to it that afternoon with rather more spirit and energy than ever.

The day could not be closed without a visit to Ellen to tell her all about his first experience of school, and about Mr. Mason. Harry had become so accustomed to telling her every thing, that he would not have been satisfied without it, and, although he did not know it, she was waiting rather anxiously to hear how he had succeeded. So, when supper was over, he took up his hat to go out.

"Where are you going, Harry?" asked Charley, who had recovered from his ill humor.

"I'm going over to Mr. Foster's for a little while," he replied.

"It seems to me you're *always* a-going over there; it's a pity Ellen ain't your sister; it would save you a heap of trouble." This was said in the hearing of others, and, although Charley did not understand *why*, he was greatly pleased to see that it produced a good deal of merriment. Harry did not regard it as a very great trouble to go over to see Ellen, yet he quite agreed with Charley that it would be a nice thing if she were his sister, so that he could see her as often and as long as he chose. He thought that Charley did not care half as much for either of his sisters as he did for Ellen; for he was often very rude and cross to them, and he felt quite sure he never *could* be to her.

When he reached Mr. Foster's, the first question was, "Well, Harry, how did you get on to-day?"

"Oh, first-rate; it was better than I thought it would be."

"*What* was—the school, or your first attempt at saying a lesson there?"

"The school, I mean; but I got on very well with the lessons too, Ellen; I thought of you."

"Did you, Harry? I'm glad you did, and I'm glad it helped you." This she said very seriously, but added, laughing, "I mean to take every bit of the credit to myself; you sha'n't have any of it."

"I don't want it; you may have it all; but the writing lesson wasn't quite so pleasant; Mr. Mason looked so astonished when I told him I couldn't write at all."

"Oh, how stupid that was in me!" Ellen exclaimed; "you might have begun that beforehand too. Didn't you think about it?"

"Yes," said Harry, "I did; but I thought I was giving you enough trouble as it was."

"Harry," she said, interrupting him and speaking very earnestly, "how *can* you talk so? as if it was any trouble to me to do *any* thing for you."

"Well, I can't see any reason why it isn't," he answered.

"*I* can, then; you seem to think you never did any thing for me. Have I no reason for caring any thing about you?"

Ellen did not say it, but she felt it in her heart that, apart from any thing else, Harry was a manly fellow; and then, too, his handsome face was not without its influence on her feelings, and the fact that she was *doing* something for him worthy of her better nature was slowly but surely attaching her to him.

She spoke so seriously that Harry feared she was

offended, and he said nothing for a moment or two, but then went on: "Well, Ellen, I'm coming over here, after this, about my lessons whenever I want any one to help me." Ellen looked up and answered in her usual pleasant tone: "*Do*, Harry; I'll forgive you for the way you've been talking on that condition; I'll be only too glad to help you."

"I like Mr. Mason very much," said he; "but the other boys seem to think he's cross, because he won't let them talk in the school-room."

"I should suppose so; but what sort of teacher would he be if he was all that *they* fancied he ought to be?" said Ellen. "There's Charley Jones, I'm sure he doesn't like any one who makes him quiet."

"That's so; and he was mad at me to-day because I said I liked the teacher, and wasn't tired of school."

"I'd be sorry to think you were tired of it in one day," she said; and then added, "Oh, I nearly forgot: did Mrs. Jones tell you about going a-nutting?"

"No, she didn't," Harry replied.

"Well, I reckon she forgot it, but we're all going next Saturday after dinner; we'll have a fine time, I'm sure; she came over here to-day and asked aunt to let me go."

"I wonder if I'm going too," he said.

"Why, of course you are; we couldn't do without you. Besides, it's only to make us enjoy ourselves, and Mrs. Jones thinks too much of you to leave you out."

"I didn't know that before," said Harry, laughing.

"Yes you did; don't pretend to be so modest; you're a great character over at the farm, I can assure you; even that queer Mr. Austen seems to think Harry is of some use in the world, but I don't think he has taken any special fancy to me." Harry knew he had not, but had too much sense to say so. When he got home that evening, encouraged by his former sally, Charley said, "I thought you were going to stay over there a *little while*."

"Well, I didn't stay very long," said Harry.

"Yes you did; I'm sure Ellen gets mighty tired of you."

"Charley, be quiet," said Mr. Jones; "Ellen don't need any of your sympathy; and I should think Harry must be tired of you and your rudeness."

Harry's patience was, indeed, very nearly exhausted. It would have been a satisfaction to him to have answered Charley's remarks in the same spirit in which they were made; but he was very careful of his own conduct before Mr. Jones. It was well that it had always happened that Charley behaved in that way where his father was, for it would not have made Harry's situation at all more agreeable to have a regular quarrel with one of the children. Charley had gone a little too far that day, and upon a point, too, on which every one is sensitive. No one ever knew why it was, but afterward he took good care to be rather more polite to Harry, and the threatening storm passed away without any unpleasant consequences.

Each day made Mr. Mason and Harry better friends;

there was no boy in the school whose behavior was more nearly what it should be than his, and no one who was more diligent in his studies; with Ellen's aid, he found it quite possible to keep up with a class of boys who had had far better advantages than he. Mr. Mason took occasion to say to Mr. Jones, the next time he met him, that Harry was one of the best boys in the school, and that he was sure he would turn out a sensible, well-informed man.

CHAPTER XIV.

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

"Pleasant it was, when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go."—LONGFELLOW.

THERE was a great searching for baskets when Saturday came. The store-room was ransacked by the children, as well as the cellars and barn, and finally they were all supplied with something to carry home their nuts in. Ellen came over to the farm, and George too, so that there was quite a merry party. They set off for the woods immediately after dinner, Mrs. Jones going with them to keep the little ones in order, and to see that nothing went wrong with any of them. It was a delightful day; the air clear and cold, while the

bright sunshine lighted up the forest, now stripped of its leaves, and letting in the daylight, that scarcely found its way through during the summer.

"Isn't this nice?" said Ellen to Harry. "I do love the country; and it's so pleasant to hear the leaves rustling under our feet."

"I think so too," said little Nannie, who made a point of walking through the midst of every bed of dried leaves that the wind had collected around the roots of the trees.

"I hope the squirrels haven't eaten up all the nuts," said George. "There goes one; I wish I had a gun."

"Oh, George! ain't you ashamed? I wouldn't kill that sweet little squirrel for all the world," Mary replied.

"Oh, you're a girl; of course not. But look here; see what I've got;" and he held up a huge walnut, the first one that had been found. Immediately they all set to work to look for more.

"I don't like walnuts," said Charley; "I'm going farther on to find something else." And, after a little time, he called to the others to follow.

"Come along, all of you; here are some scaly-barks."

Neither Harry nor Ellen had been long enough in the country to know that "scaly-barks" meant a kind of hickory-nut, so called from the appearance of the tree they grow upon, the bark of which seems to have been peeled off in some way, and hangs down in long strips.

"These are a *heap* better than what you've got,"

Charley said, when they reached the place where he was busily gathering them ; "you'd better throw away those old things and take these instead."

"We'd rather have some of both, Charley," said Ellen ; "but yours look very nice."

Some time was spent in gathering the nuts, and the baskets were all filled, when Mary discovered a new means of amusement : an old grape-vine, that, twining around a tree, hung down in a sort of loop, and made a very good swing.

"Oh, Ellen," she exclaimed, "come here, and see what a nice swing."

Ellen went, and Mary got in first to see if it would bear her weight ; then Ellen tried it too. Harry and George saw the girls at the swing, and George suggested to go over and "push." They offered to do so, and, being accepted, they proved themselves very gallant as well as vigorous. Charley tired of his own company, and wanted the other boys to go off with him and amuse themselves in some other way, but they preferred to stay where they were.

"Oh, pshaw ! girls are such a bother," he said ; "I wish you'd come away and leave them alone."

"We're much obliged to you, Mr. Charley," said Ellen ; "but isn't it barely possible that you're a bother too?" Charley "made a face" in reply, and walked off, taking Nannie to play with him. The time passed very pleasantly indeed, and, when they had tired of the swing, Ellen seated herself leaning against an old tree, and began to make a wreath of leaves.

Mary and George wandered off in search of Charley; and Harry, thus left alone with Ellen, amid such beautiful, pleasing, and pure surroundings, felt emotions such as he had never known before. He was inexpressibly delighted. He stood for a while, but at length Ellen, gathering her dress to one side, invited him to sit down beside her, and he did so. Probably she felt a little weak, girlish sentimentality (but that is a very harmless thing; it is far worse to be sour-tempered and cynical), for she stopped making her wreath, and leaned against the tree languidly. Her manner was not at all distasteful to Harry, although, from having seen such scenes derided at the theatre, he felt a tinge of imitative criticism, and he spoke.

"What's the matter, Ellen?" This much of his sentence gave relief to his sarcastic feeling, but his real sympathy with Ellen's evident emotions induced him to add kindly, "Are you tired?"

"No, not very; but I like just to *sit* here; it's so pleasant."

"So do I," said Harry; and he leaned his shoulder against the tree, not so much for support as for an excuse to himself for sitting near to Ellen. They sat there together for a few minutes, Harry fingering the partially-made wreath in silence. "Ellen," at length he said, thoughtfully, "I want to ask you something."

"Well, Harry."

"Do things ever get all wrong over at your house? I mean, do they get all into a snarl, so that they won't come straight?"

"Yes, indeed, they do so," she answered; "only yesterday every body seemed to be so cross I couldn't do any thing. But what made you ask me that?"

"Because, this morning, it seemed to me that there was no use trying to keep things straight. Austen was so snappish, and the horses wouldn't go right, and Charley plagued me, and every thing went wrong. I feel so happy now that it don't seem as if I *could* have been so unhappy then. I don't feel like the same person."

"Aunt says it's my own fault when I say every thing is going wrong," said Ellen, "but I don't know. She doesn't understand what I mean, and then she thinks I'm cross."

"Sometimes I get tired of keeping on at the same things every day; it seems as if it would be different if there was any body to do things for," said Harry.

"I don't know what you mean, Harry; there is somebody to do things for—there's Mr. Jones, I'm sure—"

"Oh, I know that; I work for him; but then—well, there's George; now it's different with him, you see; he lives at home, and he does every thing to please his father; it would be all the same if he didn't; he'd live there anyhow; but I do every thing for pay, and sometimes get tired of it."

Harry had not clearly expressed his feelings. Few can. He had felt the upholding and impelling power of Ellen over him in his lessons, and it was so pleasing and effectual that he wished to have some such personal feeling impelling him at work also. He found

all toil *for her* a pleasure, and other toil seemed irksome; but he did not perceive this distinctly. He only had such impressions. The real trouble was, that when the novelty of living upon the farm had worn away, he wanted some stronger motive than he now possessed to keep up interest in his daily work. As has just been said, it was such a real pleasure to him to do any thing for Ellen, that he imagined it would make every thing equally delightful if there were some such friend to do it for, without feeling that he was only laboring for his own daily bread. That was the idea, though he could not express it. After a few minutes' silence Ellen said,

"I'm going away next week, Harry; I won't see you again till I come back on Saturday."

"Why, where are you going?"

"Over to Mrs. Howard's, to help her with her sewing."

"Who's Mrs. Howard?" asked Harry.

"She's Dr. Howard's wife; they live away over there, past Squire Miller's; she came this morning to see if I could go."

"Oh, yes, I remember; George was talking about them one day; he says they're very stuck-up sort of folks."

"*She* isn't," said Ellen, earnestly; "she's a real sweet lady; she don't look much older than me; she's very pretty."

"So are you."

"Ah! Harry, don't you talk *so*," said Ellen, blush-

ing, but notwithstanding pleased; to divert his attention, however, she continued: "Mrs. Howard is perfectly sweet."

"I don't know any thing about her," Harry replied; "that's what George said."

"Well, George doesn't know any thing about it; I like her very much."

"I'm sorry you're going away," said Harry; "how long will you stay?"

"Just a week, I suppose. I reckon you can get on without me for *that* long, can't you?" she said, laughing, as Harry blushed.

"Yes, I suppose so, for I'll *have* to, *anyhow*." Just then Mrs. Jones blew the horn as a signal to assemble on the top of the hill. One by one they came in till all were together. It was time to go home; and, after packing up, and Harry hiding the unfinished wreath, they all took up the baskets of nuts and set off.

"Let *me* carry yours, Ellen," said Harry; "it's too heavy for you."

"Never mind, I can carry it; you've got one of your own."

But Harry would have it, and not only took it as far as Mr. Jones's farm, but insisted upon carrying it home for her.

"Aunt," said Ellen, as she took it from him at the door, "Harry is doing his best to spoil me; you'll have to tell him to let me wait on myself, or I'll get to be very good for nothing."

"I guess there ain't much danger of that," Harry

replied ; and bidding them all good-night, without any attempt at a bow, he turned away and went home.

CHAPTER XV.

CHURCH AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

“No act falls fruitless, none can tell
How great its powers may be ;
Nor what results unfolded dwell
Within it silently.”

THE next week passed away rather slowly ; Harry missed the visits to Ellen, that made two or three evenings of every week so exceedingly pleasant ; and his school duties were not half so agreeable when he had no one to talk to about them, and no one to give him any assistance in preparing his lessons ; but at length the tardy week was passed, Saturday came round again, and the moment he was at liberty he ran full speed to Mr. Foster's, *not taking his book*. Ellen was more than usually glad to see him after her week's absence, and had a great deal to tell him about Mrs. Howard, to whom she had taken quite a fancy, and of all that had happened while she was there, but first she insisted on Harry's reciting his lesson.

“I forgot my book.”

“Ah ! you rogue, you !” said Ellen, shaking her finger at him, and laughing, while her eyes asked a question.

“*Indeed* I did, Ellen.”

"Well, then, go straight home for it."

Harry supposed she was not serious; but he found her to be a little empress who would have graced a Medo-Persian throne, and he was obliged to go. The lesson was soon recited, and they began to talk.

"Mrs. Howard isn't like any body else I ever knew," said Ellen; "she's always so good and pleasant, nothing ever seems to put her out."

"She must be different from most folks, then," replied Harry; "I guess, then, you had a nice time over there."

"Indeed I had; every thing about her house is sweet and pretty. She told me that she has just come here to live, and that she knows but few of the people round about; that's the reason why they talk so of her; no one could help liking her if they knew her."

"Where did she come from?"

"From the East somewhere; and she thinks every thing out here is very strange, so different from her home."

"Well, it seems to me this is a very *good* place," he said; "I don't know what else any one wants."

"I think so too," said Ellen; "but I suppose it's different to any body who isn't used to it. She was talking to me about what we all do on Sunday, and I told her I hadn't been to church yet since I came here. She looked surprised, and said that wasn't right; so she made me promise to go to-morrow. Where is it, Harry? do you know?"

"Yes; it's right over beyond the school-house. I've

been there two or three times with the rest of our folks."

"I wish you'd come over here and go with me. Will you?"

"Yes, I will," said Harry, always willing to do any thing for Ellen, although he knew that people would "talk" about it.

"Did you ever go to Sunday-school?" she asked him.

"No, never."

"I used to in Boston," she added, "and I liked it so much. Mrs. Howard was talking about that, and said she was going to try to start one here. I wish she would, I'm sure."

"What is it like?" said Harry.

"It isn't like any other school," Ellen replied. "We used to go every Sunday morning, and stay two hours, and they taught us to sing hymns, and we said a lesson in the Bible; our teacher explained it all to us. I did love to go."

The next morning, at the breakfast-table, Harry said, "Mrs. Jones, are you going to church to-day?"

"Yes, I expect so; why did you ask?"

"Ellen Foster asked me if I would show her the way."

Mrs. Jones smiled, and looked at the coffee-pot, as if she saw something very amusing in it. Harry observed it, and felt he had been foolish to tell as he had done.

"Mother," said Mary, "why don't Mrs. Foster ever go to church?"

"I don't know, Mary; I suppose she has her own reasons for it," said her mother.

"Well, I don't think it's right," the little girl replied; "do you?"

"Austen don't go either," said Charley. "I guess they don't like it. Do *you*, Harry?"

"Yes, I like it well enough. I'd just as soon go as not. I like the theatre better, though," was his reply, as he went off to get ready for church.

Ellen was all ready and waiting for him when he got there. As they were walking over to Mr. Jones's, she said, "Harry, I don't think it's right the way we spend Sunday at our house. I always get so tired of it, doing nothing all day."

"So do I," he said, "except when I can get hold of George, or somebody else, and go off in the woods."

"*That* isn't right either," said Ellen, decidedly.

"Why not?"

"Because God says we must keep the Sabbath-day holy. I know I don't do it, but we ought to."

Harry made no reply, and she went on: "*That's* what I used to learn at Sunday-school, and I remember it yet; my teacher used to say we ought neither to work nor play on Sunday."

"What else can we do, then?" said Harry.

"I don't know very well," she said. "We can go to church, and we can read the Bible, I suppose. I'm going to ask Mrs. Howard the next time I see her."

Mrs. Jones and the children joined them at the gate, and they all walked on together. The little country

church was not very far off. It stood in the midst of the wood, and, when they reached it, a good many of the neighbors were already there. The men were standing around the door, waiting for the hour for the service to begin. The party went in and seated themselves. When Harry had been there before, he had paid very little attention to any thing that was going on. To-day he was in a different humor. Ellen's conversation had made him more thoughtful than usual. When the minister gave out his text, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy," he could not resist the desire to turn round and look at Ellen. She seemed as much surprised as he was that he should have chosen the very subject they had been talking about. Harry listened very attentively while the minister made some very simple remarks upon the duty of laying aside all ordinary occupations on Sunday and spending it in the service of God. Still, he was as much puzzled as ever to know exactly what *he* ought to do. One thing he resolved upon, that he would come there to church every Sunday.

As they were going out, a lady came up and spoke to Ellen, and Harry rightly judged her to be Mrs. Howard. He waited for Ellen while they stood together at the door talking for a few minutes, and he unavoidably overheard their conversation.

"I am very glad to see you here to-day," she said to Ellen; "I want to talk to you about the Sunday-school. You haven't forgotten it, have you?"

"No, indeed; I have been thinking about it ever since."

•

"I am a little afraid it will not succeed," said Mrs. Howard; "the difficulty is to get teachers."

Ellen looked very much disappointed.

"I will tell you what I can do," said her new friend. "If you can come here next Sunday morning at nine o'clock, there are one or two others that I can get, and we can make a beginning ourselves."

"Oh yes, I'll be sure to come. May I bring Mary Jones with me?"

"Certainly; bring any one you like; I'll be glad to see them. Good-by, Ellen."

"Won't that be nice, Harry?" she said, as they walked on. "Oh, I am so glad!"

As soon as they caught up with Mrs. Jones, the plan was unfolded to her and to Mary, who was very eager to go; and, as her mother was quite willing, it was arranged that they should begin, much to Ellen's delight.

"I wish you could come too, Harry," she said; "but we must wait a while; maybe we'll have a regular Sunday-school some day, and then you *can* go."

Harry did not wonder at Ellen's admiration of Mrs. Howard. He agreed with her that she was very pretty, and looked very kind and good, so that he thought it would be very pleasant to have her for a teacher on Sunday or any other day. What an influence she was to exert over Ellen, and through her over his own future life, he little knew, when, as they parted at Mr. Jones's door, he said,

"Ellen, I think your Mrs. Howard *does* look as if she was different from most of the folks we meet."

•

"Indeed she is," Ellen replied. "I wish you knew her. Perhaps you will some day, and then you'll like her as much as I do."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SNOW-STORM.

"Gently as lilies shed their leaves
When summer days are fair,
The feathery snow comes floating down,
Like blossoms on the air;
And o'er the world, like angel's wing
Unfolding, soft and white,
It broods above the brown sere earth,
And fills and rounds all bright
The dead and desolate domain
Where Winter holds his iron reign."

MRS. HALL.

THE next day it began to snow just as school was dismissed; all the boys were in a perfect state of delight, Harry as much so as any of them.

"We'll have fine times here to-morrow, snow-balling," George said; "there's some fun in coming to school now."

"Yes; indeed," answered Charley; "I wish it snowed all the time."

"Let's come over early and have a good time before school," said another boy.

They all agreed, and separated in different directions.

"This is winter, sure enough," Mr. Jones said, as he came in to dinner; "it's getting pretty cold out of doors."

"I'm 'most frozen," was Charley's remark, as he came in with his hands full of snow, and stood almost in the fireplace.

"I should think so," his father replied; "and you'll be burned, the next thing, if you stand there. Were the boys at school very sorry to see the snow, Harry?"

"No, sir," Harry replied; "they're going to have a fine time to-morrow, if it keeps on."

"Yes, I dare say; and Mr. Mason will have a *hard* time as long as it lasts; they like snow-balls better than lessons."

So they did; and the next day at school there was more inattention and disorder than there had ever been before. Harry had once thought he should never lose his interest in his lessons; but no more than other boys was he proof against the charm of the first snow. It did seem very tiresome to be shut up in the house, when they all wanted to be out of doors at play. The consequence was, that several of the scholars got into trouble, and he among them.

Instead of attending to his studies, he was looking out of the window, and watching the snow-flakes as they floatingly fell, so gracefully and noiselessly, upon the earth, now completely covered with its white robe; and when he was called up to recite his lesson, he did *it* so badly, made so many mistakes, and was so careless, that Mr. Mason told him to go back to his seat

till he was ready to give the proper attention to his lessons. That made Harry angry, and he marched back to his desk with the determination that he would not try to do any better, forgetting that such conduct would not punish Mr. Mason, as he seemed to think, but would do himself an injury. So he sat there in a very unhappy state of mind all the morning, trying to imagine that he had been very badly treated, and thinking that every body was exceedingly disagreeable; even George provoked him by sitting so still with his book before him, evidently much more interested in it than in any thing else. But the worst of all was, that Charley had seen what had passed, and would be sure to make some remarks upon it when they got home, and perhaps tell Ellen.

Harry was so out of temper that he would not even stay to play with the boys for a little while after school, but walked off by himself. Just as he expected, at dinner-time Charley began:

"I guess *you* didn't like Mr. Mason so much *either* this morning."

Harry made no answer.

"Why didn't you stay after school?"

"It's none of your business," Harry replied.

Mr. Jones looked up rather surprised. "Why, what's the matter here? Such language in my presence shows great disrespect for me. What's the matter?"

"I don't know," said Charley, "only Harry's mighty snappish to-day." At this, Harry walked out of the

room, much to the amazement of the whole family, who had never before seen such an exhibition of his temper.

"What's the meaning of all this?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Why, father," said Charley, "he got sent back to his seat at school, and I reckon he's mad about it yet."

"I told you that he was mighty quick to flare up about any thing," Austen quietly remarked. "Just let him alone, and he'll get over it."

Poor Harry! dissatisfied with himself and every body else, he began to think he was very miserable. He went off into the wood-shed and sat down.

"I wish they'd all mind their own business, and let me take care of myself," he said; "I'd like to know what difference it makes to any body whether I learn any thing or not. I'm sure they don't care about me, except to see that I do my work."

He next took up an axe and began to chop some wood, but he found out that a wrongly excited heart will not allow its possessor to be happy at any pursuit. His trouble was within him. He had plenty of time to reflect upon his ill-nature and its origin, as he staid there alone the whole afternoon. He saw that he had done wrong, and that Mr. Mason had done right. He saw, moreover, that the only way to be happy again was to confess his fault to his teacher, and prove his penitence by amendment; but still he could not at first resolve to do so, and when he did it was only a half-formed resolution, for he did not de-

termine either *when* or *how* it should be done. It was a kind of diplomatic compromise with conscience. He admitted to conscience "the *principle* of the bill," but reserved to himself its embodiment for practice: that was a point to be "settled by himself in his own way." This, as are all compromises involving morality, was a poor adjustment, but still it served to deaden the voice of conscience, and by the time it was dark he was in a much more amiable mood. With no one to talk to, and nothing to provoke him any farther, he had quieted down, and as his thoughts went back over the last few months of his life, he could not help seeing that he was very foolish to let such a trifle make him think that he was unhappy in his present situation, when he was really so much better off than he had ever been before in his life. He was there with a comfortable home, plenty of good food and warm clothes, and friends who were kind to him; he could go to school, and had no anxiety or care about any thing; and, besides, he was near to Ellen. All that he had to do was to attend to the daily work appointed him, and all else was provided by another without his having to trouble his head about it. Certainly it was very, very different from the life he had led in New York, and when his angry feelings had passed away, he acknowledged it to himself; his feelings had changed. He was very quiet, and, though far from humble, was much subdued when he went in to supper; and, when that was over, he took up his book to prepare his lesson for the next day,

determined to make up for not having known it in the morning. It would have been better, however, to have made a full confession to his teacher.

Having once given way to his temper in the presence of his new friends, he had lost forever, he fancied, their highest respect; it was, therefore, no longer an easy matter to control himself; they knew now all about it; so he thought, when any thing provoked him, there was no use in trying to seem any better than he was, and he often made no attempt to *be* any better. There was many a time afterward when some little trouble would bring out the same passionate temper, and once or twice Mr. Jones took occasion to tell him that it would not do for him to give way to it in his presence.

Harry was beginning to find out that the sun does not shine always in any place, and that his own happiness depended as much upon himself as upon any thing around him; even the farm, that had seemed so delightful when he first came to it, might be darkened by a quarrelsome, irritable disposition as easily as the streets of New York; but it took him some time to learn that lesson thoroughly.

The next time that he saw Ellen, she was full of interest and excitement about the Sunday-school, and he was in duty bound to be interested in it too, in return for her sympathy and kindness about his school. Before, he had instinctively felt interested in it for Ellen's sake, but now he was obliged to *seem* interested while the feeling was dwindling.

"I've had a visit from Mrs. Howard," she said, "and aunt is as much bewitched with her as I am. I was afraid the snow would keep her at home next Sunday, but she says she enjoys it."

"Is she going to begin then?" Harry asked.

"Yes; and you must tell Mary to be ready when I call for her."

"I'm afraid Mary won't want to go if the snow doesn't melt before Sunday."

"What nonsense!" Ellen exclaimed. "Why, I *love* to be out in it. But tell me, Harry, how are you getting on at school?"

Harry's face darkened. "I don't know exactly," he said, hesitatingly.

"Don't know? why not? Are you getting tired of it?"

"No, I'm not; I'm not tired of it; but somehow I don't get along as well as I did at first."

"Ah! Harry, there's something wrong. I *see* it. Won't you tell me what's the matter?" she said, earnestly, almost with entreaty.

"Did any body tell you?" inquired Harry, secretly resolving that, if Charley had done so, he'd pay him for it.

"No; no one did; I see it. Besides, you have confessed it by your inquiry. Harry, you have never yet refused to tell me any thing I have asked you. Do you care less for me now than you used to?"

"No, Ellen, no; I'll tell you all. I got into a fuss with Mr. Mason the other—"

"With Mr. Mason! Indeed! And haven't you got out of it yet?"

"I don't know. Things have all gone wrong ever since, and I feel unhappy." Harry then related the whole case in particular. Ellen listened very attentively, and when he was through she said, "I'm sorry, Harry, *very* sorry; but there is one thing you can do that I know will give you peace. Go and *talk* to Mr. Mason about it, and tell him you see you were wrong, and that you're sorry for it."

Harry shook his head. "I can't," he said, emphatically.

He could see that it would be the best way, and he did feel truly sorry; but a foolish pride, that often prevents men and women, and boys and girls, from doing right, made him unwilling to go.

"I feared you wouldn't do it," said Ellen; "but, until you do, you can never be perfectly happy again. Harry, I'd *respect* you if you would."

"Don't you respect me now?"

Ellen was embarrassed. She paused, but at length replied, "I *respect* you, but then I would *honor* you."

Tears came into Harry's eyes. He felt himself compelled to honor *his* friend, and if she could only feel toward him as he did toward her, there was nothing he would leave undone to secure it. He took her hand and said, "Ellen, I will." She said nothing, but pressed his hand warmly, and when his eyes were free from tears again, he saw their traces upon her cheeks, and he loved her for them.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN INTERIOR DISCOVERY.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works."

THE Sunday following the events recorded in the last chapter Ellen called for Mary, and they set off in great delight to walk through the snow to Sunday-school. True to his resolution, Harry went to church when the hour came, though the rest of the family staid at home; and since he had resolved to do his duty to Mr. Mason, he was surprised and delighted to find a return of real interest in the church and Sunday-school, as well as in the day-school. He met George on the way, and they went on together. When service was over, Harry and George met Ellen and Mary at the church door.

"Oh, Harry," exclaimed Mary, "you don't know how nice it was! Mrs. Howard is so sweet; there were two others in the class besides us, and she taught us a hymn."

"What are you talking about?" said George.

"Why, about the Sunday-school. Don't you know?"

"No, I never heard of it before."

Mary took possession of him to tell him all about it, and thus Ellen and Harry were left to walk home together.

"Well, how did you like it?" he asked her.

"Very much indeed; it was delightful. I never heard any one talk as Mrs. Howard did this morning."

"What about?"

"About? I don't know—about ourselves. It seems to me I never thought of such things before."

"What things?" said Harry. "I don't understand you."

"I can't tell you exactly," she answered. "I wish you had *heard* it. One thing she asked that startled me. She asked if I had ever seriously thought what I am living for? I couldn't tell her; but, Harry, it seems to me we're not living for *any* thing in particular."

"How do you mean, Ellen?"

"Why, don't you remember what you were talking about the other day in the woods? You said if you were working to please somebody you could do better. Well, she does every thing so earnestly, that I believe she does do all to please somebody besides herself. She says it's God."

They walked on in silence for some minutes; then Ellen said, "I don't know whether I can repeat just what she said to me, but I'll try; it was something like this: that God wishes us to be happy and to make others happy, to love Him and to believe He loves us. We ought to do *every thing*, she says, even our common daily work, for His sake, and because we *love* what He wants us to. I've heard others say a great many such things, but her manner, and tones, and her goodness,

all show she *believes* what she says, and lives that way herself. If that's the way, Harry, I know my life has all been wrong. I don't love God. I think He's good, and great, and holy, and kind, but still I don't love Him as I do—" Ellen was about to say "you," but she checked herself. Harry, however, knew what she meant. He made no answer; indeed, he was a good deal surprised at hearing Ellen talk so, and did not know very well what to make of it; it was all new to him, and he did not understand her. Presently Mary turned round.

"What's the matter with you two? Ellen, you look as sober as can be. I don't believe you liked the Sunday-school half as much as I did."

"Yes I did; but I think it might make *any* one sober, as you say."

"What might—the Sunday-school? I don't think so at all. I'm sure Mrs. Howard is as cheerful and pleasant as any body."

"More so than any body I know; but, then, she is doing what she feels she *ought* to do, and we're not. She *ought* to be cheerful, but we ought not. Still, she's *serious* as well as cheerful." The girls parted, with a promise from Ellen to call for Mary the next Sunday.

Harry was not a little puzzled by what he had heard of Mrs. Howard's teaching; and Ellen's conclusion that "her life had been all wrong" was still more mysterious. In his eyes she was just what she ought to be. He thought of it over and over again, and

wondered why it was that Mrs. Howard was so unlike every body else, as, from Ellen's account, she seemed to be. Mary talked about her incessantly, until Mr. Jones said,

"Really, I must tell the doctor how his wife has taken all these little folks by storm. I wonder where she came from?"

"She used to live at the East," said Mary; "I wonder if *all* the people there are like her."

"Here's somebody can tell you," said her father; "what do *you* think about it, Harry? Are they all angels where you came from?"

"No, sir, they ain't. Decent people in New York won't speak to poor folks."

"There, *now*, Mary, I guess we've just as good a set of folks out here as they are any where."

Mary looked as if she doubted it very much.

After that, Ellen saw a good deal of her new friend, and always had something to tell Harry about her when they met. Pretty soon he began to think *she* must be growing like Mrs. Howard. He first thought so one evening a week or two afterward. She was staying at the farm for a day or two. Charley was fretting and worrying over one of his lessons, and declaring that he could not learn it. No one seemed disposed to help him, for he was so impatient and cross that it was no easy task to teach him any thing. Ellen was reading a book that Mrs. Howard had lent her, and seemed to be very much interested in it; once or twice she looked up, and then went on reading again.

"I *can't* learn this old lesson," said Charley, peevishly; "I don't know what this word spells."

"Let me *help* you," said Ellen, pleasantly, laying aside her own book.

"You *can't* help me; there isn't any sense *in* it *anyhow*," he replied.

"Well, let me see, Charley;" and she got up and placed her chair beside his.

The lesson was easy enough, but it required a great deal of patience to teach it to him; every now and then he would declare he couldn't learn it; still Ellen went on quietly and amiably, and before they got through Charley was quite agreeable too. Harry had been sitting by, looking at her in silent wonder and admiration. She never before had seemed so beautiful; he could not understand her patience and gentleness, for he had sometimes seen her very much provoked at Charley with much less reason. "Had Ellen changed," he asked himself, fearfully, "and if she has, will she still love me?" When Mrs. Jones left the room to put the children to bed, he said to her,

"Ellen, do you care as much for me now as you used to?"

"Why, yes, Harry. What's the matter?"

"Nothing's the matter; but you're different from what you used to be, and I thought maybe you'd feel *above* me."

"No, Harry, I *don't* feel above you. I like you now more than ever I did; but why do you say I'm different? am I unkind to you?"

"No, you're not unkind, but it seems to me you are like what you say Mrs. Howard is. You're almost an angel."

"Oh, don't talk so, Harry. I'll think you're making fun of me." But, notwithstanding she spoke thus, her kindled eye and countenance plainly showed that she could scarcely conceal her pride. Had her goodness been *piety*, her feelings would have been different. Just at this moment the entrance of Austen interrupted their conversation. Ellen took up her book again, but this time she had to lay it aside on Mary's account; she came in with her sewing in her hand.

"Oh, Ellen," she said, "won't you fix this for me? I *can't* do it by myself."

Ellen took the work and "fixed it," while Harry wondered that she did not become impatient, as he certainly would have done. That was only the beginning; she was generally now so forbearing and amiable that he wondered at her more and more.

"What a sweet girl Ellen Foster is!" said Mrs. Jones one morning to her husband at the breakfast-table; "her aunt says she is a perfect treasure."

"Mother," said Mary, with a feeling of evident awe, "she's getting to be just like Mrs. Howard."

"Oh, of course," Charley answered, "every body that's good is just like her; I *can't* see any thing so wonderful about her, nor Ellen neither."

"I *can*, then," said Mary, indignantly, "and so could you, if you had any eyes."

The first part of this conversation Harry treasured

up to repeat to Ellen, thinking it would give her pleasure, as it did ; but she replied,

“Harry, if they all knew me a little better, maybe they wouldn’t think so much of me ; and as to being like Mrs. Howard, I don’t know what’s come over you to put such an idea in your head. I only wish I *were* like her.”

“Well, what’s the difference between her and other folks ?” he asked.

“The difference is,” and she spoke very seriously, “that Mrs. Howard is a Christian ; that’s it, Harry. She loves God, and tries every day and hour to please him ; that’s what makes her so good, and so happy too. I could see it when I first went over to her house to stay.” Ellen said nothing more for a few minutes, and Harry did not know what to say. At last she added, with a deep sigh, “I wish I could feel as she does about such things ; but I don’t, and it seems as if I can’t.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE UNEXPECTED MEETING.

"Marvel not that I said unto you, 'Ye must be born again.'"

"Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God."

"Repentance fair! oh daughter of the skies,
Forecasted shade of coming virtue, rise,
And bear to heaven our meek and lowly sighs."

CARROLL.

ONE evening, when Harry was at Mr. Foster's, Ellen asked him how he generally spent the time after supper when he was at home.

"In different ways," he answered. "I have my lessons to get for the next day; and then, after that's done, I do any thing that I happen to think of, sometimes one thing, sometimes another."

"Don't you like to read?" said Ellen; "that is my greatest pleasure."

"Well, yes, when I can get hold of any thing that I like; but there's precious few books over at our house."

"That is what I wanted to ask you. I thought maybe you would like to read some of mine. Aunt lets me have all the books I find about the house. See there, in the bookcase; I've got a good many, haven't I?"

"Yes, indeed." Harry got up and went to look at them. They were very nicely arranged on the shelves, and made quite a show. He took down one or two to examine.

"Be sure you put them back in their right places," Ellen said, pleasantly; "I spent a whole morning arranging them that way. *This* is interesting," and she took down a History of the United States.

"What's it about?" said Harry, taking it from her.

"Oh, it's stories about this country, and all that happened after it was first discovered."

He opened it, and began to read the first chapter. It was so interesting that he went on turning over page after page, and forgetting every thing else, until Ellen put her hand over the place he was reading.

"That won't do, Harry; I thought you came over here to see me. You can take it home with you, but you mustn't read it now."

"Very well," said Harry, in mock resignation, and he laid it down; then he added, "The boys make such a fuss about learning their history lesson, that I thought it was something very hard; but I'd like it first-rate."

"There's some difference between reading for your own amusement and being obliged to learn a lesson," Ellen said. "Perhaps you wouldn't like it so much if Mr. Mason said you *must* read just so many pages every day."

"Perhaps not; but I don't see the reason why—"

"Because we all like to be our own masters, Harry; I think *that's* it. It isn't half so pleasant to have to do as other people say."

"That depends upon who it is that says it. I'd a great deal rather do any thing for some people than myself." Ellen blushed. She felt that "some" meant *her*, and no one else; but she replied,

"Oh, of course; if we love any body, we like to do as they would have us. That reminds me of what Mrs. Howard told me the other day."

"What was it?"

"Why, I was telling her about that talk we had in the woods the day we went a-nutting."

"What did you tell her that for?" said Harry, not liking the idea of having one of his conversations repeated to any one.

"I don't mean exactly that I told her about *it*. I didn't say any thing about you; you needn't be afraid of that. But I said that I wondered why it was that sometimes every thing went wrong, and it seemed as if there was no use trying to keep things straight."

"Well, what did she say?" He was anxious to know how Mrs. Howard could answer that question, which had puzzled him as often as it had Ellen.

"She said it was because I had not a sufficiently strong motive to keep me from tiring. A mother gets as weary as the nurse, but the mother has a stronger *motive* than the nurse, and so feels able to do every thing for her baby. The one is moved by hope of pay or praise, the other by affection. A man in business often works harder than his hired men; he has more at stake than they; he has a stronger *motive* to work, and so he perseveres, and *loves* to. Then, too, she says,

the strongest and most enduring motives she knows of are *love* and a desire to gain the approbation of a worthy person."

"That's *so* ; I *believe* that."

"But that ain't-all ; she says God loves us, and that He's pleased with us when we do what we sincerely believe is right."

"I believe that too."

"Ah ! that's just it, Harry ; she says men *don't* believe it ; they don't *disbelieve* it ; they *admit* it ; but they *only* admit it ; they do not realize it."

"You mean they don't *feel* it, like."

"Yes, I think that's what she means ; and she says when they *do* grow to feel it, if they follow their natural impulses they begin to love Him, and then they become able to do all things for him without growing weary. They love to do what He tells us."

"How does He tell us, Ellen ?"

"In the Bible. I like to talk to you, Harry, about what she says to me, because I think you understand me better than any one else ; and, besides, I believe she's right, and I want you to be good and happy. You must tell me if you get tired of it."

He was not tired of it ; but he wondered a little at her seeming so much interested in such things ; he thought of them *sometimes* ; but of late Ellen spoke of little else when they were alone.

"Don't you think," she said, very seriously, "that it must make any one happy to feel as Mrs. Howard does ? Every thing I can do for *you* is pleasant, be-

cause I *like* you and you like me. If it were *all* like that, only to God instead of you, I don't think I would ever get so tired of my every-day work as I do now. I don't know whether you know what I mean."

"Yes, I do; you mean if there was somebody to *do* it all for?"

"Yes, that's it; and she says she's *got* somebody. She says it's God, and she *loves* him; but I don't, and I can't. I do *want* to, but I *can't*."

While Harry and Ellen were talking together, Mrs. Foster had the good sense to sit in the front room, and, unknown to them, Dr. Howard and his wife had entered. After spending some time there, Mrs. Howard asked if she might not go back and see Ellen a while before leaving, as she wished to see her alone. Supposing that Harry had gone, Mrs. Foster assented, and Mrs. Howard, with noiseless step, entered the intervening room. Hearing voices in conversation, she was about to retreat; but, when her own name was mentioned, curiosity prompted her to pause a moment, and do what, ordinarily, no lady should ever do, listen to what was said. She became interested, and *more*, she became deeply concerned; and, involuntarily, as she stood in the dark room, she offered an earnest prayer to God that those two persons might grow to love Him far more than each other or all besides. When she heard Ellen say of her, "She loves God, but I don't, and I can't. I do *want* to, but I *can't*," she tapped lightly on the door, then opened it, and, without any salutation whatever, and taking no notice of

Harry's presence, but with tearful eyes, exclaimed, "Can't, Ellen? *Can't?*"

Ellen was startled and surprised at her appearance, and almost indignant that she should have listened to their conversation; but Mrs. Howard's kind face, great earnestness, and falling tears overcame those feelings, and she answered, "Yes, Mrs. Howard, I *can't*; oh, I can't; I've tried so hard, *but I CAN'T.*"

"My dear girl, you have not tried aright. God longs to have you love him, and be happy in *his* love; and, though you have long been estranged from him, or perhaps never did love him at all, if you will only act toward him as you do toward any earthly friend whom you have offended, you *can* love him. I *know* you can."

"But *how* can I, Mrs. Howard? I'm resolved always to do right, and when I do I feel a kind of happiness, but I know that it is not from love to God. What shall I do?"

Harry was astonished beyond measure; to him tears and such emotions seemed sacred, and he durst not speak. After a moment he stole out of the room silently and unobserved, and went home, greatly wondering and almost terrified, asking himself what could all this mean.

Mrs. Howard sat down beside Ellen. "My dear child," she said, affectionately, "I think I understand your feelings. The happiness you speak of is the effect of thinking God is pleased with your good actions, and that feeling can only last as long as your will en-

ables you to adhere to your good resolutions; it is gone the moment you break one. You are conscious of seeking to earn God's approbation—almost to compel it; but your resolutions will die, and with them your happiness; this is not the joy of love which never fails. There is one great fact which prevents you from loving God, and that is your consciousness of having offended him; you know you have often violated his wishes, and done so deliberately. He is displeased with you; you *feel* it by instinct. You can readily understand that a holy and pure God must be offended at sin and the sinner, but how He can *love* you at the same time you can not see. Your heart tells you that He is displeased with you, and you believe it; your heart does *not* tell you that He loves you, and, although the Bible does, still you do *not* believe or realize it. You *shrink* from him; He is not attractive to you; you therefore do not and can not love him. Now all your past efforts have been to feel an emotion of love. You have failed, of course. You ought to go to the root of the matter and have these feelings removed. God *is* angry with the wicked every day; but you must be made to realize that He is no longer angry with *you*, and then you can *trust* in him as in a personal friend. *You need a sense of forgiveness."*

"I *feel* it, Mrs. Howard; oh, I *feel* it! How can I obtain it? If God will only forgive me all the past, I do *think* I could really love him."

"He *will*, my child, He *will*; and, more than that,

He'll forgive you all the future sins into which you are betrayed by the Evil One, and by your own nature and inexperience."

"Oh, Mrs. Howard, if He'll only forgive me the *past*, I'll NEVER sin again! *never!* I *know* I won't!" Ellen spoke with great earnestness, and tears rolled down her cheeks. Mrs. Howard also felt her tears falling.

"My dear child," she said, "you do not *know* yourself. Your feelings are natural. In one sense you never *will* sin again, if you realize God's forgiveness, for the Scriptures say, 'Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin, for His seed remaineth in him and he can not sin.' You can not willfully, deliberately sin any more, but still you will do many wrong things: you will be deceived into questioning whether some particular wrong *is* wrong or not, and, while questioning, you will do it; once done, its true character will appear, and, if you do not feel that God *then* forgives you upon repentance, your hope will be dashed to pieces, you will feel once more estranged from God, and your last state may be worse than the first."

Ellen saw that there was force in these remarks, but still she did not realize that God had forgiven her. She felt that Mrs. Howard *believed* He would; but might she not be mistaken? and so she ventured to suggest,

"But, Mrs. Howard, I can not feel that all this is true for me; my only actions have been sins, and how *can* He forgive me? He can not! He can not! I *must* be unhappy; I am a sinner, and nothing *but* a

sinner. O God! O God!" and Ellen buried her face in her hands, and wept like a child.

Mrs. Howard softly laid her hand upon her head, after allowing her feelings some little time for relief, and said, tenderly, "Ellen! Ellen!"

Ellen looked up.

"Do you love *me*, Ellen?"

"Yes, Mrs. Howard, I *do*," sobbed the poor girl, leaning her head on her kind friend's shoulder.

"Do you believe I would tell you a falsehood?"

"No, ma'am, I *know* you wouldn't."

"Well, Ellen, I *assure* you that God will forgive you, if, repenting of the past, you trust in him, confess your sins, turn away from them forever, and henceforth seek your joy in him."

"Oh, Mrs. Howard, not me! not me!"

"Yes, Ellen, you and every one."

"You *believe* so, I know, but—"

"No, Ellen, I *know* so."

"*How* do you know?" said Ellen, struck by her confident tone.

"Because He forgave *me*, when I was feeling just as you now do."

"It doesn't seem possible. That was *you*, not me; He can not forgive me."

"Yes, Ellen, you too," said Mrs. Howard, with no diminished tone of confidence. "I have another reason for believing it: He *says* so."

"Says so! *says* so! where? Oh, Mrs. Howard, show me where!"

Mrs. Howard drew from her pocket a small Bible, and, after turning over a few leaves, read :

“ ‘Go and proclaim these words, and say, Return, and I will not cause mine anger to fall upon you, for I am merciful, saith the Lord, and I will not keep anger forever. Only acknowledge thine iniquity, that thou hast transgressed against the Lord thy God, and have not obeyed my voice, and I will *take* you, and I will give you pastors according to mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding.’ ”

Then, turning to another place, she read :

“ ‘Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live. Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die?’ ”

Ellen listened attentively. The passages read seemed so full of tender, yearning affection, that her soul was moved ; but she said nothing, and Mrs. Howard added,

“These texts were not addressed to you or to me in particular, as a letter is in an envelope. God does address us each one personally, but it is not in the Scriptures. Neither were these passages addressed to men

generally, but to the Jewish nation. They are, however, *useful* to us. *They show us God's feelings* hundreds of years ago, and toward a more rebellious and degraded people than you and I are. They show that God *then* was a tender and forgiving Being. Listen to this, Ellen." Once more she read, very slowly: .

"'But thou, O God, art a God full of compassion, and gracious; long suffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth. O turn unto me, and have mercy upon me. Give thy strength unto thy servant, and save the son of thine handmaid. For thou, O God, art good, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.'

"God," continued Mrs. Howard, "is just as tender and compassionate *now* as He was then. He has not changed. He does not address *me* in the Scriptures by name, nor does He in the Scriptures say, 'Ellen Foster, come to me in penitence and I'll forgive you,' but He reveals to us his character, and it is our duty to believe in him as He reveals himself, and not proudly resolve to think that we can not be forgiven. We must first be willing to believe that God *is* what He *says* He is, and next humbly and penitently to *trust* in him."

"But, Mrs. Howard, you said God does speak personally to us. How? I don't understand you."

"By his Holy Spirit, given in answer to prayer. He

imparts to his children a sense of assurance, a consciousness of forgiveness, and when forgiven you will not be long in doubt."

For a few moments there was silence; then Ellen said, "I can not understand *how* it can be. Oh, Mrs. Howard, if I only *could*! God has said He is angry with the wicked; then *how* can He be so willing to forgive?"

"It should be enough for us to know that it is so," Mrs. Howard replied; "and oh, Ellen, how can we doubt it? Has He not done all that even He could do to convince us of his love? Think of it for a moment; think how He laid aside his glory and came into this world of ours; think of his life, his sufferings, his death, all undergone that He might save us from our sins, reconcile us to himself; *can* you read that wonderful story, and feel no love for our Savior, no gratitude to such a friend? It is trust in him, in Jesus, by which you are to be saved; it is through him that you can come to God, and coming thus He will blot out all remembrance of your past sins, and give you joy and peace that you can find in no other way.

"But, Ellen, this is a large subject, and there is danger that you may neglect *availing* yourself of the Savior's love by too close a scrutiny of exactly *how* God forgives you. You should be willing to believe that He has made no omission in his plan. Remember, it is neither trust in his *plan*, nor understanding of it, which is to save you. It is *trust in Jesus*, as a living

person and friend ; and that trust, too, is to be reposed *for the very sake of being saved from all sin*, that, thus saved, you may feel at peace with God, the Father of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. The *plan* you may examine when you *are* saved. To *be* saved is now your great interest."

"What do you mean by being saved now, Mrs. Howard?" said Ellen, after a slight pause. "Every body I have heard speak about it seems to think we can only be saved when we die ; but you talk differently ; I don't quite understand you."

"There *is* a salvation at death," Mrs. Howard replied. "*Any* rescue from impending or present evil is a salvation ; but that great salvation, which God became incarnate to accomplish, is salvation from a *present* evil. It is salvation from *sin*. Sin is the violation of the dictates of conscience, doing what we know to be wrong ; it always produces estrangement from God, and then the death of every noble and lofty feeling ensues. It is from this death or dying of the soul that Jesus came to save us, by saving us from sin through reconciliation with God."

"Oh, Mrs. Howard, it is this deadness of soul that I feel within me in spite of all my past efforts to do right and to be lovely. I know my actions have been better than they once were ; but the goodness was all seeming—it was only on the outside. Is it possible to have that changed ? Can I have holy feelings as well as outwardly good actions ?"

"Yes, Ellen, you can."

"Oh, then, Mrs. Howard, tell me how, I beg of you. What *must* I do to be saved?"

"My dear girl, Jesus alone can be your Savior. Do you not think it well to go to the sacred record of his own words, spoken on purpose to *show* men what to do?"

"Yes, I do; but you can explain every thing to me so simply."

"I will try to, Ellen; but don't lean too much on me. Lean on Jesus himself. He courts your unre-served confidence. In the first place, you ought not to be rash in setting out in the Christian course. You need to weigh well whether you are willing to make your Savior's affections and wishes, *whatever* they may be, paramount to all others. You should, like a man about to build a house, sit down and count the cost. If the love of Jesus and peace with God are not *in your estimation* worth all they can possibly cost, even life itself, you had better not begin. You will, or, at least, you *may* go back if you do, and any one having put his hand to the plow and looking back, that is, any one going forward in action but leaving heart behind, is not fit for the kingdom of God.

"In the next place, you ought to review your life, and see what your character has really been. Then from the Scriptures and the highest instincts of your own soul you should form a clear conception of what you *ought* to be. All that you have done, the sins you have committed, are mainly important in the sight of God as indicative of your character. By sinning you

have injured yourself and others, but not God. He does not feel revengeful, but sorrowful; for your sake and that of his other creatures, he wants sin stopped at the fountain-head in the heart. It is your heart that he scrutinizes most closely, and so should you, for out of it come all your evil thoughts. If you are honest and thorough with yourself, you will soon see that your past character has been a selfish one. It may be such a high order of selfishness—so much above the *prevailing* selfishness of the world—as to seem lovely in the eyes of some; but yet you will find from your own consciousness alone that its essence was selfishness. You are to be made unselfish; you are to die to self; you must henceforth lead a new life, whose impetus and power shall flow from the love of your Savior. You can not work this change yourself; you have to *be* changed; you must die to sin, and be born again by the Spirit of God. *How* this is to be done we do not know, but that God will work it, if you consent and rely upon him implicitly, we have his own assurance, and there are many who have been thus changed.

“The origin of a new spiritual life in the soul is as mysterious as the origin of natural life in the body, but both are from God. After looking at these things, ask yourself if *you* are willing to forgive from your very heart all who have injured you. It will take time to decide this, but *take* it, and if at length you *are* willing, then you will find from the Savior’s own lips your assurance of pardon, and you need only to *believe* him.

"But this is not all; you must be humble; you must not be proud of forgiving others, neither can you go with any *claim* to God and *demand* forgiveness on this account or any other. You must feel that it is all by mercy, grace, compassion, and tenderness, from first to last, that you are forgiven; you must believe that God's great attribute is *Love*, and you must humbly rest in it.

"There is, perhaps, no better test of humility than willingness to confess your faults to those whom you have injured, and this you ought to do in all cases where such confession would be received.

"These things all considered, if *then* you are still desirous of advancing, but one thing remains, and that is to *act* on them. Ellen, do you believe *I* am a Christian?"

"Yes, Mrs. Howard, I believe you are, and it is your loveliness that has made me feel I would *like* to be."

"If I am a Christian at all, it is only by pursuing precisely the course I have suggested to you. Think about it, Ellen. I'll *pray* for you, and I do assure you, if you decide to give yourself to God, and accept his pardon and love, you will know such joy as the world never can give nor deprive you of."

"I *will* think of it, Mrs. Howard; but will you not *now* pray for me?"

"Gladly, my child—most gladly." So saying, they both knelt down, and Mrs. Howard offered a short but most fervent prayer. She ceased, and, after a moment's silence, whispered, "Ellen, won't you pray too?"

Ellen looked up, and answered, "Oh! I am not worthy."

"If you feel so, that is the very best spirit to pray in."

She paused a moment, and then said, "I'll try." But her feelings were too deep to find expression in words, and she could not speak. For a few minutes she knelt in silence, her whole soul pouring itself out in unspoken prayer; then turning round, she burst into tears, and leaned her head on Mrs. Howard's shoulder, who tenderly caressed and kissed her. They arose from their knees, and soon after Mrs. Howard left, and Ellen, without any thought of Harry, went to her own room to give fresh vent to her feelings.

CHAPTER XIX.

MORE DOUBTS, AND OF DIVERS KINDS.

"A lover is built but of sighs and of tears;
He feels now within him strong faith, and now fears;
He's patient till hoping impatience brings on,
Or yearning exhausts him, and love is withdrawn;
Then, fickle, it rises, a phoenix, anew,
All glowing, all glorious, all charming to view."

CARROLL.

"How long may I keep the book you lent me the other night?" said Harry, as he entered Mrs. Foster's one evening, making no allusion to his late abrupt departure.

"As long as you choose; I suppose you don't have very much time to read. But, Harry, when did you leave that night? *I* did not hear you go. It was very impolite in me not to introduce you to Mrs. Howard."

"I left when you began to cry; for I knew I'd cry too if you did, and then I thought you'd *better* be alone."

"I feel glad, Harry, that you have such delicate feelings." She had elicited the information she wanted, and made an apology, and wisely led the conversation to another topic by remarking, "Isn't your Mr. Austen a queer sort of a man? I heard something about him to-day that made me feel really sorry for him."

"What was it?" asked Harry, with interest.

"Aunt told me that a good many years ago he was very different from what he is now; he was very pleasant, and didn't have any of those disagreeable ways. There was a farmer living over where Squire Miller lives now, and every body said that Mr. Austen was going to marry his daughter, a very pretty girl, a good deal younger than himself. But, after a while, her father moved away from here, and the next thing they heard was that she had married somebody else. So, after that, he stopped going to see any of the neighbors, and got cross and disagreeable. *I thought* he seemed to have a particular spite against girls," she said, laughing.

Harry was amazed. He could not imagine Austen having ever been at all different from what he was

now, and the idea of any woman thinking of marrying him was simply ridiculous ; still, he pitied him, as Ellen did, and wondered less at his peculiarities.

"I'd like to know if that's *really* the reason why he's so strange," he said.

"Yes, indeed it is. But don't let him know that you have heard any thing about it. I'm sure he wouldn't like it."

"Of course not. I wouldn't tell him for any thing. He's very fond of saying that he likes every body to mind their own business and not meddle with other people's."

In such little conversations as these, full of interest to him because the parties were known to him, but which must be void of interest to others, the time passed rapidly away, and he could scarcely believe that the evening was really gone when he heard Mr. Foster fastening the window-shutters in the front room. This he took as a hint that it was time to leave, and, saying "Good-night" to Ellen, he went home, thinking that, as it was not very late, he would enjoy reading for a little while before he went to bed. He thought the history very interesting, and wished he had time to sit down and read it as long as he chose. But that was out of the question ; there was too much to be done ; and no one but Ellen had any sympathy with him in his fondness for books.

"It seems to me you go over to Foster's mighty often," said Austen, that night, when they were going to bed.

"I know I do; but I don't see any reason why I *shouldn't*," he replied.

"Oh, of course, you can do as you choose; but I don't know what you see in any body over *there* to make you like to go so much."

Harry knew very well what he saw, but he did not choose to say. He opened the book that Ellen had lent him and began looking over it.

"Whose is that?" Austen asked.

"Ellen Foster's," said Harry, taking a sort of pleasure in doing what he knew would tease his companion. "I *love* to read."

"Well, for my part, I can't see any use in people trying to be so smart, and I don't believe in this sort of women that don't know any thing but books."

"If you mean *Ellen*," said Harry, beginning to get angry, "you don't know what you're talking about. She knows more about books than any body I know, but she knows every thing else besides."

"Well, you needn't flare up so," said Austen; "*I* didn't speak her name; and if I did, I don't see that she's any thing to *you*, that you must get so mad about her."

"She's *this* much to me, that I'm not going to hear any body talking about her *that* way;" and Harry walked out of the room, and sat down on the door-step till he should feel inclined to go back where Austen was. He was very much provoked, and wished that he had not said any thing about the book or Ellen either, which would have been much the wiser plan, for,

when there is any subject on which two people disagree, it is far better never to mention it when it can be avoided, and to-night it had been very unnecessary.

Harry sat there some time thinking about the conversation he had had with Ellen. He wondered if she were *really* getting to be like Mrs. Howard, and the idea was not altogether pleasant. She would be so different from him—would she care for him any longer? Would there not be a stop to their friendship? Any one so much better than he was could certainly take no pleasure in his society; besides, he did not feel an interest in those things that Ellen was constantly speaking of; and he feared that the greatest pleasure of his life, his intercourse with her, was about to be taken from him.

It was not long before he had worked himself up into a very unhappy state of mind, and he felt truly miserable. It was too cold to be sitting out of doors, so he went in, and, without saying another word to Austen, went to bed.

Things seemed a little better the next morning. He began to think that there was no use in troubling himself about something that might never come after all, and determined to wait till Ellen should seem to lose her friendship for him before he made himself wretched about it. It happened that she came over to the farm that very day, and he could see no signs of dislike, or even of indifference toward him in her pleasant, cordial manner. While she was there Austen came in, and said he had cut his hand very badly.

Mrs. Jones was very busy in the midst of making some pies. She stopped and looked round in despair, not liking the idea of laying aside her work to attend to him.

"Let me fix it for you, Mr. Austen," said Ellen.

"Do you know how?" he asked, rather gruffly.

"Oh yes, indeed. I'm a regular surgeon; I tie up all the cuts and bruises over at our house, and I used to before I came here. Where can I get a rag, Mrs. Jones?"

"There in my basket. I'll be *very* much obliged to you if you can do it, Ellen. I'm just in the midst of these pies."

The rag was found, and Ellen set to work. It was not a very bad cut, and she tied it up nicely, though not without sundry directions from her patient not to make the string too tight. When she finished, he said, "Why, Ellen, you *are* a handy girl."

"Just see, Mr. Austen," she said, "you've torn your coat on a nail or something. Give it to me, and I'll mend it for you."

She got a needle and thread, and sewed it up neatly and quickly. Harry had been looking on with a great deal of interest. "I wonder what he thinks of her now," he said to himself; and he felt half inclined to ask him, but thought he had better not.

Austen was a great admirer of Ellen ever afterward; no one heard him say any thing again but in praise of her, and he was even almost polite to her whenever she came to the farm. When she was going home,

Harry met her in the yard. "Well, Ellen," he said, "I guess you've made Austen your friend forever."

"Have I?" she replied; "if so, it is a very easy thing to do."

"I don't know; it's not very pleasant to be fussing over cut fingers. I wouldn't have wanted to do it for any body who had been as sour to me as he has to you."

"Oh Harry! But I know you don't *mean* that. Remember the Golden Rule, 'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.'"

"*That's* not very easy to do, at any rate," he said.

"Did you ever try it, Harry?" Ellen answered. "However difficult it may be one thing I know, it makes you very happy."

CHAPTER XX.

CHRISTMAS COMING.

"He's coming! oh! he's coming here:
List! hark! be silent! Don't you hear
The jingling sleigh-bells on his deer?
He comes us little folks to cheer;
He's coming! oh! he's coming here."—CARROLL.

CHRISTMAS was drawing near, much to the delight of all the boys of Mr. Mason's school, who were eager for the holidays to begin, and on the Wednesday before (the merry day itself falling upon Friday that year) they were dismissed to enjoy themselves and

their freedom for ten days. There was great rejoicing among them all, and wonderful anticipations of the good time they were going to have.

"No school for a week, boys!" shouted George, as they rushed out of the school-house; "three cheers for Mr. Mason!"

The boys agreed, thinking that he was only doing *them* a favor in giving so long a holiday, and never imagining that it would be equally agreeable to himself.

Harry had staid behind to get something out of his desk. Before he went out, his teacher said, "I hope you will have a pleasant time, Harry. You deserve it, you've been such a good scholar."

This was a little more than he could stand, with the memory of that day still in mind when he had behaved so rudely, and given Mr. Mason so much annoyance.

"No, sir, I *don't* deserve it," he said, earnestly, and the confession that he once thought he could not make came out frankly. "I gave you a great deal of trouble one day, Mr. Mason; I'm very sorry for it now."

He took him by the hand: "I'm glad to hear you say so, Harry; it is always best to acknowledge a fault; but you must not think I have remembered that against you all this time; it was only once, and I knew you regretted it afterward. You have been one of my best scholars."

"Thank you, sir," Harry replied, and went out.

"Ellen was right," he said to himself; "it would have been better to have done that at first. In fact, she's always right," was the conclusion he came to, "and it would be just as well to do what she says."

"Don't you want to go in to Columbus to-morrow?" said Mr. Jones to his wife, when they were seated at the dinner-table.

"Yes, I'd like to go very much, if it isn't too cold; but I don't know what to do with these children; we can't take them along."

"Oh! get Ellen Foster to come over and keep house for you while you're gone," replied her husband.

"That would do very well. Mary, you go over there, and ask Mrs. Foster if Ellen can come."

Mary went, and came back with the answer that Ellen would be there early the next morning; and so Mrs. Jones made her preparations for a visit to town, which was always considered a great event at the farm.

"I know what she's going for," said little Nannie, confidentially, to Harry; "she's going to get our Christmas gifts. What do you want her to bring for you?"

Harry could not tell; he had never been accustomed to puzzle himself over the coming Christmas presents, and had no wish about it.

"I hope she'll get me a doll and a great bundle of candy," Nannie went on, and then ran off to suggest to her mother that those were the things she wanted most. A really happy Christmas Harry had never

known, and his imaginations of what this one was to be were very bright. Every body seemed to anticipate so much enjoyment that he too looked forward to having a delightful time. Nannie's question had set him a-thinking and wondering whether he really should have any part in the Christmas gifts.

Ellen was at the farm the next morning by the time breakfast was over. She went out of the room, and had a little private conversation with Mrs. Jones, which of course raised the curiosity of the children to the highest pitch. They were all three, not even excepting Mary, in such a state of excitement that Harry really pitied her, and thought she would never be able to keep them under any control. At last Mr. and Mrs. Jones were gone, after giving various injunctions to the little ones to mind Ellen, and be good children, and Austen and Harry went off to their work, leaving her to her fate.

Punctually at half past twelve o'clock, their dinner-hour, the horn sounded, calling them back to the house. Ellen was standing at the door, looking the picture of good-humor.

"Now, Mr. Austen," she said, "I hope you've got a good appetite. I want you to do justice to my dinner; and as for you, Harry, we'll certainly quarrel if you don't think every thing is uncommonly nice."

Whether her cooking had any thing to do with it or not, he did think so, and said so too; and Austen declared that "he wouldn't have found out that Mrs. Jones was away," which was the greatest compliment

he could bestow, and, as such, was fully appreciated by Ellen.

After dinner Ellen said, "Harry, won't you go over there in the woods and bring us some branches off that little cedar-tree?"

"What do you want with them?" he asked.

"Oh! we're going to fix the room up, so that it will look pretty to-morrow."

"Certainly I'll go, and bring the very best I can get." So saying, he took up his hat and went out. She followed him to the door.

"*Please* don't go on my account, if you've got any thing particular to do," she said. "I did not think you might have something to attend to."

"No, I haven't; I'd a great deal rather go than not;" and he set off for the wood, cut the freshest-looking, greenest branches he could find, and filled a large basket that he had carried with him. Just as he was turning away he saw some bright red berries on a little tree near by.

"That's pretty," he said to himself; "I mean to get it for Ellen;" and a few pieces of that were added too. He was rewarded when he reached the house. As soon as he put down his load, Ellen exclaimed, "Oh, how beautiful! Where did you get it?"

"I found it right over in the woods. What *is* it?"

"Oh, it's holly; just the prettiest thing we could have. I didn't know there was any about here."

"I'm glad I brought it, then. I *thought* you'd like it."

"Yes, indeed I do. Ten thousand thanks for your kindness, Harry. Now we'll let you alone to go to your work."

He would much rather have staid just then, but he felt that he had better go and put up some shelves that were wanted in the store-room. His carpenter-work was not half so pleasant to him as it generally was. He was not interested in it, and thought it very tiresome; but it had to be done, and he did it. It was beginning to get dark when he finished, and just as he went down stairs the sound of wheels was heard, and the children ran to the door to meet their mother.

"Come here, Harry," she said; "I can't trust these children to carry in the bundles; they've got too much curiosity."

Harry carried them in, and put them out of the reach of Charley and Nannie. Mr. Jones offered to take Ellen home in the wagon, and she went for her bonnet and shawl. When she came out, he said,

"I've a great mind to let *Harry* drive you over. I feel pretty cold." Harry was not at all unwilling to go; so he took Mr. Jones's place.

"Ellen, come here a moment," said Mrs. Jones. She handed her a little parcel, and asked how the children had behaved.

"Very well; but you must see our work. Harry, wait one minute."

"I must see it too," he said, getting down and fastening the horse.

"How pretty!" was the exclamation as they enter-

ed the room. The green branches were fastened up over the windows and doors ; and the holly, with its red berries, was twined into a wreath around the clock that stood on the mantle-piece, and one or two pictures that hung on the wall.

"*Isn't* Ellen smart?" said Charley.

"Yes, indeed," his mother answered; "but can't you stay to supper? You've set the table, and got every thing ready, I see."

"No, I mustn't wait," she answered; "aunt will want me at home. Good-night. I'll see you all to-morrow."

"Good-night, dear; I'm very much obliged to you," said Mrs. Jones.

As soon as they had fairly started, Ellen said, "I'm *very* tired."

"I reckon those children plagued you half out of your life," said Harry.

"Not quite; but it was pretty hard work keeping Charley quiet. I had some idea of calling Mr. Austen once."

"That wouldn't have done much good. He never cares for what Austen says."

"Oh, well, he wasn't so very bad; I got on with him pretty well. I want to ask you something, Harry, and you mustn't want to know why. How many books of your own have you got?"

"None, except my school-books," he replied.

"Not one? Are you quite sure?"

"Yes, *certain*. I've got one or two of yours. Why, Ellen?"

"Ah! I told you not to ask me that," she said, laughing. "But did you see George this morning?"

"No, I didn't; was he over at our house?"

"Yes; I meant to tell you, but he said he would find you if he could. He came over to invite all of us to go there to-morrow night. Tell Mrs. Jones about it, won't you?"

"What does he want us to go there for?"

"Why, it's to be a sort of a party, I believe; most of the neighbors are going. Tell them about it at your house; he wants them all."

"The children too?"

"Yes, every body. *You* must go, Harry; I'll be there. I believe he said we must go about seven o'clock. But here we are. I'm very thankful for the ride;" and they shook hands warmly as they bade each other good-night.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHRISTMAS COME.

"Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?"

"They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red—when it giveth his color in the cup—when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

WHEN Harry returned home he gave George's in-

vation to Mrs. Jones. The children were charmed with the idea of going to a party.

"I forgot to tell you," said Mr. Jones, "the 'squire came over yesterday, and asked me to come and bring you all."

"Oh, father, why *didn't* you tell us?" said Mary.

"Because I didn't think of it; but it's just as well; you've got time enough to think about it now."

Their interest and excitement were now divided between that and the great business of hanging up their stockings for the Christmas gifts. Harry knew nothing of the mysterious pleasure of that custom.

"Don't you hang up your stocking on Christmas-eve?" asked Nannie.

"No, I never did," he replied; "what is it for?"

"Why, don't you know?" said the little girl, in amazement at his ignorance. "We hang them up here by the fireplace, and in the night Santa Claus comes down the chimney, and fills them all up full of *good* things."

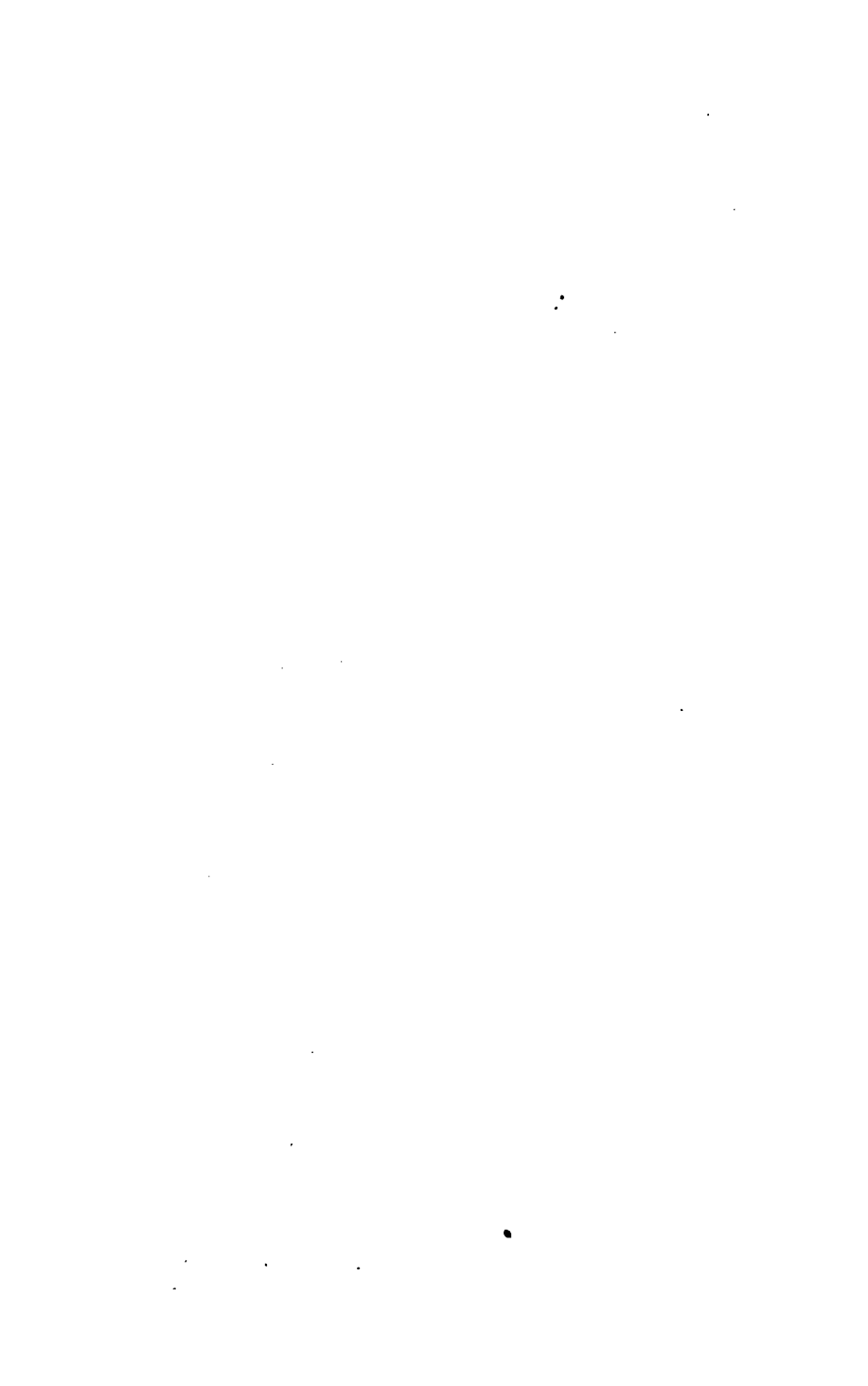
"Pshaw! Nannie, what a baby you are!" exclaimed Charley. "Don't you know better than *that*?"

"Hush! don't tell Harry; *he* don't know," she said.

"Oh, fiddlesticks! Harry ain't going to believe any such nonsense as that. It ain't any such thing. *Mother* puts the things in."

Nannie was very indignant because Charley had let out the secret; but her father pacified her by saying that Harry was too *old* to hang up his stocking.

"Then it don't make any difference," she said; "but





CHRISTMAS TIME.

I wish Santa Claus would give me a pair of scissors to cut off a piece of your long tongue with, Mr. Charley."

When the children were all in bed the work began. They had each hung up a stocking on a nail in the mantle-piece, and Mrs. Jones called upon Harry to assist her in filling them. The bundles were opened, and quantities of candy and oranges displayed. Then there was a doll for Nannie, a work-box for Mary, and a top for Charley. All the treasures were placed in the stockings, and every corner filled up with candy, and then the workers were at liberty to retire too. Harry enjoyed it very much, and thought how pleased Nannie would be when she discovered the wished-for doll.

Such a commotion as there was the next morning! He had never seen any thing like it; the children rushing about to exhibit their treasures, and even the older members of the family seeming to share in the merriment. There was evidently some secret, that was a matter of much delight to Nannie especially, who could scarcely keep still for an instant. It was disclosed when they sat down to the breakfast-table, and Harry found under his plate a nice large knife with four blades, the very thing he had been wishing for. The little girl clapped her hands with delight, and said,

"That's your Christmas! that's your Christmas! Ain't it nice?"

"Yes, indeed; why, it's the very thing I wanted."

But the realization that he was remembered and cared for, and that some one took pleasure in making

him happy, was worth far more than the knife to Harry, though that was very acceptable in itself. Ellen came over in the morning, and brought Nannie some of her own playthings that she had when she was a child. She staid for an hour or two, and helped to make the time agreeable to them all. Then came the dinner-hour, a very important part of this day; for Mrs. Jones had tried to see how many good things she could prepare, and insisted upon every one doing justice to her efforts. After dinner Harry slipped away, and getting a book that Ellen had lent him, sat down to enjoy himself quietly in his own room; and very pleasantly the hours passed away while he was engrossed with the stories of the trials and hardships of the men and women who came to America while it was one unbroken forest, peopled by the Indians, scarcely less savage than the wild beasts that shared their wilderness-home.

After some time Charley came to tell him that they were all getting ready to go to 'Squire Miller's, and he began to make some preparation too. Very differently he looked that evening, dressed in a neat suit of clothes, his hands and face clean, and his hair smooth, from the wild-looking boy who had left New-York scarcely three months before; and it was not only in appearance that he was changed. Harry knew and felt that he was very much altered in many respects, and it was equally evident to others. He even suspected that he had risen almost to be "decent" himself.

Austen staid at home to take care of the house.

.

The rest of the family set out for the 'squire's in the wagon; and the ride was quite pleasant, the whole party were in such good spirits. The house looked bright and cheerful as they drove up to it, with its lights shining out from every window. George and his mother met them at the door, and gave them a hearty welcome. They found a good many persons assembled in the large sitting-room when they went in. The most of them were young people; for this was George's party, and some of the older ones had been asked to help them to amuse themselves. Harry felt very awkward at first, as if the whole company must be noticing every thing that he did; but after a little time he discovered his mistake, when he found himself standing alone in one corner of the room, while all the others were occupied with some one else. He stood there for some time until Ellen came in, and then he took courage and went over to the door where she was. How pretty she looked! He did not know what it was she was dressed in; but it was something blue, that made her look even prettier than he had ever thought she was before.

"Oh, Harry, I'm so glad *you're* here," she said to him, in an under tone. "I hardly know any of these people, and it isn't pleasant to be in a room full of strangers."

"I don't know them either," he said, "except some of the boys."

"Well, we can entertain each other, then. Tell me what sort of a day you've had."

"First-rate; I've been reading one of your books ever since dinner."

"I'm afraid my library won't last you long, if you go on at that rate; but I'm very glad you enjoy reading so much."

"Look here, Ellen," said George, coming in, "*this* isn't any way to do; you can see Harry *any* day."

"Well, George, I don't know any of your friends, and I can't talk to people I never saw before."

"Well, come along, and I'll tell you who they are;" and he carried her off, much to Harry's discomfort. In a few minutes, Mrs. Miller, George's mother, came in.

"Come, we must have something to amuse all these young folks," she said. "Can't you get up some sort of a game, girls?"

After some little consultation, "blindman's buff" was decided on. One of the boys was blindfolded, and set to work to try to catch the others. There was great fun among them all as they tried to get out of his way; and Harry soon got over his bashfulness, and was as much at home as any body. Other games followed, and the evening was passing away very merrily, when they were called to supper. The table, loaded with every imaginable kind of cake, candy, oranges, apples, nuts, and, in fact, every thing nice that could be collected together on such an occasion, presented a very tempting appearance, and was soon despoiled of its beauty by the guests. Harry could not help watching Ellen, and admiring her perfect ease and self-possession in talking to every body, young or old. He

thought she was very different from the rest of the girls who were there, so much more lady-like and agreeable than any one else he had seen; and, when supper was over, they had another long conversation, uninterrupted by the others. Ten o'clock came, and most of the visitors began to disperse. Mr. Jones and Ellen's uncle were deep in a conversation with 'Squire Miller, and did not seem inclined to go, so that they were the last to leave. At length Mrs. Jones suggested to her husband that it was getting late.

"Stop a minute," said Mrs. Miller, as he rose to go. "You must all have something to keep you warm on the way home."

"Yes, indeed," said the 'squire; "my wife prides herself upon making egg-nogg. We'll have some if you'll wait a minute."

She brought out a basket of eggs, a bowl of milk, some sugar, and a bottle of brandy. Then the eggs were broken, and Mrs. Jones, who had offered to help her, set to work to beat them. Ellen, who was usually so ready to offer her services, said nothing, but went and stood by the window, looking out into the darkness. Harry and George were watching the operations of the two ladies. Finally the egg-nogg was made and the glasses filled. They handed them to the others.

"No, I thank you," said Ellen, when George brought one to her.

"Don't you like it?" he asked, in a tone of astonishment.

"Yes; but I prefer not taking any, I thank you."

George seemed to wonder, but he did not press her. After every one else was helped, Harry, noticing that she was not, and not having heard what had passed, went over to her with a glass in his hand, saying,

"Ellen, I thought *George* had brought you some."

"So he did; but I didn't want it."

"Won't you have *this*?"

"No, Harry."

"Then I'll take it myself." He was raising the glass to his lips, but she laid her hand on his arm.

"Harry, *please* don't," she said, earnestly.

"Why not, Ellen?" he said, pausing.

"Because I have seen so much of the misery that comes from the love of such things, that I can not bear to see you—"

She stopped, and turned away. He said nothing until she looked up again, and there was something very like tears in her eyes as she added, "The only safe rule is, 'Touch not, taste not, handle not.' Oh, Harry, if you would only keep to that, for *my* sake, Harry."

"I *will*, Ellen, I *will*," he said, resolutely, pushing the glass from him.

He, too, had seen and felt too much of the misery that is caused by love of drink, but that alone would not have induced him to make such a resolution. It was Ellen's entreaty, and the pleading expression of her tearful eyes as she looked up into his face that did it; and never was the pledge then made broken.

"Thank you, Harry ; I am *more* than satisfied." She left him standing there while she went to get her things, as her uncle was waiting for her.

Harry was unusually silent on the way home. The others were talking of the pleasant time they had had, but he was occupied with his own thoughts. Ellen *cared* about him. He was glad to think she did, and glad that he had made her the promise. "And I'll keep it, too," he said to himself. "*Never*, as long as I *live*, shall it be forgotten."

"Oh dear ! I wish every day was Christmas," said Charley, as they got out of the wagon at their own door ; "don't you, Harry ?"

"It has been very pleasant. Come, Nannie, let me help you out." He attempted to lift her, but the little girl was sound asleep. As he took her in his arms and carried her into the house, a gush of tender feeling came over him. She looked so sweet and pure, he wished she were his own sister.

The long, happy day was over ; and as Harry thought how pleasant it had been, he almost wished with Charley that Christmas came more than *once* a year. But his last thoughts that night were of the promise given to Ellen. Many a time in after years did he remember it with thankfulness.

CHAPTER XXII.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

"Wishing thee well, I proffer thee this,
You'll find it, dear friend, conducive to bliss.
Heaven hath given it kindly to man,
Revealing God's love, if words ever can ;
Raising our hope and quelling our fear,
Soothing all sadness, drying each tear,
Nerving for duty, bracing for strife,
Tinging with beauty each scene of our life."

CARROLL.

"AUNT and uncle think a great deal more of New Year's day than of Christmas," said Ellen to Harry, a few days after the party, "and they both mean to have you to dinner on that day."

"But, Ellen—" he began.

"Now don't make any excuse, for I don't mean to take it. You haven't any thing else to do, so you've got to come."

Harry laughed. "I suppose I must, then. I was only going to say that I might be wanted at home."

"No you won't; Mr. Jones said so; I asked him. So you see you can't get off."

"I didn't want to get off."

"Then show that you didn't by coming over early. We have dinner about the same time you do."

It was a bright, beautiful, frosty day when it did come, and, about twelve o'clock, Harry went over to

Mr. Foster's, where he was very kindly received by them all. Half an hour was spent in talking about different things, while Ellen was busily engaged in the preparations for dinner, and then they sat down to the table.

"I'm going to ask you to do something for me, Harry," Ellen said. "I don't mean now, but one of these days, when you've got time."

"What is it?"

"I want a shelf in the back porch to *set* things on when I'm churning or doing any thing out there."

"Why, Ellen, what put it into your head to ask *Harry* to do that?" said Mr. Foster.

"I saw some of his work the other day in Mrs. Jones's store-room, and I thought maybe he'd *like* do it for me."

"Of course I would," said Harry; "I can do it to-day."

"Oh no; I don't want you to do it now; it will do any time."

"I think you must be a jack-of-all-trades, like Ellen herself," said Mr. Foster. "*She* thinks you can do a little of every thing."

"I didn't know that was my character," Ellen said.

"It ought to be," her uncle replied. "You do all the sewing, it seems to me, and then you give Harry lessons, and make the butter sometimes, and this pie is some of your cooking, ain't it?"

"Take care, uncle, or you'll make me vain," she said, laughing.

Harry wondered what Austen would think of *that* list of her accomplishments, and thought he would ask him.

"Come and see the present Mrs. Howard sent me to-day," she said, when dinner was over. She took down from the book-case a beautifully-bound volume of poetry, with very fine engravings, and left him to enjoy it, while she helped her aunt to clear away the dishes and restore things to order.

"Wasn't it kind in her to send me that?" she said, when she came back. "I don't know why she is so good to me." Harry did not think it at all strange that *any* one should be good to Ellen.

"Let me fix that shelf for you now," he said, laying the book down. "Where do you want me to put it?"

"Oh, there's no hurry for it," she said; "any other time will do as well."

"But I'd rather do it now; I haven't got any thing else to do. Come, show me where it's to go. Have you got a piece of board that I can take?"

"Yes, I'll get it for you, and the hammer and nails."

She brought them out, showed him where it was wanted, and, while he was putting it up, she stood beside him and looked on, seemingly much interested, but really liking to be near Harry; in fact, she held the board while Harry drove the nails.

"You're a first-rate carpenter, Harry," she said. "Very often I want some place to put things when I'm at work about the house. I *lived* in this porch till the weather got too cold."

"I shouldn't think it would do very well to live in now," he said.

"No, not very; but when summer comes I'll use it again."

"That's a long time off," said Harry.

"Never mind, it'll come, though, if it does seem far off now. Time passes very quickly. Just to think, I've been here nearly three months."

"It seems a long time to me," he replied, "so many things have happened."

"Well, yes; when you think of it *that* way, it does seem long. A great many things have happened to *me* since the day I first saw you."

"Wasn't it strange, Ellen, all about my seeing you that day? I hardly knew what I was doing when I snatched you off the track."

"It was all ordered so by a higher hand," she said, solemnly. "I have often thanked God, Harry, for sending you to save my life. It makes me almost tremble even now to think of it—how near I was to death."

"Then I was so surprised when I saw you at Mrs. Jones's," he said.

She did not reply to this; she was leaning against the railing of the porch, looking at the sky. Presently she turned round, and, speaking in an under tone, said, "Harry, before you go I want to tell you something." She hesitated for a moment, and then went on, in a still lower tone: "You know I was telling you about Mrs. Howard, and the way she talks to me. I think I understand it now. I hope I *know* what it is to feel

that God is my Father and my Friend." Tears came into her eyes as she continued: "And it makes me so very, *very* happy to feel that He loves me, that I want you to love him too."

Harry felt that she meant all she said, but he made no answer, for he did not know what to say.

"I thought I ought to tell you," she said; "I want you to know *every* thing about me; and oh, Harry, I do so wish you felt as I do!"

"Ellen, for your sake I wish so too. *Can* I get to feel so?"

"Yes, Harry, you can; *any* body can that really *wants* to; and oh, you don't know how glad you make me feel by saying you do." Tears rolled down her cheeks as she spoke, and, taking his hand, she pressed it warmly, looking earnestly in his face. She was silent a moment, and Harry was going to bid her good-by, when she said, "Wait a minute, Harry; I've got a New Year's gift for you. Will you use it?"

"Certainly, Ellen, I'll do any thing you ask me to."

"Every day?"

"Yes, if I can. What is it?"

"You can, if you choose. There it is."

She handed him a book. He looked at the name. "Holy Bible" was printed on the back in gilt letters.

"I'm *very* much obliged to you, Ellen. How shall I use it?"

"By reading it every day, morning and evening. Will you?"

"Yes, Ellen, I promise you."

"You can do it for my sake now, but I hope you will soon read it for *God's* sake too. I would not give it in exchange for all the other books in the world."

Harry thought that a very foolish speech, but, instead of saying so, bade her "Good-by," and walked away. He came to the conclusion that the little parcel Mrs. Jones had brought had contained his present; and he remembered Ellen's questions; he understood now that she wanted to know if he had a Bible. He opened it. His name was written on the first page:

"HARRY LEE.

FROM

ELLEN."

And underneath, the words,

"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

He read it over two or three times, and then put the book into his pocket, reflecting upon what Ellen had said to him. It was just as he had thought; she *was* becoming like Mrs. Howard; but yet she seemed to care for him as much as ever. She had not changed in that regard; and, as her words came back to his mind, he could only feel glad that she was happy.

He said nothing about the present to any one when he reached home, but went to his own room, and put it away in a safe place until he should have time to look over it more satisfactorily. When he and Austen went to their room for the night, he took it out and seated himself by the table.

"What's that you've got hold of next?" said Austen.

"A book," Harry replied.

"What book?"

"A Bible."

Austen said no more. He sat down, leaned his arms on the table, and seemed lost in thought.

After a few minutes Harry looked up. "Austen," he said, "I want to know one thing: if you think books are such good-for-nothing things, what makes you keep those two lying on the table all the time?"

"Because they used to belong to a sister of mine. She died when she was about as old as Ellen."

There was so much real sadness in the tone in which this was said, that Harry was sorry he had asked him. If he could have read Austen's thoughts, he would have seen that memory had brought back to him a time when he had made just such a promise to his sister as Ellen had received from Harry; but, though the sister was dead, there lay her little Bible, scarcely ever now opened, while his promise was neglected or forgotten.

Harry began to read just where his Bible happened to open. It was at the story of Abraham and Isaac, and he forgot every thing else in his intense interest. He went on reading page after page, until suddenly remembering that it was growing late, he laid it reluctantly aside. All the narratives were new to him, and he heartily enjoyed them. In fact, no one can read them without interest. Some days after, when he met Ellen, he said to her, "You needn't have made me promise to read *that* book; I can't help reading it, it's got so many good stories in it."

"I am glad you like it," she replied; "but you must remember you have promised, and I want you to read it all. There's a good part of it that has *no* stories; but, Harry, you ought to reflect, it is very different from other books. It is the Word of God. Every word is true, and we are bound to believe and obey all that we find there."

"Does Mrs. Howard hear you say a lesson in it at Sunday-school?"

"Yes; I wish you could hear how beautifully she explains it all, and tells us the meaning of every thing we don't understand."

"Does she get *paid* for teaching, as Mr. Mason does?"

"No, she teaches because she *loves* us."

"And what does her love make her say?"

"I was in hopes that we could have a real regular Sunday-school," Ellen said, "and then you could come; but there's nobody to teach. There's Dr. Howard, he might; but he is so busy; he has to go and see his patients on Sundays as well as other days."

"Mary sometimes tries to tell them all at home what she has been learning from Mrs. Howard; but you can't make much of it."

Ellen smiled, saying, "I dare say not; but I'm afraid I'm not much better."

"Oh yes, you are, Ellen; I understand what you say. But what do you think Austen was telling me the other night?"

"I don't know. What was it?"

"That he had a sister once about as old as you are."

"Why not, Harry? I don't see any thing strange in his having a sister."

"Well, I don't know; it always seems to me as if he were just alone in the world, and had always been so."

"What makes you think that?"

"Why, the way he *does* all the time. I'll tell you, somehow people that have friends and somebody to care about ain't so cross and impatient as those that haven't."

"I don't know about that, Harry. It seems to me that makes very little difference."

"Yes, it *does* make a difference. Look at Austen and Mr. Jones."

"But I don't think *that's* the reason they are so unlike."

"What *is* the reason, then?"

"Well, I suppose they are naturally very different sort of men; and then— Well, perhaps you *are* right, Harry, after all. I dare say poor Mr. Austen's trials and troubles have done a good deal to make him what he is now."

"But, Ellen, I don't see why one person *should* be so much worse off than another. Why has Mr. Jones got every thing he wants and plenty of friends, and Austen hasn't?"

"Really, I don't know, unless it's because Mr. Jones was more industrious, and *made* what he has now; and then I think it's very easy to find out why he has more friends. Which of them do *you* like the best, Harry?"

"Why, Mr. Jones, of course. But that isn't it. There are things that come without any body's fault. I'll *tell* you what I mean. There's plenty of boys in New York—I know all about it—plenty of them that haven't got any homes, nor any friends, nor any thing else. It's just as much as they can do to keep alive, to get enough to eat, and they have to sleep all round any where that they can find a place to lie down. Then maybe some day, when they're out of a job, they get into some sort of trouble; perhaps take something they greatly need, that belongs to somebody who don't need it a bit, get nabbed, and the next thing they know they're 'sent up.' You know 'sent up' means 'put in jail.' Whose fault is that?"

"It's *their own* fault," said Ellen, "if they do any thing that they *know* is wicked. Every body knows better than to steal."

"Yes; but what's the reason that they're so poor, and can't be any better off, when there's so many men have got a great deal more than they need, and every thing on earth that they want?"

- Ellen looked perplexed. "I don't know, Harry, *why* it is."

"Well, if God can do every thing he chooses, why don't he make it different?" said Harry. "I don't see why he lets it be so."

"Take care, Harry," said Ellen, seriously; "*I* can't tell you why God allows such things; but every thing that he does is right, and it is not *our* place to judge him."

"Anyhow, I would like to know why it *is* so," said Harry. "I've often thought about it, and it seems to me that there ain't *any* reason why I didn't have a happy home always, like George and Charley, and a great many other people."

Ellen did not know what to say; she was completely puzzled. That there were a great many things going wrong in the world she believed as truly as Harry; *why* they were, and why God allowed them, she could not tell. She felt sure that there must be a reason, and that He could not do wrong; but she did not expect Harry to feel so, and she replied, after a moment's silence, "I mean to ask Mrs. Howard. I wish *you* knew her; I'm sure she would tell you all about it."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PUZZLE AGAIN.—A DRY CHAPTER.

"Who art thou, that repliest against God?"

"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."—COWPER.

A FEW days after the conversation noted in the last chapter Harry had to go with a message from Mrs.

Jones to one of the neighbors who lived at some distance. He was walking along, thinking of this very subject, when he noticed some one just before him, going in the same direction. "That's Mr. Mason," he said, after looking at him intently for a minute or two. "I believe I'll catch up with him, and ask him what *he* thinks." He hastened his steps and overtook his teacher, who shook hands with him, saying he was glad to have a companion for his walk. They talked about different matters for a little while, then about school and lessons. Mr. Mason said,

"I'm really very much pleased with your progress, Harry; you are far before some of those boys who have had much greater advantages than you have."

That seemed to be an opening for Harry's question; and, mustering up all his courage, he began:

"I want to ask you something, sir."

"Well, what is it? I shall be very glad to answer you, if I can."

"Why, I've been thinking, and I'd like to know why some people are much better off than others?"

"I think you mean, Harry, why have you been placed in such different circumstances from George Miller, or some of the other boys you know. Isn't that it?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, glad to see that Mr. Mason understood him.

"You have asked a question that has puzzled a good many wiser heads; but I can tell you what I *think* about it. For some good and wise purpose God has

seen fit to *order* it so. If you do your duty faithfully in your station in life, you will see at last that it is all right."

Harry was not satisfied; that was only a solemn way of *not* answering him, while it seemed as if it *were* answering. It was a reply, but no solution; it did not answer half his thoughts, and, besides, he wanted to know the reason *now*; he was not willing to wait.

"That isn't *all* I mean," he said. "I want to know why some people have every thing that they want, and some others are so poor that they can hardly get enough to keep them alive."

"It very often depends upon themselves," said Mr. Mason. "Those who are honest and industrious are usually better off than those who are not."

"But sometimes they haven't got any thing to do with it," Harry replied. "There are some people—some boys—who never had any chance to do any thing; they never had any home, nor any body to care about them, and nobody to teach them any thing. It ain't their fault they've got no friends."

"No, it is not their fault, it is their *misfortune*; but you will generally find that it is *somebody's* fault, if not theirs. Do you think if their parents had been respectable, honest, hard-working people, it would have been so?"

"No, sir; but *they* can't help that."

"No, Harry; and neither can any one else."

"But why does *God* let it be so? Can't *He* help it?" said Harry.

"Now I see what you mean," Mr. Mason replied. "He might, if he had not given us a will of our own; but he has so formed us that we are at liberty to do as we choose, to follow our own inclinations, and be just what we make ourselves; and if Mr. Jones should choose to be idle and intemperate, or even prodigally generous, and waste and endanger every thing that he has, would it be at all strange if his children should grow up in poverty, and, if very poor, in ignorance too?"

"No, sir," said Harry, beginning to see what Mr. Mason meant.

"Then, Harry, you perceive that such things are only natural, and, however hard at first sight, tend to make men good and careful; but there is another reason why all people are not situated alike. We are too apt to be entirely selfish beings as it is; but if each one of us were independent of the rest, it would be far worse. The difference in our situations now gives occasion for the exercise of kind and benevolent feelings, that would not come into use at all if no one ever needed our sympathy and assistance. And then God sees that we do not all need the same kind of discipline; one man is all the better for having been placed in the midst of trials and poverty; another is taught to love and serve him from gratitude for all the blessings that surround him.

"There is a great deal in this world of ours that it might puzzle any one to try to understand upon the supposition that this life is all that man will ever know,

and that God is indifferent to the *affections* of his creatures. It is easy to think that a kind of humanity would prompt him to feed and clothe them, but to so slight an extent is personal affection valued and cultivated in this world outside of a man's own family (and often even within it), that an effort is necessary to enable men to think that *God does love and VALUE the personal affection of all his creatures*. But when we reflect that man's present life is but the beginning of an eternal life (and a man who lives to be eighty-four years old dies while one of the planets of our little system is going round the sun only a single time), and that our deepest joys and griefs are founded in our emotional nature—in our affections, then many of the present seeming evils of life are evident blessings, designed not to cause us to forget this life, but to induce us to look upon it as on only part of our existence, and to bring into proper play our emotional natures. In the same light, many seeming blessings are mere meliorations of the misery of a soul severed from God. The seeming evils are like a voice from God to each man, enforcing many of the precepts of Scripture, and showing to men who have not the Scriptures what course to pursue in life, so that all are without excuse for sin. Our emotional natures long for joy, and for the affection of some worthy and noble person, just as our physical natures need food, clothing, and shelter. Denied all these things in the world, we turn elsewhere. We go to God himself. It is thus he calls us to himself. But the moment we turn to him, and

penitently and humbly trust in him, giving him our unreserved affections, that moment the voice ceases to *call*, and we are *led* thenceforth by the Spirit of God into certain, present, positive peace and comfort of soul, and often into physical relief and refinement; or, even in the worst view, we gain the *hope* and *assurance* of such relief.

“There is one thing we must bear in mind, if we desire to hold a theory about this subject satisfactorily to ourselves: it is, that deprivation of food, clothing, shelter, sight, hearing, speech, reason, intellectual culture, are not the *only* evils man is heir to. They *are* evils, and need to be pitied and remedied; but there is a greater. Man is not only an animal to be fed and housed, nor is he only an intellectual being; his emotional or spiritual nature is beyond all question the deepest and noblest portion of his being. Deadness of heart to proper affections is unquestionably the greatest evil of life. The richest, most powerful, most honored, most gifted man on earth may be at the same time the most miserable. Man’s *whole nature* must be in tune and in habitual use to afford him full satisfaction and joy, and not only his whole nature, but every faculty of each department of that nature. One part of his emotional constitution was given him to love God, and enjoy his love in return, and if that particular faculty of any man is not in habitual use, it will ache and cry out for exercise, just as an arm never used at all gets weary of idleness and aches, making its owner cry out for relief. No man can be truly and

fully happy who does not enjoy the personal affections of our heavenly Father.

"All misery is in one sense evil. The pain of extracting a tooth is an evil, but the operation is a blessing at the same time. In the same view, when any other physical suffering leads to a cure of its cause, that suffering must be deemed a blessing. This was, in all probability, its design. So far as God is concerned, *all* suffering is benevolent, but there are many cases in which it does not lead to cure. In such cases it is an evil, and not a blessing. The fault, however, is not with God, but in each one's own heart or will, that refuses to accept of pain as a kindness and profit from it. God has established laws that may produce misery as well as joy in their operation, but it is for us to say whether that misery shall be a good or an evil, a blessing or a curse.

"The cause of all suffering is a *wrong* done somewhere, by some person, at some particular time; that is, suffering is a violation of a law of nature, or, in other words, suffering results from a violation of the law of God. The wrong may be one arising from ignorance or inexperience; in that case, although it is not sin, still the suffering ensues just as though it were a *deliberate* and *known* violation of right. The object of the suffering seems to be in part to teach man the law, and in part to prompt, or, if necessary, to goad him to its observance. If used as designed, suffering is then an evident blessing, tending to bring a constancy of joy through the subsequent observance of

the law ; but, *not* so used, it is at once a punishment and an evil.

“ Whether we will or will not use it wisely of course depends upon ourselves, and hence whether suffering shall be an evil or a blessing depends upon ourselves. All real evil is, therefore, the effect of our own sin, and of nothing else.

“ When we suffer as a consequence solely of the misdeeds of any one else, whether parents, or friends, or enemies, that suffering is a misfortune, and not a penalty, so far as we are concerned. When we suffer as a consequence of our own misdeeds, that suffering is a penalty to us of our transgression of the law of God. Before either the misfortune or the penalty can become an evil to us, we must refuse to act, or purpose to act, as we see that we ought, and then it becomes the greatest of evils, for it estranges us from God himself, and robs us of the joy of his love. Suffering abused, or met with a sinful state of feeling, becomes an evil ; and it generally is abused. That same suffering, rightly met, and used as it was designed it should be, draws us nearer to God, and gives us a joy that more than repays us for the pain. But I fear I am wearying you, Harry.”

“ No, sir ; as long as I can understand you, I feel interested.”

“ It is because we do not heed God’s commandment,” continued Mr. Mason, “ or his invitation and entreaty to love him with the whole heart, and our neighbor as ourself, that there is so much real evil in

trouble and sorrow all around us. Don't you think it would be very different if each person loved every one else, and was as anxious to make them happy as he is to advance his own interests; and wouldn't there be less pain and sorrow?"

"Yes, sir, I think there would."

"Then I believe we have found out the true difficulty. But, Harry, before we part, let me give you one piece of advice: think less of the reason why you are situated just as you are than of the duties required of you in your relation in life. Every boy, no matter how he may be placed, can make himself an honored, respected, useful member of society if he chooses; and there is nothing to prevent your doing so. It is not your business to *quarrel* with God, however deep an interest you may feel in fathoming the question *why* he governs his universe as he does, but it is your first and highest concern to see that you are keeping his laws, remembering kindly the poor and needy, but especially the sinking, and rightly filling the place he has given you. Do that, and it will certainly be well with you; your happiness will be secure, and many others will be made happy and saved from sin. You will be helping God in that thing in which he feels the deepest interest."

They parted, and Harry acknowledged to himself that Mr. Mason had given him a very sensible piece of advice, as well as for the time answered his question. God now no longer appeared unkind. Even suffering seemed an institution of kindness; and after

that he thought less about the reason why things were ordered for him as they were, and more about his own duties arising from them; and he found it, as every one else does, much the best and happiest plan.

Before Ellen had an opportunity of talking to Mrs. Howard, he told her about Mr. Mason's conversation with him, and she was surprised that Harry enlightened *her* rather than she him. She felt her soul swell with joy to see him clear God, now *her* dear Friend, of the imputation of inhumanity. For the first time she looked up to Harry intellectually, and experienced a perfect thrill of joy that found vent in silent tears.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SUGAR AND LOVE MAKING.—A SHOCKING DISCOVERY.

"Let your communication be yea, yea, and nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil."—Matt.

WINTER was rapidly passing away, each day bringing its duties and its pleasures, sometimes its cares and vexations to Harry, who now and then got into that unhappy state of mind when every little thing worried him, and made him uncomfortable and discontented. A visit to Ellen was generally the cure for such trouble; she was so invariably amiable and cheerful, as if life's little troubles did not reach her, that it was impossible not to feel the better for half an hour's pleasant conversation with her. And then she so truly sympathized with him in every way, that he had to

tell her all that interested him as well as all that troubled him; and any enjoyment became doubly delightful when she talked it over with him—any annoyance lost half its power when it was discussed with her, and she told him how it might be avoided, or else endured. Mr. Jones hardly knew how often he should have thanked Ellen when some piece of work that Harry was told to do was done with an energy and promptness that surprised him, when it was remembered that the day before he had seemed careless and little inclined to do any thing well.

One night, about the beginning of February, there was a very sharp frost, followed by a bright sunny day that made every one think of the approach of spring; it was almost warm enough to leave the doors and windows open.

"This is splendid weather for making sugar," said Mr. Jones, as he came in to dinner; "the sap must be running finely to-day."

"Oh, father, do have the trees tapped," said Mary; "I do love the sugar-making."

"I love the sugar better than the making," said Charley; "don't you, Harry?"

"I don't believe Harry ever *saw* a sugar-making. Did you, Harry?" Mrs. Jones asked.

"No, he never did." That was to be a new treat; and, from the evident delight of the children at the prospect, he was sure it must be pleasant.

"Oh, you don't know what fine fun it is," said Charley.

"Is it as good as Christmas, Nannie?" said Harry to the little girl, who had grown very fond of him, and was nearly always near him when he was in the house.

"I don't know," said Nannie, gravely, as though it were a very serious question to decide.

"Oh yes, it's *better*," Charley replied, "because it lasts two or three days. Christmas goes before you can get hold of it."

"It seems to me *you* got hold of it very well," said Harry. "I know you had your hands full of candy and oranges for about a week."

"Come, boys," said Mr. Jones, "you can both help to get the troughs ready to catch the water in."

They went up stairs, and found the ones they had used the last year put away safely in the store-room.

"These won't be enough," he said. "Get two hatchets, Harry, and come out in the wood-shed. We can make a few more."

This work was very simple. They took pieces of wood about two feet long, and cut out hollow places on one side, to hold the sap as it ran from the trees; then the pieces of cane to be used as tubes for it to run through were brought out; and, calling every body to help carry the things, Mr. Jones shouldered an axe, told Harry to take another, and set out for "the sugar-camp." The sugar-camp, as they all called it, was nothing more than a place in the woods where there were a number of the sugar-maple-trees growing. Harry soon learned to distinguish them from the others by the bark being almost black. Some of them

bore various marks of the former sugar-makings, deep cuts a few feet from the ground, that had been made at other times. Mr. Jones showed him how to cut out a piece of the bark just in the right place, and going just to the right depth; then the piece of hollow cane was fixed in, the trough set under it to catch the sap when it should begin to run, and he went on to another tree. It was almost dark by the time they had gone round to all the trees, and in this state they were left till the next day, when the real business of making the sugar was to begin. Before breakfast the next morning Austen and Harry went out to finish the preparations; a sort of frame-work of wood was roughly made to hang the large boilers on, and the materials for the fires collected together. The troughs had as yet very little "sugar-water," as Austen called it, in them; but he told Harry, when the sun was fairly up and it began to get warm, it would run better.

The impatience of Charley and Nannie could scarcely wait for it; but Mr. Jones was one of those people who believe in doing every thing at the proper time, and, much to the disappointment of Charley, informed him that they would be all ready to go on by the time he and Harry returned from school.

"School, father!" he exclaimed, "I ain't a-going to school to-day."

"Yes you are," said Mr. Jones; "there's no use for you at home, and that's the best place for you."

"But I don't *want* to go. I want to stay at home and help."

"That makes no difference; you've got to go, so you may as well go quietly."

Harry felt somewhat as Charley did. He would have preferred staying at home, to see all that was to be done, but he said nothing, knowing that Mr. Jones was not to be talked out of any idea he once took into his head.

On the way to school Charley expressed his opinion very freely. "Father's just as mean as ever he *can* be; ain't he?"

"No," said Harry, "I don't think he is."

"Yes you do, only you're afraid to say so; *that's* all."

"I'd like to know who I'm afraid of."

Charley did not know, and walked away by himself, leaving Harry to his own thoughts. He began to wonder why it was that neither George Miller nor Charley seemed to be more contented and satisfied than he was. They were just as often angry and cross, and as apt to find fault with every body and every thing as he was—indeed, rather more so. George openly protested that he hated school, and couldn't bear to go to it; and Charley had been saying that his own father was "mean" because he would not let him do just as he chose. And then he concluded that perhaps he thought the more of all the comforts and blessings he had now because he had not been accustomed to them always, and might not that be one reason why he had been so situated, in order to make him appreciate the better the pleasant

home and kind friends he had found? This was another answer to his question, that Mr. Mason had not thought of the day he asked him about it; and in these thoughts Harry forgot the feeling of annoyance that he felt at first about going to school when the sugar-making was going on. Not so with Charley; he was as rude, and cross, and idle all day long as he could be, and was punished by having to stay in another hour to learn the lessons he had missed.

Dinner was over when Charley got home, which did not serve to put him in a better humor. Harry was all interest and eagerness, in the greatest hurry to get down to the sugar-camp. The sap, or sugar-water, had been collected and put into the boilers, where it was boiling rapidly; the principal piece of work now to be done was to keep up the fires, and to empty the troughs as they filled up, watching them to see that they did not run over. To Harry it seemed that the clear water that ran from the trees, having the faintest taste of sweetness, could never be boiled down into the dark, hard cakes of sugar that finally came from it.

"It doesn't *look* as if that would ever turn to sugar," he said to Austen.

"Neither it will, but sugar'll come *out* of it," was his reply.

"Well, it's all the same. Don't it take a long time to make it?"

"Yes; but I guess we'll have this boilerful of sirup finished to-night; it's getting pretty thick now." So

saying, he took a large iron spoon and lifted out some. It looked very much the color and consistence of molasses.

"Tell Mrs. Jones to come look at this," he said to Harry.

Harry obeyed. She came and pronounced judgment. It was done, and was taken off the fire to be carried to the house.

"What do you do with it all?" Harry asked.

"Use some of it ourselves, and send the rest to town; the folks there are glad to get it from here. They know it's first-rate sugar and molasses that comes from *this* farm," said Austen.

Harry agreed with that opinion when, at supper time, they had some of the molasses on the table; it tasted all the better because he had had something to do with the making of it.

The next day's work was very much the same. The water was boiled down to the proper thickness, and then taken to the house to be put away or made into sugar. That part of the work Harry was anxious to see, and it came in due time. The second afternoon, Mrs. Jones thought it would be better to begin to boil the sirup down. There was now much more work to be done. The fires were to be kept up at the house as well as the woods, and the sirup was to be carried there, and, in addition, the regular work of the house was to proceed. Then, too, Harry helped to get the moulds ready to pour the sirup into, and altogether they had a busy time. But it was very pleasant, and

Mary said Charley's temper seemed to have got sweetened too. At all events, he made himself quite useful.

A huge boiler was put on the fire in the kitchen, and into it the thick molasses brought from the woods (where Mr. Jones and Austen remained) was poured. Mrs. Jones stood over it, watching it very carefully to see that it should not be burned, now and then putting a little into a plate and leaving it to cool, to try if it was done. At length, when quite ready, it was poured out into the dishes and moulds that were standing ready for it. Harry was just as much interested and as proud of the success when the large cakes of sugar were turned out as Mrs. Jones herself could have been.

"Oh, mother!" said Mary, "we never thought of Ellen.

"What about her?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"Why, to ask her to come over; they don't make sugar at Mr. Foster's, and she never saw any made."

"I did not think of that; perhaps she *would* have liked to have seen it."

"I'm *sure* she would; but it's getting so late now."

"Yes," said her mother, "it's almost dark; but may be she can come to-morrow. We won't have got through, and then she can see it all."

The next day brought Ellen over to the farm, and she was greatly interested and pleased with the whole process.

"I'll give you one of those cakes to take home with you if you can *carry* it," Mr. Jones said.

She tried to lift it, but it was too heavy to carry far.

"I'm afraid I can't have it, if that's the condition," she said.

"Oh yes, you can, anyhow ; I only wanted to see if you *could* lift it. What do you *think* of the sugar-making, Ellen?"

"It seems to me fine fun," she replied ; "but I dare say there's a good deal of work to be done too. Isn't there, Harry?"

"Well, I don't know ; I like it," Harry replied.

"Harry isn't one of the lazy kind that can't bear a little work," said Mrs. Jones. "We've got on better this year than ever. I think he must have the credit."

He could not help feeling pleased at being thus spoken of, but especially to Ellen ; and, although she did not show it, her heart too bounded with joy. She looked round where he was standing, and they exchanged glances, feeling very happy.

In the course of the afternoon Harry was out in the woods at work, and Ellen, in passing along, happened to be near where he was, though at the time he was not aware of it. He was gathering up some little pieces of wood for one of the fires, and throwing them under the boiler. Accidentally he gave a push to one of the stakes on which the boiler was hanging, and the consequence was that the whole apparatus barely escaped falling down. He saved it by quickly seizing the stake and fixing it firmly in the ground again ; but in the momentary excitement Harry uttered an oath. The habit of swearing, which had been only too firmly

rooted in days gone by, had never been wholly given up. At first, when he came to the farm, there had been little to provoke it; but since he had mingled with other boys at school, who were accustomed to use such language upon all occasions, Harry had gone back to his old ways; and, though he was careful to avoid using any profane expression in the presence of any of Mr. Jones's family and Ellen, at other times he made no effort to conceal it. But on this occasion, just as the words escaped his lips, he looked up, and what was his shame when he saw Ellen standing before him, her eyes fixed upon him with a very sorrowful expression! He could not endure her quiet gaze, and he looked down again as he said, "Oh, Ellen, I didn't know you were there, or I couldn't have said that."

"My being here or not being here makes very little difference, Harry," she sadly replied. "It would be all the same if no one but God had heard you. If you loved God as you do me, you couldn't swear any where."

So speaking, she turned away, really to conceal her tears, but, as Harry supposed, in disgust; he felt greatly ashamed and pained to think that so pure a being as Ellen had heard him swear. He did not realize at that time that God is just as truly a *person* as Ellen, and far more pure and tender, yet her last remark suggested the thought dimly. He only wished that she had not heard him; he felt that *she*, not God, was offended. He could not bear this thought, and he de-

terminated to follow her, and settle the matter in some way or other. She was slowly walking by the fence, looking down upon the ground, evidently troubled. He was surprised, for he expected to see her haughty. He went up, and would have taken her hand, but that he felt himself unworthy to touch her.

"Ellen, are you angry? I'm *very* sorry I said it before you."

"Angry, Harry? no; pained, *deeply* pained—shocked to my very soul. It has broken my respect for you, and oh, Harry, what if it should undermine my affection? And yet how *can* I love a person I do not respect?" Tears trickled one after another down her cheeks as she looked him in the face, at the same time extending her hand and taking his.

Harry was moved. He never had been able to resist an appeal to his affections, and he too wept as he replied, "You can't, Ellen; you *can't*. I'll never swear again. I pledge myself. You saved me from drink; you shall save me from swearing. You've heard the last oath that shall ever come out of my mouth. Are you satisfied, Ellen?"

"No, Harry. I'm pleased with your resolution; I admire you for your generosity and manliness in making it for my sake; but *satisfied* I can not be until you have grown to love Jesus as your Savior from all sin. I may save you from some faults that you know I am free from myself, but from no others. It is different with Jesus. He has no faults. He never did sin at all. If you love him and trust in him on purpose to

be saved from all sin, he will be to you a perfect Savior. You know I am not perfect—”

“No I don’t, either,” Harry exclaimed, interrupting her. “I believe God never made a—”

“Hush! hush! Harry,” said Ellen, earnestly. “I know what you mean; but *you* don’t see my heart. **HE** does, and he sees yours too. I am not perfect, and you *do* know it, whatever your generous heart may prompt you to say; and for this very reason I can’t be *relied* on to save you even from those faults that I am free from. You say to yourself, ‘Well, she has her faults, and I have mine. If I stand her faults and love her, she’ll stand mine and love me;’ and that’s all you want. So, you see, your affection for me, and mine for you, can not save you from all sin; only Jesus can do that, and the best I can do is to show you how love for him will make him your perfect Savior. He longs to see you have these perfect feelings of love and trust in him; and if you *do*, Harry, if you grow to feel that Christ is your ‘elder brother,’ you’ll be my brother, and I’ll be your sister. I can love you then more dearly than ever I did.”

Ellen’s earnestness, and, still more, her affection for him, touched Harry’s inmost heart, and he exclaimed, “Oh! Ellen, if I only *can* be a Christian I *will* be. *Is* religion only love after all? If it is, Ellen, I *want* to be a religious man. I never knew what love was till I knew you, and if love to Jesus and love to God is the same feeling, why—but it ain’t, though; it can’t be. Religion is going to church, and not making a

noise on Sunday, and saying prayers, and singing hymns, and going to sleep in the pews—*that's* what religion is."

"No, Harry, religion *is* love; or, anyhow, *my* religion is, and Mrs. Howard's is, and my Savior's is, and the Bible's is. Wait a little, and you'll find, if you grow to love Jesus as you love me, that you'll love quiet Sundays, and church, and the Bible, and hymns, and even the very sound of the organ, though it squeaks, and the old bell in the steeple, even if it *is* cracked."

Harry felt like both crying and laughing. Ellen's earnestness and joy was contagious. He felt *sure* that she felt toward this Jesus she talked about exactly as he felt toward her, and he sympathetically rejoiced with her, although he did not share her feelings. He did, however, earnestly wish that he could, and so he told her. After talking for a few minutes longer, Harry remembered that he ought to go back to his post; but before he went he took Ellen's hand, and, bending his head, kissed it very seriously, almost *reverently*. She did not withdraw it, and he felt that they were now nearer to each other than they had ever been before.

They parted, and while Ellen went to a private room in the house, and poured out her heart in prayer for Harry, he began to reflect more coolly about his promise and profanity in general. He soliloquized at times audibly, but his soliloquy we will reserve for another chapter.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN ODD SOLILOQUY

"Swear not at all."

"I DON'T see what's the great harm of it," said Harry to himself, "only I don't like to do it before Ellen, or Mrs. Jones, or any body else that *don't* do it. . . . It's not like stealing, for that hurts somebody; it's not like telling a lie, for that *may* hurt somebody, and, anyhow, makes a fellow feel mean. . . . Why, I've seen first-rate fellows swear like troopers—right nice-looking men. . . . Yes, indeed, some of those folks that seem to be so decent, and respectable, and good, when they get among themselves they swear. Don't tell me—don't I know? They say 'hang it,' and 'by heavens,' and I *know* they feel just like me. I'd sooner hear a fellow let it all out and be done with it. Oh pshaw!

"But there I go. I was just going to say, Oh, Ellen, Ellen, it's in me, and how *can* I—how can I keep my promise? I will try, though, if I have to keep my mouth shut from now till I'm buried (except when I see *you*, Ellen, I *must* talk to you, you know).

"I always did hate to hear a *woman* swear; it doesn't seem *natural*; I'm down on that; but why oughtn't men to be as good and pure as girls? Why oughtn't I to be as near like an angel as Ellen is? *Me* an angel! Whew!

“Ah! there it goes again. *I TELL YOU*, a fellow can even *whistle* an oath; but it seemed so curious like for *me* to be an *angel*!

“But the book Ellen gave me—the Bible—says that Jesus told the men *he* talked to (and they were fishermen, and I guess *many* a night snoozed out, not in a *hay* barge, but in barges without any hay at all—yes, *that’s* so; yes), he told them that they ought to be ‘perfect, even as God is perfect.’ I guess if he’d see me he’d say, ‘Harry Lee, you *ought* to be just as good as Ellen.’ Now I wonder if he wouldn’t. I do believe he would.

“Well, I’m *in* for it. If I don’t stop swearing for *your* sake, Ellen, then it’s because I’m half made *up* of curses. There’s a good many come out; I wonder what’s kept the *stock* up. I’m afraid there’s something wrong down there—*very* wrong.

“Looks at mine, *too*, does he? Does God see the heart, really? I wonder what he *does* see down me. I’m afraid to think about it. Why, it’s horrid! it won’t do.

“Yes, she’s right. I *didn’t* hurt her; it was God and me.

“Well, now, I *couldn’t* hurt God. I didn’t hurt Ellen in one sense, but in another I did. I hurt her feelings. Ah! yes; but see what came of it, though. We love each other now better than ever we did before, and if I can—oh, I do *wonder* if I can—if I can, I’ll get to be her brother, as she says, and then—but never mind. I’ll try, by ——. There! I was almost caught again.

"Look out, old pot!" Harry had almost forgotten his work, but he thought of it just in time to prevent mischief. "Don't you boil over," he added; "I've given up swearing now, but I can manage you without; you needn't think I can't. I guess it's the fire that's too hot. Now an hour ago I'd ha' said 'the devil was in the pot.' Oh dear! I'd better not have said *that*. I thought that old oath was dead, and I was burying it, but it seems to be alive yet; it won't keep still.

"Wouldn't it be curious if I *should* get to be like Ellen and Mrs. Howard, and if that should make me love Jesus as it has made me love Ellen?"

Any one who deeply understood Harry's character might have felt sure that under all this seeming levity there was a deep current of feeling turning toward God. Fancy and mirth, throwing the surface into fantastic shapes, served to fix his attention on emotions that would otherwise have been indiscernible to him. His soliloquized philosophy might do for older and more disciplined minds; it needs but to be clad in different color. The final result of it was that he concluded once more "Ellen was right." Sometimes he tried to think she was making too much of it; but, try as he would, he could not help feeling that she was right in the main, and that he was wrong. When she was going home that evening she held out her hand, and said, more feelingly than ever before, "Good-by, Harry. Remember your promise; I'll pray for you."

"I will, Ellen, I will; and if I only dared to speak to God, I'd pray for *you*."

"*Do* something for me to-night, will you, Harry?"

"Yes, Ellen, *any* thing. What is it?"

"Find the place in your Bible marked on this piece of paper, will you?"

"Y-e-s," said he, hesitatingly; "and what then?"

"Why, read it slowly and thoughtfully."

They bade each other good-by, Ellen's parting words being, "Come and see me *soon*, Harry."

Harry put the paper in his pocket, and did not look at it again till he had gone to his own room for the night. Then he took it out and opened it. There was written on it, in Ellen's hand-writing, "Exodus, 20th chapter, 7th verse." He was so little accustomed to finding places in the Bible that it was some minutes before he could turn to it. Then he read: "*Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.*"

"Taking his name in vain," thought Harry; "that means swearing. Who is it says all this?"

He looked at the beginning of the chapter. The first words were, "*God spake all these words.*" He shut the book, and sat there for a long time thinking. "Yes, Ellen (bless her soul!) was right; but I've stopped now." And, so saying, he tried to feel easy, but it was useless. He *had* sworn, and stopping could not make him guiltless of past offenses; and "*the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name*

in vain." The words kept ringing in his ear. Poor Harry! he went to bed that night with a new feeling. He had *had* his joy, but now unhappiness had overtaken him. He was passing under a cloud, and how to find peace, and joy, and light again he did not know. But he re-resolved that from that time, not only on Ellen's account, but because it was offensive to God, he would abandon, or rather strangle, the habit of swearing in all forms, at all times, and in all places.

The next morning when he awoke those same words, "The Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain," were ringing in his ears. "I am guilty," thought he, "and God will hold me to account for it." Dwelling on his thoughts at length developed within Harry's bosom fear of God—a feeling almost of aversion to him.

He found that a simple resolution to stop swearing for Ellen's sake was sufficient to re-establish the feeling of union between himself and her, which had been severed by his profanity in her presence; and he supposed, when he added to his resolution that he would not do it because it was offensive to God, he would have found relief to his sense of guilt in the eyes of God; but, although that did afford him some relief—and a good deal too—yet it did not give him peace. Ellen had said God looks at the heart. He knew that his heart was not as it ought to be, and he knew that if God saw it as it was, it must be in displeasure, especially now that it was consciously averse to him. There was a difference, too, between Ellen and God.

She was *human*, but God was not. He made the world by simply speaking a word, so his Bible said. Would such a strangely powerful being forgive as a man does? He didn't forgive Adam, and Eve, and the serpent, and Cain, and the people who were drowned in the flood; and when he said, "I will not hold him guiltless who taketh my name in vain," was it natural to suppose that he *would* forgive? Harry could not have more than a feeble suspicion that he would. There did not seem to him sufficient reason to *hope* for it even, much less to *believe* he would.

Jesus, the friend of Ellen and Mrs. Howard, seemed far more attractive to him than God; but in his mind the trouble was not between himself and Jesus, but between himself and the great mysterious Being who spake those words. To him God and Christ were two distinct beings. He really *wanted* to be a Christian, but it was mainly that he might in feeling occupy a nearer relation to Ellen. A sense of God's displeasure was in his heart, and that cast a cloud and gloom over every thing—all that was bright in his present experiences was Ellen's affection. It would have been well for him, and gratifying to her, had he opened his heart to her at once, and told her all he felt; but he did not. In reply to her questions on that subject, he said he believed that God was displeased with swearing, and *because* he was, as well as upon her account, he (Harry) intended to stop entirely. Ellen was satisfied. She was too young in Christian experience to see ~~what~~ his feelings must be, and she hoped they

were peaceful. Thus it was that Harry carried with him an unhappy heart for months, and he could not understand how Ellen could be so happy in the love of One whom he instinctively shrank from.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ELLEN'S GARDENING.

"Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above,
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love."

LONGFELLOW.

AFTER the events recorded in the last chapter, the spring seemed to be really at hand, and the work to be done about the farm increased so rapidly that Harry was busier than ever. All was full of interest to him; the plowing and sowing, the constant watching of the weather, hoping for rain and sunshine in their proper season; and then each field that began to grow green with the springing grain was a new source of delight, and he never wearied of watching the growth day after day. Somehow, every thing about Mr. Jones's place seemed to be farther advanced than on the farms adjoining, and Harry was not a little proud of it, feeling that he had had some part in the work, and had earned a share of the reward. Then the garden needed a good deal of attention, and Mrs. Jones seemed to take possession of him for that purpose. He did most of

the labor there, leaving to Charley and Mary the lighter work of pulling up the weeds and watering the plants when they needed it.

Ellen, too, called upon him for his aid in her gardening operations, which, however, were very different from Mrs. Jones's. Mrs. Howard had given her some flower-seeds and roots, and she came over to the farm one evening to see if Harry could help her a little about planting them. He was at her service, of course, ready to do any thing for her, and to do it just then, if she wished it; so, as it was not yet dark, they set off together, Ellen telling Mrs. Jones that he would take supper at her aunt's.

"Really, Harry," she said to him on the way, "I think I give you a great deal of trouble."

"No you don't; I like to do things for you."

"I believe you do, or I certainly should not ask you. But you *always* say you're ready when I want you. Now, if just *once* you would tell me you couldn't do something for me, then I would never be afraid of asking you again."

"That's a funny notion," he said; "I should think you *might* be afraid, after that. But I don't see why you need be now."

"I am; because I think you'll do it anyhow, whether you want to or not."

"But I *always* want to. I'll tell when I don't."

"Very well; if you make that promise I'll be satisfied. Now come and see what I want you to do." So saying, she took him around to the side of the

house, where there was a level piece of ground covered with grass.

"There," she said, "I want a *bed* cut out just here—you know, the grass taken off, so that I can plant my flowers. That's the way it is at Mrs. Howard's, and it looks so pretty!"

"But how is it to be, Ellen?"

"I'll show you." She took up a stick and drew a circle in the grass, saying, "That's it; a round bed; you can *do* it, can't you?"

"Yes, I guess so. Give me a piece of string."

The string was brought. Harry tied a stick to each end, fixed one firmly in the ground, and drew the other round, marking out a nearly perfect circle.

"That's *my* way of making a circle," Ellen said. "How did *you* get hold of it?"

"Dreamed I saw it in your mind," he answered, jocosely, "and stole it. I don't know how else. Where can I find a spade, Ellen?"

"I'll get it for you." And off she tripped, soon returning with it in her hand. She looked on while he cut the grass up by the roots, and turned the earth, and made it ready and smooth for the seeds, now and then giving him trifling directions, apparently just for the pleasure of doing so. But it was quite as pleasant for him to be directed as it was for her to suggest, and every little idea was met precisely as it was offered. He did not think it more manly to say, "Oh, I know; you needn't tell me." Together they went to the house and brought out the precious papers of



GARDENING.

seed, and, as the strange little particles were buried from sight, both deemed it wonderful that from such dry and seemingly dead things the beauty and life of a flower-garden could possibly emerge. Harry told her they reminded him of that dead oath he had been burying; and then followed an account of his subsequent feelings that brought tears to Ellen's eyes.

"Just see here," she said, after a little, holding up one of the neat little papers of seed. "Isn't this done up beautifully? It's just like Mrs. Howard."

"It seems to me you think more of her than any body else in the world besides."

She looked up and said, "No, not quite; but except *one* only, I believe I do. I'm sure I ought to. She has done me more good than any body I ever saw—I might say than every body else put together."

"Who *is* that *one*, Ellen?"

"Now, Harry, you *know*, and that's enough." She went on with her work, telling Harry what kind of flowers she would have, and evidently expecting a great deal of pleasure from them.

"They don't have any flowers over at our house," he said.

"And they never had any *here* before," Ellen answered; "but I'm going to have a new order of things. I think every body ought to have them."

"Why?" said Harry. "Suppose they don't care about them?"

"But they *ought* to," she replied. "I think we ought to love every thing beautiful. There, Harry,

look up at the sky. I don't know what to *make* of any one who doesn't care for such a sight as these clouds. Isn't that gorgeous? Did you ever see such a sunset?"

It was indeed remarkable, and he admired it sufficiently to satisfy her that the elements of true appreciation of the beautiful were in him, though evidently little cultivated.

"I was just thinking the other day," she said, "how strange it is that people don't notice such things more. It don't seem right."

"I don't believe most people care any thing about the clouds," Harry replied, "except to see whether it's going to rain when they want it to."

"I know they don't; but I think it's ungrateful. Why *are* they so beautiful, if it is not to please us? Suppose, the other day, when I went to Mrs. Howard's, and she took me to see her winter flowers, I had shut my eyes and refused to look at them, or, looking at them, had gone on talking about preserves, and cakes, and bread, and new frocks or bonnets, what would she have thought?"

Harry gave a smile, and answered, "I don't know, I'm sure."

"Well, I *tell* you what I think. I believe God made those clouds up there look so beautiful, and the flowers to bloom in loveliness, for *us to enjoy*. He wants us to see and find joy in them; and if so, is it *right* for us to shut our eyes and look away?"

"I never thought of it in that way," said Harry.

"*I think of it; and it seems to me they are all the more lovely and beautiful since I have learned to love him who made them.*"

She stood silently gazing for some time, her bosom heaving; then turning to Harry, she said, almost solemnly, "Harry, if the sky above *us* is so—" But just then Mrs. Foster came to the door and spoiled her sentiment by calling them away from clouds to bread and butter.

"Come, there's uncle, and supper is ready," said Ellen, really vexed, but speaking in her usual manner. "I told Mrs. Jones we'd keep you." They went in; and she had a great deal to tell about her flower-bed, and how nicely Harry had fixed it for her.

"It's a good thing you've got Harry to depend on," said Mr. Foster. "I'm a mighty poor hand at such jobs."

Ellen thought in her heart she was glad of it; but she replied, "Never mind, uncle; when you see my flowers in bloom, I'm sure you'll think they're worth the trouble."

"I don't know. I guess there's a little more sense in plowing a corn-field than in fussing over them things."

"I don't despise the corn-field at all," Ellen said, pleasantly, "but I think I love the flowers best. They're good in their own place, all of them."

Mr. Foster now began to ask Harry about the condition of Mr. Jones's wheat and corn, and seemed very much interested in the conversation; and when they concluded, Ellen, a little proud of Harry's familiarity

with the subject, remarked, "Now, uncle, you see it's quite possible to know how the crops are coming on, and to dig up a bed for flowers too."

"Yes," said Mr. Foster, "just as it is to be fond of books, and know how to sew, and churn, and make bread."

Harry staid some time after supper, and had a long talk about school.

"I'll have to stop pretty soon," he said; "there's so much to do at home that I can't be spared much longer."

"Then you must come back to *me*," said Ellen. "I don't mean to say that I would presume to teach one of Mr. Mason's best scholars; but I can lend you any of my books, and you can teach yourself."

"Yes, I mean to do that," he said. "Mr. Mason told me the other day he was going to give me something to do in the evenings after I stopped school."

"I don't think all the boys would *like* that; would they, Harry?"

"No, indeed; George and Charley both hate books, and lessons, and every thing of the sort."

"I'm glad you don't. It's a comfort to meet somebody occasionally that has better sense about such things."

"You know I want to have a farm of my own one day," said Harry; "and Austen's always telling me that a farmer don't need to learn any thing from books; he'd much better go out of doors and study the sky and the fields."

"Well, I dare say he's partly right; you do have to

study them too; but you ought to learn from books; and then another thing: I'm sure I don't read just because I *ought* to; I *love* to do it."

"So do I," said Harry; "but he can't understand that."

Harry soon rose to leave, and as he was going Ellen whispered, "I'm going to give you the very first bouquet that I get from my garden."

"I'm afraid it 'll be a long time coming," said Harry, for he could not fully realize that there would be flowers there.

"Well, when it does, I'll certainly give it to you, Harry; that will be your reward for this evening's work. I can only thank you now."

He did not want any reward. Her society was enough. The hours spent with Ellen were always pleasant in themselves, and then any thing he could do for her was *joy* as well as work. Many a time afterward he thought of her words about enjoying all that was beautiful around him, and wondered why no one else seemed to feel the same way. Certainly she was different from any body that he knew, and it was very strange, he thought, that they did not all see it and try to be like her. There were her aunt and Mrs. Jones; they were both very kind and pleasant; but they were not like Ellen. There was something about her that made every one like to be with her. Her presence always added to any pleasure. She was so bright and cheerful, so thoughtful and obliging, that she had won the hearts of the whole family at the farm, not even

excepting Charley, who condescended to like very few people. At last Harry came to the conclusion that, if Ellen thought there was nobody in the world like Mrs. Howard, he was equally certain that there was nobody like Ellen. He didn't believe Mrs. Howard herself was *quite* as agreeable, nor that he would like her half as well.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A RAY OF LIGHT.

"God is Love."

It was just as Harry suspected about school. After a few days Mr. Jones told him that he could not be spared from the work in the fields, and that it would have to be given up for the present.

He was really quite sorry, but said nothing. Mr. Jones, however, saw that it was not very pleasant news, and was rather more surprised than ever.

"Well, Harry," he said, "I don't know what to make of you. I believe you do like to go to school, after all."

"Yes, sir, I do," he replied; "I always did."

"I'm sorry you've got to stop, then," said the farmer; "if I could get along without you I would."

"Oh no, it doesn't make any difference," said Harry. "I can do without going till winter comes again."

"To tell the truth," said Mr. Jones, "you've been so useful, that we're getting to feel we can't do without your help."

That remark was so complimentary as to go far toward reconciling him to staying away from school. Mr. Jones did not often praise any one for any thing they did; consequently, his commendation, when it was given, was prized more than that of any body else.

The next day Harry told Mr. Mason that it was his last day at school for that season. He was sorry to part with a scholar who had been so anxious to learn, and so diligent and persevering, and gave him some very useful hints about the proper use of any leisure hours he might have during the summer.

"I don't mean to give up my books," said Harry. "I can read in the evenings, after supper."

"Well, you will lose nothing if you do that; and next winter you will be back again, I hope."

"Yes, sir, I hope so."

As he left the school-house that day George ran after him. "Hold on, Harry. I want to know, have you gone crazy?"

"Not that I know of," said Harry. "Why?"

"Because you talk like you had, that's all. Who was ever sorry to stop school before?"

"I don't know who, but *I* am *now*."

"Well, I declare, I never saw any thing like you. I guess that's some notion Ellen Foster put in your head; she's so mighty fond of reading and studying, by all accounts."

"It's a pity you're not too," said Harry.

"Maybe it is; but I know one thing: I'll be glad enough when the day comes for me to stop."

There was a great deal to be done now at the farm, and, as the weather grew warmer, it was less pleasant to be out in the fields all day. Very often Harry felt tempted to leave his work and go aside into the shade somewhere to enjoy himself; and it *was* rather hard to be in a field where the sun was shining with such intense heat, and just near at hand to see the deep woods, where all was so cool and pleasant, yet not to be able to follow his own inclinations and go there. One day Ellen said to him, "Harry, I very often think of you in the middle of the day, when it's so hot out of doors. Don't you get very tired?"

"No, not exactly tired; but sometimes I feel like leaving the work to do itself while I go off where it's cool and shady."

"I think the work would hardly get done in that way; but I don't wonder that you feel so. I do myself, very often, when I'm at work in the house, and it must be worse to you."

"Well, what do you do then?" said Harry, anxious to know how she kept up her energy and activity.

"I'll tell you. The other day I was churning, and it was so warm, and I got so tired, that I felt very much inclined to go off and leave it to churn itself, as you say; so I stopped, and stood there for a few minutes, doing nothing. All of a sudden something came into my mind, a verse of the Bible, that I had read in the morning: '*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.*' It seemed, Harry, almost as if some one had whispered it in my ear. I went on after

that without thinking of being tired, and I have remembered it ever since. Perhaps it would do you good to think of it too."

But the words of the Bible did not find their way to his heart with the same power that they had over her, and it was just as hard to keep at his daily work as it had been before she repeated them to him. But he observed that, whenever he went to see Ellen, he returned home with a determination to be more diligent. Her presence seemed to inspire him with energy.

One evening she was staying at Mrs. Jones's, and it happened that they were left alone for a little while. Harry seemed to be tired of every thing, and altogether in an unhappy humor.

"Harry, I'm afraid you have never got over the old trouble you were telling me of so long ago," Ellen said, looking up from her sewing.

"What trouble?"

"Don't you remember?—having every thing to go wrong. You look as if things had hardly gone right to-day."

"*How* do I look so?"

"I can't tell exactly, but I *think* so. Am I right?"

"Yes," he replied, "I believe you are. I don't know what was the matter with every body to-day. The truth is, I feel very unhappy."

"I've seen it, Harry, for a long time, and I have prayed for you to be made happy; but now I feel it my duty to do more than simply pray. Is not the trouble in yourself?"

He did not answer. She waited a few minutes, and then said, "Harry, there is only one way to be truly happy. It is to have the heart right toward God as well as man. I wish you knew the right way of bearing the little troubles and vexations that come to you every day. Every one has to meet them, and I know it is not easy to endure them patiently."

"No, indeed, it isn't," he said; "and you are right—my heart is *not* right toward God. I'm afraid of him. I shrink from him. I can not love him. With such a load on my heart, it *is* not easy. If it were not for you, I feel I could not do any thing right."

"It is not only not easy, but *impossible*, Harry, until we find a Friend who can help us." Harry looked up inquiringly, and she added, "You know what I mean. I am afraid you never think of that Friend, who only can do it."

"No, Ellen, I *don't* know what you mean. I don't know any thing about those things," he replied.

"But, Harry, you *can* know. What do you think you and I have been created for?"

"I'm sure I don't know," he said, despondingly. "I have wished sometimes that I never had been created."

"That's not right," said Ellen; "God never *meant* that you should feel so. He wants us all to be happy."

"How can I be happy when things go wrong half the time, and he's displeased with me, after he made me what I am?"

"Things only go wrong, as you say, when our own hearts are wrong, Harry."

"But who made our hearts as they are?"

"He did. He made them so that we would be miserable or happy, as we choose. When we learn truly to *love* our heavenly Father as he loves us, these trials become pleasures, and, indeed, I don't think they come so often."

"But how can I love him when he is displeased with me?"

"By obtaining his forgiveness for the past."

"But how do I know he *will* forgive?"

"He says so. He has shown that to be his character when people become humbly penitent for sin; and, besides, he once became a man on purpose to *show* us what his feelings toward us are."

"You're not in *earnest*, Ellen?"

"As earnest and serious as ever I was in all my life. This is not a subject I *could* trifle about."

"Tell me about it, then."

"Jesus Christ was God—is God now."

"Ellen, who *told* you that?"

"The Bible."

"Where?"

"In many places; but go get yours, and I'll mark some of them." Harry went to his room, and soon produced his Bible. Ellen, tearing some paper into strips, put them in several places, and made pencil-marks. The first read as follows:

"And, after three days, Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them;

and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light. * * * Then answered Peter and said, Lord, it is good for us to be here. * * * While he yet spake, behold, a bright cloud overshadowed them; and behold, a voice out of the cloud, which said, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him."

The next read: "In my Father's house are many mansions. * * * I go to prepare a place for you. * * * Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know. Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest, and how can we know the way? Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life. No man cometh unto the Father but by me. * * * Philip saith unto him, Lord, show us the Father. * * * Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not *known* me, Philip? *He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.*"

The next place read, "*I and my Father are one.*"

The next was, "No man knoweth the Son but the Father; *neither knoweth any man the Father save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him.* Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, and ye shall find rest unto your souls; for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

The last one that Ellen marked was this: "The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son; *that all men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father.*"

Harry read them with feelings almost incomprehensible to those who have been reared in the belief of the divinity of Christ. These texts unquestionably establish the fact that Jesus is divine; but so great was the thought that Harry could not at once receive it. He needed time to reflect upon it, and he *took* time, settling into the conviction more and more deeply day by day that Jesus was indeed God, and if so, that God was a forgiving, tender Father, really desiring the highest happiness of all his creatures.

But it is one thing to see what we ought to do—to see the way to happiness—and another and a very different thing to do our duty—to walk in that way. And Harry long hesitated.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SCARLET FEVER.

“Joy and pain to all are given;
In the cup of human life,
Even as in the April heaven,
Smile and tears make constant strife.”

THE long summer passed slowly away, but at length the ripened corn and the falling leaves spoke of the approach of autumn. Those months had brought to Harry little but the daily work, the same routine that he had grown so well accustomed to. He had learned a great deal, to be sure, of a farmer's duties, and was decidedly more *knowing* in a good many respects than he had been a year before. He

was now regularly established in his place at the farm, needing no longer to be shown how to do his work, but going to it day after day with almost as much regularity and perseverance as Austen himself. And he had grown very much in the good graces of that important personage. Now that he had learned to bear with his queer ways of talking and acting, he never took offense at little things that had annoyed him very much at first, and he and Austen were firm friends.

Ellen's influence, too, had not been without effect upon him during the summer, when he had seen a good deal of her. The constant intercourse with one who was so ladylike and gentle as she was had taken away a good deal of Harry's rough, awkward manner, so that he was as polite and respectful to older persons, and as obliging to all with whom he associated, as any boy in the neighborhood. One evening in the latter part of September he had gone over to Mr. Foster's to take some message for Mrs. Jones. Ellen took him out to see a beautiful rose that she had in bloom, and which was the very pride of her heart.

"Isn't that lovely?" she said, pointing to a half-opened bud. "I'm going to take it to Mrs. Howard to-morrow, at Sunday-school."

He admired it very much, and then they returned to the house, where they all sat in the porch for a little while talking. It was scarcely dark, and Mr. Foster had been down in the barn. He was coming

across the yard now, and as he passed Ellen's flowers he stopped for a moment. She did not notice him until he came up to the place where she was sitting; then he said,

"Ellen, what do you call this?"

She looked up, and there, in her uncle's hand, was the treasured rose-bud, pulled off without a particle of stem. She started and colored, but, checking herself instantly, replied, "It's a rose-bud, uncle; I don't know the name."

"It's very pretty, and sweet too," he said, perfectly ignorant of the mischief he had done; and Ellen did not tell him.

Harry looked at her with a sort of wondering admiration at her self-control. Some minutes after, when her aunt and uncle had both gone off the porch, she said,

"Harry, don't say any thing about it. He's so kind that it would annoy him if he knew I cared about it. It *was* a pity, wasn't it?" she added, picking up the poor flower, that had been carelessly dropped on the floor, where some one had trodden on it.

"A pity, Ellen! I should think it was; and you took it as coolly as if you hadn't cared any thing about it."

"It would have done no good to get angry about it; and, besides, it would have been very unreasonable. Uncle did not know that I thought any more of that flower than of any other."

"Well, any body else would have been mad enough," said Harry.

"Too mad, you mean," said Ellen, laughing. "But it's gone now, and it don't do any good to talk about it."

The next morning, as they were going home from church, Mrs. Jones said, "Ellen, you don't look well. Are you sick?"

"My head aches very badly," she replied; "that is all. I'll get over it by to-morrow morning."

"You ought not to have walked so far if you're not well."

"Oh, I wouldn't miss coming to Sunday-school for any thing," she said. "You don't know how delightful it is."

They parted at the gate before Mr. Jones's house, and matters went on as usual, no one thinking of Ellen again till the next day at dinner-time, when Mr. Jones came in.

"I've got bad news to tell you," he said to his wife. "I saw Dr. Howard this morning, and he says a good many children in the neighborhood have got the scarlet fever."

"I'm very sorry to hear it," she said; "I have the greatest *dread* of that disease."

"Yes; but that ain't the worst of it. He says Ellen Foster's taking it. They sent for him over there this morning."

"You don't say so! and she was with Mary only yesterday. I wonder if there's any danger?"

"I don't know; but nobody from here must go over there; they might bring it to the children."

"I'm truly sorry to hear that Ellen is sick," said Mrs. Jones, after her first thought had been for her own children. "Did the doctor say how she was?"

"No, he didn't, and so I wouldn't ask him; he seemed to be in a hurry."

"Mother," said Mary, "didn't George Miller's little sister die of the scarlet fever?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Jones; "and a great many other people have died of it too."

"Is Ellen going to die?" asked Nannie.

"I am sure I don't know; I hope not," her mother replied.

"I hope she won't," said the little girl. "Harry, won't you be sorry if Ellen dies? *I* will."

Harry did not answer, but got up from the table.

"Have you done your dinner?" Mrs. Jones asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Why, you haven't eaten any thing at all. What's the matter?"

"Nothing; I'm not hungry."

He took up his hat and went out, and away down into a field at some distance from the house, where he had something to do; but he was not thinking of his work now; he sat down on the ground, and, leaning against the fence, buried his face in his hands.

"Ellen was sick—very sick," such were his thoughts; "perhaps she would die, and he would never see her again." He could not endure such an idea, and he got up, and, taking a spade that lay near him, began digging in the ground without knowing why, only that

he wanted to stop thinking. But it was useless; he could not do that; and he went back to his work with such a weight upon his heart as he had never felt before. The long, long hours of that weary afternoon dragged slowly by, and at last the sun went down. He looked so utterly forlorn when he went in to supper, that Mrs. Jones, with some anxiety, asked if he were sick.

"No, ma'am, I'm quite well," was his reply, and nothing more was said. Supper over, he took a book and opened it. He sat for half an hour looking at one page, but not reading; he was occupied with his own thoughts. Then he put it down and went to his room. He had not taken a light with him, and he threw himself into a chair by the window.

"Yes, Ellen would die. If he could only see her once more, only tell her what she had been to him, thank her for all her kindness—if that could be, it would be different; he could bear it then. But now, he might not even go once there to ask how she was; that little satisfaction was denied him.

"Suppose she did die—and he knew she would—what would he do? There would be nobody to care for any longer; no one to care for him; no one to talk with him about all his pleasures and his troubles; no one to advise him what to do in any difficulty. If he could keep her from dying—if he could save her life—he would do *any thing*, he did not care what. But a bitter feeling of his own utter helplessness came over him.

"Was there no one who could do any thing—no one who might save her—Dr. Howard? He knew he would try; but doctors could not always prevent a person from dying; perhaps he could not now." Then there came another thought. Might not God do it? Ellen loved him, trusted him, tried to serve and please him; and Harry felt that he alone could help, only his power could be of any avail. He thought of all this in a moment, and from his inmost soul he longed to pray, yet he did not dare to do it, lest his prayer should be an offense to God.

He realized his own helplessness, his need of God, and his own isolation from him; and as he sat there with his face buried in his hands, he was unspeakably wretched. He *would* not pray, and there were no words used to express his feelings, but there went up to heaven from his heart an unutterable longing for aid and comfort.

Austen came in with a light.

"Harry," he said, kindly, "I'm afraid you're sick."

"No, I'm not; there's nothing the matter with me."

"Well, take care of yourself. I wouldn't like to have you sick and dying next. There's scarlet fever around."

"There's no fear of my dying," he said; and just at that moment he felt as if it would make very little difference to him if he were to die; there was nothing worth living for.

"You'd better not talk that way," Austen said; "you don't know *how* much danger there may be of

your dying; and there's one thing certain, there ain't many of us that's *fit* to die."

"Ellen is," thought Harry, but he did not say it. He took up the Bible she had given him; every thing seemed to have some connection with her. He felt little inclined to read to-night; but he had promised her to read it every evening, and he could not break that promise now. He read, and retired, and soon forgot his troubles in sleep. But the next morning brought them all back, and, as he went out before breakfast, he felt as if he could not endure to spend that day as he had spent the afternoon before. He had a great mind to go over to Mr. Foster's anyhow, in spite of Mr. Jones; he *must* find out something about Ellen; but he hardly liked to do that; it might be dangerous—not to himself, he didn't care any thing about that; but he might bring the infection to the children, and then what would be said? So he nerved himself up to endure it as he best could. He was beginning to find out now something he had not fully known before, that he cared more for Ellen than for all the rest of the world put together, and that she was absolutely necessary to his happiness. If she were to die, nothing else was of any consequence to him; he did not care what became of him. So he thought that morning as he went in to breakfast. Mrs. Jones wanted him to go over to 'Squire Miller's for something for her, and he set off. Fortunately, George was not at home. He could not have endured his never-ending talkativeness then; and, much to his relief, no one said

any thing to him, except to ask if the family were all well.

"Yes," said Harry, feeling that it made very little difference whether they were or not. His errand accomplished, he was walking slowly home, when he saw a horse and buggy coming toward him. He knew that it was Dr. Howard's. He had seen him once or twice, and he almost made up his mind to stop him and ask for Ellen; and yet he did not like to do it. He was just going to let him pass, when the doctor stopped of his own accord.

"Don't you live at Mrs. Jones's?" he asked, pleasantly.

"Yes, sir," said Harry, wondering what was coming next.

"Well I wish you'd tell her—it'll save me the trouble of stopping there—that Ellen Foster sent her word not to let her little girl go over there as she had promised."

"Is Ellen very sick?" said Harry, determined not to let such a good opportunity slip.

"Oh no; she'll be well enough in a day or two. You won't forget the message; I promised to leave it."

"I'll remember it."

The doctor drove on, and Harry stood perfectly still, not knowing what to do. "*Ellen would be well in a day or two.*" He hardly believed that he had heard aright. Did Dr. Howard really say so? He could not believe it. But it must be true, and it

should be. What a weight had been taken from his heart! The very sunlight was brighter—every thing looked different. He started off and almost ran home, told Mrs. Jones about the business she had sent him on, and then gave Ellen's message.

"She needn't have sent me *that* word," she said. "I wouldn't have let Mary go over for any thing. But did you think to ask the doctor how she is?"

"Yes, I did. She isn't sick much. He said she'd be well in two or three days."

"I hope so," said Mrs. Jones.

"Hope so, indeed!" said Harry to himself, as he went out. "I should think you *might*. What's the reason they all take it so quietly? I'm sure Ellen's always doing something for some of them, and yet they don't seem to think so much of her, after all." Once in the course of the day Harry thought, "I was very foolish to get into such a state yesterday;" but he could not laugh at his own fears, even now when they were passed away. It had been too serious a matter, and had made him too miserable at the time to be thought of lightly. He wondered what Ellen would think about it, and finally came to the conclusion that she would rather like the idea of being thought so much of. He was sure *he* would if he were in her place.

At any other time it would have been very provoking to have been kept away from Mr. Foster's for a whole week; but now Harry bore it patiently. He was so rejoiced that Ellen was not very ill that he

was willing to obey Mrs. Jones's injunction, and not go over there until they should hear that she was well. And yet he did want to see her very much, if only to be thoroughly convinced that she was not going to die. It was the next Sunday evening that Austen said, when he came in to supper,

"I've been over to Foster's to-day."

Mrs. Jones made some exclamation.

"Oh, there's no danger," he replied. "Ellen's 'most well. She's been going all about the house for two days."

"Did you *see* her?" said Harry.

"Of course I did. She told me to tell you to come over there to-morrow."

He needed no other invitation, and the next evening found him on his way there. She met him at the door.

"Well, Harry, I'm glad to see you again. I thought you had forgotten all about me."

"Why, Ellen! how *could* you?"

"Because you had to wait for an invitation to come and see me."

"I didn't know you were well again till Austen told me yesterday. I'm sure I was willing enough to come, but they're all so afraid of the scarlet fever at our house that they would hardly dare to speak your name while you were sick."

"Oh, I know; but they needn't have been; I wasn't very ill."

"You don't *know* how much I missed my visits to

you, Ellen," said Harry; "and the way they all talked made me fear you were going to die. I was wretched. I never knew till now how much I loved you."

"Did you *really* fear it? I'm sorry. It's very foolish in people to talk so. It never does any good to borrow trouble. Mrs. Howard's been over here almost every day," said Ellen, changing the subject. "You do not know how kind and good she is. She would come and stay for an hour or two, and help me through the day so nicely. It was very tiresome doing nothing all the time. I don't know what I would have done without her."

"I guess what you said just now about 'borrowing trouble' is one of her sayings, isn't it?" Harry asked.

"Let me see—yes, I believe it is. I was telling her one day about something that troubled me, and she said that very often we made ourselves more miserable about things that we were afraid of, and that never would happen, than about all the trials we have ever had. I know I have done so."

Harry remembered two instances where he had done the same thing, and thought Mrs. Howard's remark a very sensible one.

"She said," Ellen added, "that any real sorrow is enough to bear when it does come, without thinking and grieving over the possibility of its coming."

"But, Ellen, how can any body help it? Now I'll tell you, the other day, when Mr. Jones came in and said you had the scarlet fever, and they all began to

talk about people dying, I couldn't help thinking that maybe you would die too."

"Yes you might. Nobody said I was very sick, did they?"

"No; but they talked as if you *might* be."

"Well, don't you see, Harry, there was nothing to make you think any thing of the sort? and if you had waited till you had heard something more about it, you needn't have given yourself any uneasiness."

"It does very well to *talk* that way," said Harry, "but it is a different thing when you come to try it."

"I dare say it is, for it's always easier to preach than to practice."

She said nothing more; but he thought, more from her manner than her words, that she was not at all sorry to find that he had been anxious about her during her sickness. Ellen, like every one else, was glad to find that she was cared for, and that somebody was uneasy about her then, even though there had been no real occasion for it.

Another week passed away before she was able to go out again, but Harry saw a good deal of her during that time, finding some excellent reason for going over there almost every day. At last Ellen announced her determination to go out on Sunday if it should be a pleasant day, and, accordingly, she called for Mary at the usual hour.

"You don't say you're out again already!" said Mrs. Jones, when she went into the house. "Why,

we were all half frightened out of our senses about you."

"Were you?" said Ellen; "I'm sorry. I didn't know I was of so much consequence."

"Have you *really* got well? I don't believe you ought to come out so soon."

"Why certainly I ought. Come, Mary, make haste, or we'll be late."

"It's strange what a wonderful fancy Ellen has for going to Sunday-school," Mrs. Jones said, when they were gone. "I believe she'd go through any thing to get there."

"Well, there seems to be some use in her going," Mr. Jones replied. "Somehow or other she's different from what she was before."

"Yes, I think she is. She always was a good girl, but I think she is better still since she took so to that Mrs. Howard."

"I wish Mary was *like* her," Mr. Jones said. "It seems to me she has a wonderful way of keeping things smooth. She never gets put out about every thing, like most folks."

"I guess her aunt thinks it is a good thing she ever came there to live." And Mrs. Jones went away, and the conversation ended.

Harry thought it was a good thing for more than one person that Ellen had come there. What his life upon the farm might have been without her he did not stop to think, but he knew very well that her influence had done more to make him industrious and

faithful to his duties than every thing else put together, and, as far as his own happiness was concerned, Ellen had been every thing to him. He had found out that when he had thought she was going to die. Now, when the fear of losing her had passed away, did he not remember what he had done that night when he was so unhappy? Did he not think of Him whose aid he then longed to invoke? In the midst of his trouble and sorrow, feeling his helplessness, he had thought of God. Now, when happiness was his again, he forgot the Giver, and only rejoiced in the gift. He would have been shocked at the idea of forgetting to thank Mrs. Jones or Ellen for any thing they did for him, but there was no gratitude to God in his heart, and he never even thought that he ought to be thankful to him.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TROUBLE AT THE FARM.

“Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.”

LONGFELLOW.

A FEW days after this, little Nannie did not make her appearance at the breakfast-table, and her mother said she seemed to be quite sick.

“What’s the matter?” inquired the father, with some anxiety.

“She complains of her head and throat, and is quite feverish.”

"Why, it's scarlet fever, then."

"Scarlet fever!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones; "my Nannie got the scarlet fever!" and in an instant she was out of the room, her excitement spreading a sense of alarm that would not otherwise have been felt. She had not been out a minute before she returned, more calm, but still excited, and, speaking to Harry, she said, firmly, "Go call Dr. Howard at once. You understand, Harry, *immediately*."

It is needless to say what had given her such a terror of scarlet fever. Too many parents, throughout the length and breadth of the land, have seen their hearts' dearest idols laid by this destroyer in little grassy graves, before the world's all-pervading chill had touched the fresh, warm spirit of angelhood, new from the hand of God. To such, as to Mrs. Jones, scarlet fever and scourge are synonymous terms.

Harry, inspired with her feelings no less than with his own love for little Nannie, who had always seemed to him too pure for earth, and too sweet to be the sister of such a boy as Charley, mounted one of the horses and rode over. He had never been to Dr. Howard's before; and when he stopped before the house, and went into the little yard, so beautifully kept, every thing in such perfect order, a few flowers still in bloom, and a canary-bird singing in a cage that hung in the porch, he agreed with Ellen that it was all very sweet and pretty. He knocked at the door, and it was opened by a servant.

"Is Dr. Howard at home?"

"No, he has just gone out; he'll be back in an hour."

"Can't he be found before an hour?"

"No, sir, unless he *happens* to return. Will you leave a message for him?"

"Yes; I wish you'd tell him that Mrs. Jones wants him to come over to her house the moment he comes in—the *very moment*."

"You'd better write down the name," she said, handing him a slate. As he was writing, a lady came into the room. Harry looked up, and, recognizing Mrs. Howard, bowed almost gracefully, saying, "Good-morning."

She spoke to him pleasantly, inquiring, with earnestness, "Is there any one sick at Mr. Jones's?"

"Yes, ma'am, one of the children."

"Which?"

"Nannie, the youngest."

"Is she *very* sick?"

"I don't know, ma'am, but I'm afraid she is."

"Poor little thing! I feel very sorry. I believe your name is Harry Lee, isn't it? I have heard Ellen Foster speak of you, and, if I mistake not, I very rudely interrupted a conversation once which you were holding with Ellen."

"Yes, ma'am; but that don't matter. Ellen's been very happy ever since, and I'm glad you did."

"Ellen is a dear, good girl. Harry—pardon me for calling you by your first name, but you are *hardly* a man yet—Harry, no one but a pious, happy man ought ever to enjoy so much of Ellen's affections as I see you do. Are you a Christian?"

M

Harry blushed deeply, and felt embarrassed ; but he soon recovered, and replied, "No, ma'am, I fear not ; but I *want* to be."

"I'm glad to hear it. If you sincerely desire it, you *can* be before you are a week older ; but it would not be right for you to stop longer now, even to talk about *such* a subject ; you have your duties to attend to, and these should be your first care. We'll have another opportunity to speak more fully, if you desire it."

Mrs. Howard's manner was so kind and cheerful, and she evinced so much seeming familiarity with this subject, and spoke with such unaffected warmth, that Harry could not help saying, "I *would* like to talk with you again, Mrs. Howard. I feel very uneasy about myself, and often unhappy."

As he left Harry wondered at Mrs. Howard's loveliness, and he too felt that she was almost a human angel. Then again he asked himself what Ellen could have said about him. He had not gone far toward the horse when he was arrested by a hand on his shoulder. He turned, and it was Mrs. Howard. "I would be very much obliged to you if you could take a message to Ellen for me."

"Oh yes, ma'am," he replied, "I'll be glad to do it ;" and they returned to the house, where she sat down to write a note. As she did so, he had an opportunity to scrutinize her closely without seeming to. She was quite young, very pretty, and looked so good that he did not wonder Ellen loved her. When the note was finished, she said, "I think I must send her some of

•

my last flowers, or they'll all be gone." She went out, cut them, and gave them to him to take to her. He well knew how much she would prize them, and felt glad to be the bearer of such beautiful unspoken words of joy.

"I hope I haven't detained you too long," she said. "I am greatly obliged to you."

"No, ma'am, I'm sure you have not. But please hasten the doctor." So saying, he put the note in his pocket, and mounted the horse, carrying the flowers in his hand. On the way home, he stopped at Mr. Foster's to deliver them. Ellen came out to the door.

"Oh, how lovely!" she exclaimed. "*There*, Harry, *you* must have one for bringing them to me. And a note too! why, what's it about?" She opened and read it. "She wants me to go over there to-morrow, and stay a week. That's nice. I do *love* to go there, Harry. How are they all at home?"

"Nannie's sick. I went for the doctor."

"Is she *very* ill? I was just going to ask what took you to Dr. Howard's."

"I'm afraid she is. But I must go. Good-by, Ellen."

Upon arriving at the farm, he told Mrs. Jones about the doctor, and how he had left the message for him, and then went to his work. Dinner-time came, and with it more bad news. Mary, too, was missing; her symptoms were like Nannie's, but not so violent. The doctor had been there, and pronounced it scarlet fever. Mrs. Jones was in great anxiety, but maintained a perfect self-command. She was resolved to do her very

best. Had every person in the house been taken sick, her resolution would not have wavered, but only risen higher; still, she was willing to be assisted.

"I think you'd better get Ellen to come over and help you," Mr. Jones said to her. "You can't take care of those sick children and do every thing else."

"I wonder if she *could* come. I would like to have her. Harry, go over and see."

Without thinking of her intended visit to Mrs. Howard, he went and made the request.

"I was going"—she said, but stopped for a moment, and then added, "Yes, certainly, I'll go, if aunt will let me."

Mrs. Foster consented, only enjoining upon her to take care of herself, and not do too much.

"Tell Mrs. Jones I'll be over in a little while, Harry. You know Mrs. Howard wanted me," Ellen said.

"Oh, I forgot that. It's *too* bad; you'd rather go there."

"No I wouldn't. I thought so at first, but I'd rather go where I can be of most use. I can go to Mrs. Howard's and enjoy myself some other time."

She said this so cheerfully that no one would have suspected that it was a matter of any consequence, and yet Ellen was greatly disappointed; but she conquered the feeling for the sake of others, and no one knew any thing about it except Harry. He could not help knowing it, and his admiration and respect for her were greater than ever. When he went in at sup-

per-time he found her installed as housekeeper. Mrs. Jones was with the children up stairs, and she was attending to every thing, and keeping Charley away from the sick-room. To him the room seemed brightened up by her presence, though he did miss little Nannie, whose merry, childish prattle was one of his anticipated evening enjoyments. She used to come in the dusk, and sit on his lap, and say, "Tell me a story, Harry," and lean her little golden head upon his bosom as he did so, and often in the midst of it had she peacefully sunk to sleep. By no means offended, but rather pleased, he would then kiss her with the fancy that she was his own little sister, and it did him as much good as though it were true. Her confiding little spirit won his heart, as confidence always does, and she was his darling pet and plaything, so that it became a matter of observation in all the house. Now that she was sick he could not help missing her.

Mr. Jones was silent. He looked sad and anxious. He went up stairs and came down again, and then went up once more and down again. He tried to feel calm, but he could not; and, allowing a deep sigh to escape him, he said to Harry confidentially, "Harry, I'm afraid little Nannie is *very* sick."

Harry was silent. He felt a tingle of pain and fear creep throughout his whole system. Death might not be far off.

Ellen approached him, asking, in a low tone, when Mr. Jones had left, "How are the children?"

Harry was silent. He looked her in the face, and shook his head sadly.

"Is it so? Which—Nannie or Mary?"

"Nannie, I'm afraid of. Oh, Ellen, if I could only pray!"

Ellen did not reply; she *could* not; and, leaving him, she moved about on tiptoe till she had supper on the table. Even Charley was quiet. When all sat down she assumed a cheerful though serious air.

It was a sad meal. All was silence, broken only by the guarded contact of cups, and spoons, and knives, while the sound of footsteps in the sick-room above, told of the active service there. When supper was finished, Ellen prepared a cup of tea, some bread, and dried beef, set them on a waiter, and took it up to Mrs. Jones.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

"Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land."

LONGFELLOW.

NANNIE had become so ill that it was deemed best to put Mary, who was not very sick, in the adjoining room. Mrs. Jones seemed to feel that no one else

ought to do any thing for the sick child. All the medicine she administered with her own hand, and, sitting beside the bed, she never tired of waiting, and watching, and trying to anticipate her every little want.

Nannie's skin was burning hot, her head gave her much pain, her eyes were half closed, and she tossed her little hands from side to side upon the sheet that covered her, seemingly unable to feel at rest. Yet there were times when she was almost free from these feelings; when her eye brightened, she forgot her sufferings, and talked to her mother with very little wandering.

At the time Ellen entered with Mrs. Jones's supper Nannie was comparatively free from pain.

"Oh, there's Ellen! Come here, Ellen. Mother don't want me to get out of bed, but I want to see you," she said.

"Yes, Nannie, I'll be there in a moment," said Ellen, setting the waiter on the table, and then going to the bedside. Nannie held out her little hand, and seemed very joyful.

"Do you *want* any thing, Nannie?"

"No, only I'm so glad to see you. Why don't you *kiss* me, Ellen?"

Ellen felt rebuked, and hot tears fell upon Nannie's face as she stooped to kiss her.

"What are you crying for, Ellen? Does your *head* ache? *Mine* aches sometimes."

"No, little darling, I'm crying because I'm sorry you're sick."

"Don't cry *now*; wait till it *hurts* me. But my throat is sore the whole time. Won't you give me some orange?"

Mrs. Jones heard the request and quickly left her tea. In an instant she was at the bedside with the orange.

"*I'll* give it to her, Mrs. Jones."

"Oh no, *I'll* do it. Nannie likes it better from me—better than any body else; don't you, darling?"

"Yes, mother, except Ellen and Harry," she innocently replied, little conscious of the pang her words would prove to her mother's heart. Mrs. Jones kissed her little one and turned away to hide her tears, and Ellen then administered some ice.

"Where's Harry, Ellen?" asked Nannie.

"Down stairs, petty."

"What makes you call me 'petty?' You didn't *use* to call me petty. You used to call me Nannie."

"Well, *Nannie*, then, he's down stairs."

"Can't he come up? I want to see him."

"What do you want him for, Nannie?"

"I want him to tell me a story."

"Couldn't *I* tell you a story?"

"*Could* you? Can you tell me stories like Harry does?"

Just then Mr. Jones came in and stood by Ellen. Nannie smiled and held out her hand, which he took and held. Harry was standing at the door listening, but he did not enter.

"What does he tell you about?"

"Why, about the squirrels, and the birds, and about the boys in New York who've got nobody to love them."

"Let me try. Once there was a good kind man who used to love *every* body. He could do any thing he wanted to, and he was always very good. He used to go about to sick people and touch them, and they got well right away."

"Oh, *I* know about him. I *dreamed* about him. He touched *me*, and I got well."

"*Did* you, darling? It was a good while ago he lived, and after he died he came to life again. Wasn't that strange?"

"Yes; but he *couldn't*."

"Oh yes, he could. He wasn't *only* a man. He was God too, and God can do *any* thing."

"Well, what did he *die* for if he could do any thing? Why didn't he *stop* dying?"

"Because he died to show how he loved people."

"But couldn't he show people he loved them *without* dying?"

"Yes; and he *did*. But he wanted to show them in *every* way. Wasn't that kind?"

"Yes; but what else did he do?"

"One day he found a poor blind man, and he spit on the ground, and made a little clay, and rubbed it on the blind man's eyelids, and right away he got to see. Isn't that a nice little story?"

"Yes; tell me more."

"I'm afraid you're tired."

"No I ain't; tell me more about *him*."

"Well, once there was a poor woman, and she had no husband, but she had one son; only one, and no more. One day this son got sick and died."

"Do people always get sick before they die?"

Knowing, painful glances were exchanged at the bedside.

"No, not always; but they *often* do. He died, and his mother wept—that means cried—but while the people were taking his body away to bury it, this good man was passing along. His name was Jesus. He *saw* the woman crying, and he felt sorry."

"What did he do?"

"Why, he told the people to stop."

"*Did* they?"

"Yes; they stood still."

"What did he do then?"

"He went to the body. It was on a kind of bed, and he took the cloth off it."

"Wasn't it in a coffin?"

"No, darling; they had no coffins in that country."

"Why did he take the cloth off?"

"I'll *tell* you. He said to the dead body, 'Young man, arise!'"

"Well, *did* it get up?"

"Yes; and the mother stopped crying. Wasn't that kind?"

"Yes; but is it *real*?"

"Yes, entirely so."

"If *I* die, can Jesus bring *me* to life again?"

Not only were glances now exchanged, but tears were falling.

"Yes, Nannie, he's going to bring every body to life again; but those he loves *first*."

"Why, you said he loves *every* body."

"Yes; but I mean he's going to bring the dead people to life again first who loved *him*."

"What for?"

"To take them to heaven, where they'll always be happy."

"Do you think *I'm* going to die? *I'm* sick, you know."

Ellen could not repress her emotion, but sobbed out, as Mrs. Jones stood behind her, weeping, "We hope not, Nannie."

"What are you crying for, Ellen?"

"I'm sorry you're sick."

"*I* didn't cry when *you* was sick. I was sorry, though."

"Well, Nannie, I won't cry any more. Wouldn't you like to go to sleep now?"

"No; I want to hear more about Jesus. Tell me more. If he came to life again, where is he now?"

"In heaven. He's gone to make a home for the people who love him."

"How *do* people go to heaven, Ellen."

"The angels take them there."

"I must have been there last night, then. Somebody that looked just like you, only you could see through her like glass, told me to come to her, and I

did. Then I felt a wind, and I saw Jesus, and ever so many little children. Did he love children?"

"Yes, Nannie, he took little children in his arms and blessed them."

"What! like Harry used to take me?"

"Yes."

"If I love him, will he take me to heaven after I die?"

"Yes, Nannie; but we hope you won't die soon."

"Well, I love *Harry*; won't that do?"

"It's *right* to love Harry; but we ought to love *him* too."

"If I *saw* him I'd love him. I *did* love him when I saw him. But here the lady like you comes again—the glass lady. Is she your mother, Ellen? Let me *feel* you, Ellen."

Ellen took her other hand.

"She *wanders*," said Mrs. Jones, who had been weeping continually during her conversation. But Ellen did not reply. Her thoughts were on Nannie, who was pressing her hand, and on her own dear mother. Was she *really* seen by Nannie and not by others, or was it delirium?

"Shall I go with the angel-lady, Ellen?"

Ellen did not speak. The little girl stretched out her arms as if to some being, and joy irradiated her countenance. A shade of fright passed over her features, but soon her own sweet expression returned.

"Won't you take me and bless me?" she said, gently, waited a moment, as if listening to the reply, and

then went on: "It's Nannie Jones. *Do* you love me?"

Each looked at the other with a kind of suspicious awe, but not a word was spoken. Harry came in and stood by the bed, but Nannie did not see him.

"Will you bring me to life *first*?" she said, after a pause. "Will you bring me to heaven too?"

Another pause.

"Will I be happy always with these boys and girls?"

Again there was silence for a few minutes.

"Will you bring mother too? And father, and Harry, and Ellen, and Mary?"

She spoke in a lower voice, and seemed weary.

"Mother'll cry, and so will Harry and Ellen. Will the angel-lady—" A sudden convulsion seized her; her eyes rolled. Ellen ran down stairs for ice, and in the passage she met Dr. Howard.

"I'm afraid, doctor, she's very ill; we must not let Mary know *how* ill."

The doctor came up. The door leading to Mary's room was closed. He took Nannie's hand, and, looking at his watch for a moment, shook his head. Then, turning to Mrs. Jones, he asked two or three questions, received her answers in silence, and, leaning over the little girl, he raised her up, and placed her head higher on the pillow.

"Bring cloths, and ice, and water," the doctor at length said, with a peculiar imperious politeness.

They were brought, and Mrs. Jones, who *would* not be relieved or even aided by the doctor, much less by

others, kept bathing the poor child's head for half an hour. Nannie seemed relieved at length, closed her eyes, and fell into a peaceful sleep. Her mother, till now all energy and self-control, wept like a child, as did Ellen and Harry too. Mr. Jones compressed his lips firmly, and turned away to wipe his eyes.

Nannie slept but a short time, and awoke, seemingly refreshed. "Where's Harry?" she asked, as she opened her eyes.

"Here I am, Nannie."

"Kiss me, Harry; I'm going away, and you can't tell me stories any more. But he says he'll bring you too. *He's* a-going to tell me stories."

Harry kissed her and wept, but did not speak. He felt that he was almost in the presence of death. Could he feel as peaceful if *he* were about to die?

Again Nannie fell asleep, and all left the room except Mrs. Jones and Ellen.

The doctor, who was truly humane, made no concealment of his opinion. He thought she could not recover; the disease had affected the brain; but if she survived three days he would then begin to have hope. He gave some few directions, more for the mother's sake than with any expectation of benefiting the little sufferer, and went away.

The next morning all were anxious to hear about Nannie. She was still living, but she never awoke from her sleep, although she evidently afterward suffered much pain. At ten o'clock little Nannie's spirit was in Paradise with him who in olden time took little children in his arms and blessed them.

* * * * *

It is painful to dwell upon death, and as it is no object of this story simply to interest the reader, we will omit all account of the funeral. Suffice it to say that a new little mound was raised in the church-yard beneath a young willow, and that on that sacred spot many tears fell. It was so for months and even for years. A white marble slab now marks the place, bearing upon its face the words,

“OUR NANNIE.”

It is proper, however, to note the effects of this bereavement upon Harry; but that need not be distinct from the main narrative.

CHAPTER XXXI.

EFFECTS.

“God commendeth his love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.”

THE blow to Mrs. Jones was terrible. Months passed away before she could meet a friend with dry eyes, and when she came to wash and do up the little clothing, and put away Nannie's playthings—her last Christmas doll, her picture-book, her shoes and stockings, and, above all, the little bonnet in which that dear face had so often looked up smiling, and affectionately kissed her—her grief was unspeakable. She felt that she had buried more than half her heart, and Mary became thenceforth doubly endeared to her as an only

daughter, while Ellen and Harry were in affection *almost* her own children, particularly Ellen, whose "story" seemed to have been sent by God as a message of salvation to little Nannie. But then, if it had not been for Harry's evening stories, Ellen would not have told hers; and if it had not been for a kindly feeling of Mr. Jones toward the poor homeless boys of New York, Harry would not have been there. And where did that *feeling* come from? It was like every other good and perfect gift, from God. How little do we know, when we follow a holy instinct, *what* may be the final results? It would be interesting, but foreign to the purpose of this story to show how Nannie's death led to the saving of that whole family. Our Savior has given us the key to the process when he said, "For, where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Mrs. Jones did not lay up for herself treasures in heaven, but a kind heavenly Parent took back one of his own jewels, lent for a time to a few hearts on earth, that they might have their thoughts removed from the world of interest, honor, and pleasure, to that "better land" in which he dwells himself.

For some days Mrs. Jones did not feel able to work, and Ellen was an inmate of their house. Once, just after tea, she and Harry were left alone, or with Charley only. Harry got a book and sat down to read while she was clearing away the things. When she had finished she took her knitting and seated herself by the table. Charley, who shared the feeling of sadness that pervaded the house, came and knelt

down beside her, leaning his elbows on the side of her chair.

"Ellen," he said, "did you ever see any one die besides Nannie?"

"Yes, Charley."

"Who was it?"

"My own dear mother," she said, sadly.

"Where is she now?"

"In heaven, I hope."

"What sort of a place *is* heaven, Ellen?"

She laid down her work, and went for a book that was lying on the mantle-piece.

"I will read to you," she said, "the description that one of Christ's disciples wrote when he had seen a vision of it himself. This is what he says." She opened the book, and Harry closed his and listened too as she read.

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away, and there was no more sea. And I saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And the building of the wall of it was of jasper; and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl; and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And there shall be no

more curse; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it, and his servants shall serve him. And they shall see his face, and his name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever.'"

Ellen paused a moment, and then her voice was lower and more earnest as she went on:

"'Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may enter in through the gates unto the city.'"

Charley was quiet while she read. When she finished, he said, "That's where Nannie is, and your mother." All was silent again, and Charley soon went to bed. Harry and Ellen were alone, and she resumed her knitting.

Some of those words sounded very familiar. Where had he heard them? Then there came into his mind a verse of the "News-boys' Welcome," heard long ago in the lodging-house in New York. He repeated it over to himself in a low tone.

"Lo! behold those streets of gold,
And walls of jasper-stone;
Where walk the bless'd—no need of rest
In heaven, the Christian's home."

"What's that you're repeating, Harry?" Ellen asked.

"A part of the News-boys' Welcome, that I learned at the lodging-house."

"Can you repeat it all?"

"I don't think I can; but I remember *some* of it.
What you read just now put me in mind of it."

"Try, won't you?"

Harry did try, and, though he stumbled often and corrected himself, and perhaps did not, after all, recite it as it was taught him, still the following was his version of it:

Thus we greet friends who meet
The poor with hallowed song;
Your deeds are kind, and deep in mind
Will be remembered long.
Few roses bloom amid the gloom
That rests upon our way;
But those that do, thrive ever new,
Inspiring many a lay.

Chorus.

Welcome here, welcome near;
Your kindness moves our souls;
We seek to cheer *your* hearts while here,
And *echo* kindly tones.

Well you know the joys which glow
In bosoms warm with love;
And, knowing, seek to raise the weak
To taste those joys above.
The poor of earth seem little worth
To nobles, princes, kings;
But they might learn what you discern,
Each soul hath spirit wings,
And yet may soar forevermore
Where birth confers no state;
Where all are passed to nature's class,
Where good alone is great.

Lo! behold those streets of gold,
And walls of jasper-stone;
Where walk the bless'd—no need of rest
In heaven, the Christian's home.
Hear God declare that all who care
To cheer his humblest son,
May dwell with him, as seraphim,
When life on earth is done.
The Lord inspires in all desires
To rise and reign with him,
As priests and kings, o'er mighty things,
In new Jerusalem.
Friends, that home will be your own;
Your deeds are done to him
Who loves the poor, but more the pure
Who woo his poor from sin.

"Who was it wrote that, Harry?" Ellen asked when he finished.

"I've heard the boys say it was a poor man who was once a librarian in a great library in Ireland. He got to drinking and left home. He came to this country and staid at the news-boys' lodging-house for a little while. One night Mrs. Sigourney came there with some friends, and they sang some hymns to the boys, and played the melodeon. They were very kind to him too, and then he wrote that. I don't know if it's so or not, but that's what the boys say. But, Ellen, I feel very unhappy. Heaven is the *Christian's* home. I'm no Christian. It's *your* home, and Mrs. Howard's home, and little Nannie's, but it ain't mine. Nannie said that *he'd* bring me there too. I wonder who she meant. I've had a great many things that

all seem to drive or draw me to be a Christian, but that touched me *very* deeply, Ellen. Poor little Nannie, how happy you are; but here I am wretched."

"Harry," said Ellen, taking his hand in hers, "*don't* be wretched another hour. That heaven *was* meant for you as well as me. God *meant* that you should be a Christian. You can never be entirely happy and peaceful until you *are* one. You can't enjoy God now. You can't find joy in prayer. You can't—"

"Ellen, I'm *afraid* of God. I don't *dare* to pray to him. I can *say* my prayers, and I *do* after I get into bed. I say the prayer they have at the lodging-house; but *saying* prayers ain't praying. I'm afraid of God. He's displeased with me."

"What for?"

"Because I've done many things I know he wanted me *not* to do."

"Haven't you failed to do many things you know he *wanted* you to do?"

Harry reflected a moment, and his anguish increased as he replied, "Yes, Ellen, I have. You frighten me. Why, what must God think of me? Why didn't *I* die of the scarlet fever, and not little Nannie?"

"Have you *injured* God by not doing what he wanted you to?"

"No, Ellen, I know better than that. I *couldn't* injure him. *Nobody* can harm God, either by *doing* any thing or *not* doing any thing; but I've offended him. I've felt it ever since the day that I stopped

swearing, and stopping didn't make me feel easy. You know you told me to read the Bible at some place. It said the Lord will not hold him guiltless who takes his name in vain. I've done that ten thousand times. Why, I couldn't one time eat my supper—I used to call it *grub* then—without *swearing* it was good or bad; and so if it was hot, or cold, or pleasant, I swore every thing. Now what's a-going to be done about all that?"

"All that and many *worse* sins will be forgiven you, if you repent and trust in the Lord to forgive you. But, Harry, there's one thing you don't seem to feel: it's *you* that God is most displeased with, not your actions. Your actions and neglects *have* been displeasing to God, but, if they were all forgiven you—I mean, if God would say to you, 'I won't punish you for them,' *still* you would not feel peaceful and happy. You would still feel you *deserved* to be punished."

"Yes, I *do* feel that, and it's just *that* that makes me miserable. I know there's something wrong *in* me. I know *I'm* wrong. I feel wrong *naturally*, and I can't change myself. There's one thing puzzles me: it's *you*. I never find *joy* in doing any thing for any body but you or poor little Nannie. If I do any thing for Mr. Jones, it's because I know he'll praise it inside of himself, if not to me or others; but when I do any thing for you, I do it with a will; I do it with my whole heart; I'm full of *joy* in doing it."

"Why *is* this, Harry?"

"I don't know; I'm puzzled—"

"Why, it's as plain as noonday. You *love* me."

"I *know* I do, Ellen. It's the very joy of my life."

"Well, Harry, that's exactly the way I feel to God."

"Did you *always* feel so?"

"No, my feelings changed."

"When?"

"I don't know exactly when, but about the time Mrs. Howard broke in on us at *our* house. She made it plain to me."

"Made *what* plain?"

"That God *loves* us—you as well as me—even when we're sinning."

"It's impossible, Ellen."

"No, it *isn't* impossible; it's *so*; I *know* it's so."

"It *can't* be. I've grown to *believe* he could *forgive*, but not that he can *love* me as I love you."

"You have a sinfully low opinion of God, Harry."

"No I haven't. I think he's a holy being, and I'm not. He *can't* love me."

"Well, in one sense he can't. He can't look with any thing but abhorrence on sin, and, so long as any person *wants* to sin, he must abhor him too; but, Harry, all this is cured by the simplest conceivable process. It's a *mystery*; no one knows *how* it is done; but God does it himself at the same time he forgives a person."

"Does *what*?"

"Changes the heart."

"What do you *mean* by 'heart'?"

"Why, the *feelings*. God changes the *feelings* when he forgives."

"What must I do, then?"

"Be humble and repent. You must have such a sorrow for sin as makes you turn away from it—makes you dislike and loathe it."

"Well, then, I hate not only sin, but myself too. I feel I must be changed myself. I repent of sin, and I repent of myself *too*. I'm sorry for sin, and I do want to stop it altogether, and I'm sorry I was ever born if I couldn't be born all right."

"But, Harry, isn't it just as good to be *made* right after you *are* born, as to be *born* right? I'm glad I wasn't born all right. I wouldn't be half as happy if I hadn't been forgiven, and told to trust in Jesus Christ, not only to forgive me, but to *save* me from sin, and make me pure and holy like himself. Harry, I'm satisfied you don't, with all your heart, want to *be* forgiven; you don't *want* to be saved; you don't, above all things else, want to have a pure and holy heart. You want the advantages of being holy, but you don't want to be holy for its own sake."

Harry rose instantly to his feet, and exclaimed, in a passion, "Ellen, do you think I'd tell a lie?"

Ellen was not frightened, but replied, calmly, "I hope not, Harry. Do not misunderstand me. I did not say you have no *wish* to be forgiven—no wish to be saved from sin—no wish to have a holy heart. I believe you have. I believe every body has *some* such wish; but you don't wish that *more than all things else*. You wish something else *more*. If it were not so, you would do what you *know* would bring you

peace, and make you love God. People *always* do what they most *want* to do. What a person does is the only right way to judge of what he is and what he wants."

Harry, half ashamed, slowly resumed his seat. For the very first time since he had known her he had behaved rudely to Ellen. He had not *hurt* her, nor had he injured any one else, but he had done what he knew he ought not to have done, and, to his dismay, that sweet peace which hitherto he had experienced in Ellen's affections was disturbed. He was beginning to feel unhappy in her presence as he did in God's. He foresaw at a glance what this feeling would result in if indulged. The anticipation was too much for him. He laid his arms upon the table, and his face in his arms, and wept like a child.

"Harry," said Ellen.

He made no answer.

"Harry, can't I *do* any thing for you? *Don't* be distressed at your rudeness to me. It *was* rude, but I am ready to forgive you."

"Oh Ellen, Ellen, you are very kind. I don't *deserve* such love as this," he sobbed out, without raising his head. "I'm sorry, *very* sorry I spoke as I did. Can you forgive me?"

"I do forgive you from my inmost heart." Ellen spoke with such tenderness that he could not endure it; his shame for his conduct redoubled, and he burst afresh into tears. She did not speak for some time, but went and stood beside him. After a little she

laid her hand on his head, and gently stroked his hair. Suddenly a thought came into her mind. Was not this an illustration of the very subject in hand? It was. She checked her feelings.

"Harry, do you *feel* that I forgive you?" she said, gently.

"Yes, Ellen."

"Do you feel happy, then?"

"Yes, happy and humble too. It was *very* rude of me; but you are very good, and I love you humbly for it."

"Then look me in the face."

Harry sat up, and wiped away his tears.

"Do you love me as much now as *ever* you did, Harry?"

"More, Ellen—more than ever."

"Why?"

"Because you loved me, and wanted to forgive me, even when I had treated you roughly."

"Do you believe, Harry, that I am better than God?"

Harry was staggered; he did not expect this; but he saw at once the parallelism, and replied, "No, Ellen, I believe he is the best and holiest being there is."

"Then, Harry, if you love me, go to him, just as you did to me, and he'll forgive you."

"Will my feelings toward him change?"

"Don't you feel right toward me now?"

"Yes, indeed I do."

"So you will toward God."

"I'll *do* it, Ellen. How shall I?"

"In prayer. Just go by yourself and kneel down; then think of Jesus Christ as a kind friend—just as *real a person* as Mr. Jones.^f Feel he's God, besides, for he *is*. Feel that he is in the room with you, and tell him all about your feelings. Tell him you know you are bad, and that you have offended him, and that you have felt afraid of him. Tell him you come to him to ask his forgiveness, and to get your heart -changed, and that you want him to be your Savior from all sin. Tell him that you want to love him, and feel *his* love, and to live a holy life hereafter, and have a pure heart; and then feel that *he's* kinder than I am. Tell him, Harry, all you feel, and *in your own words*. If you do you'll feel an *assurance* of forgiveness, and love will begin, and that, Mrs. Howard says, is God's spirit making us *feel* we are his."

Harry listened eagerly. He already half felt all that Ellen predicted, and with a full heart he left the room and went to his own. There he did all, and more than Ellen had told him to, and he did realize, to the full, that sweet peace toward God which he had just before experienced toward Ellen after an estrangement. He was not aware how long he was absent, but when he returned, almost an hour later, his face beamed with joy, and his first words were,

"Oh, Ellen, it's so—it's so! I *do* love him, and I *feel* that he loves me. I can't *tell* you how happy I am. My load is gone. I don't fear God now; I *trust* him and love him. I lean on Christ. I *know* that my love for him will keep me from doing what he

don't want, and make me happy in doing what he *does* want, just as it is with you. And oh, Ellen, I do *love* you for making this all so plain to me. You *are* my sister now."

"Yes, Harry, I *am*, and I love *you* more than ever. Oh, I am so *very* glad. And now that heaven you were reading about you *feel* is for you too?"

"Yes, Ellen; I don't deserve it, but I'm willing now to receive it *without* deserving it. God will *let* me stay there, and love me too. It's all goodness and kindness on his part. It's a *gift*."

"Harry, I want to ask you a question. Suppose you should do something rude to me again, would you not feel sure I would forgive it again?"

"Yes, Ellen, I believe you love me dearly. I *know* I do you. I don't *intend* to say any thing rude again to you as long as I live."

"Harry, you didn't *intend* to say *that*, but it came out, though."

"Yes, but it won't *again*."

"But suppose it *does*?"

"Why, you'll forgive me, won't you?"

"Yes, if you are really sorry again."

"Won't you before?"

"Suppose you had walked out of the room just after saying what you did, ought I to have forgiven you *then*?"

"No, that would make forgiveness too cheap. It's a fact, I ought to be sorry first."

"But I ought to love you all the time. I ought to

be *willing* to forgive the moment you want me to; but how *can* I forgive till you want to be forgiven? I want you to promise me, Harry, that you'll believe in me that much; will you?"

"Yes, certainly I will."

"Well, then, that's the way you must feel to our dear Savior too. It would *grieve* him if you did not believe in him in the same way."

"Do you really think I'll ever offend him again?"

"Yes, Harry."

"Why, Ellen, how *can* you think so?"

"I do not believe that you could deliberately do so, but you will be *surprised* and *betrayed* into things offensive to him."

"But, Ellen, it would spoil my joy."

"Yes, it *will* MAR it, Harry; but if you believe in him as you do in me, it will not *destroy* your love; if you *don't*, it will. Harry, you must *keep* trusting him, and *keep* repenting, and watching, and praying. God is much more willing to forgive us, and love us, than we are to seek his love."

"Ellen, it seems to me as if I were a new person, and every thing is new now."

"Yes, Harry, I understand your feelings, and you will find great joy in reading our Savior's words; and the whole Bible, it will be evident, was intended to make people holy and happy. But it is growing late, and we must not stay here talking any longer."

"Ellen, I'm going to pray after this, and to-night I mean to pray for *you*. Won't you pray for *me*?"

"Certainly, Harry, I have long, *long* prayed for you, and this night I see and *know* that God hears the humble petitions of those who seek to love and serve him. We are now both Christians. We are adopted into God's family. We are brother and sister. Isn't it a happy thought?"

"Indeed it is."

There we will leave them to say good-night to each other just as they choose, free from the observation of any other eyes.

CHAPTER XXXII.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

"Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance."

NEVER were two people more joyous than Harry and Ellen, as they knelt down that night and allowed their feelings to flow out, sometimes in words and sometimes in emotions unutterable, to the Great Parent of all. Tears of joy chased each other down their cheeks. Their last thoughts and feelings were of God, and his strange goodness and wonderful love. Their slumbers were sweet, and morning found them refreshed and peaceful. Prayer was the first impulse of each, and thankfully their hearts ascended and met in God. Harry seated himself by the window, opened his Bible, and read, "A certain man had two sons.

And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all there arose a mighty famine in that land, and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country, and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him. And when he came to himself he said, How many hired servants of my father have bread enough, and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go unto my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet. And bring hither the fatted calf and kill it, and let us eat and be merry; for this, my son, was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found."

As Harry read this parable it seemed to him as if

it were meant for him. He was that foolish son. He had been estranged from God; he had returned to him. God had met him as a father, and they were reconciled and happy. Ellen was right again. These were Christ's own words, and, after all, his religion was love, and that only. His one desire now was to show gratitude by a loving obedience to that Father, and by following the example given in the life of Christ, and becoming like unto him. What a wonderful change had passed over every thing! His daily work was no longer to be done to please his employer merely, nor to show that *his* industry and faithfulness might be trusted. It had become a high and holy joy to do all for God as well as man. And the spirit in which he went to work was one that brightened every hour and every moment he was doing it, because he *loved* to obey and serve him. Many were the long conversations he had with Ellen during the time she staid at the farm. It was so delightful to find some one who understood all this, and felt just as he did; and together they talked of all that God had done for them, and the way in which they might show forth their gratitude and love to him.

"I'm so glad," she said to him one evening, "so thankful that you have learned to know and feel the happiness of being a child of God."

"I don't know that I can claim that name, Ellen," he replied.

"Yes you may. His Holy Spirit has taught you to call him your Father."

"But I am so far from being what his child should be," said Harry, sadly.

"I know it," she said; "but that does not alter the fact. We are both very, *very* far from being all that he would have us, and all that we can do is to make it the one effort of our lives to become more and more like him in all things."

"It seems to me," he said, "as if every thing I have been doing has been wrong. I mean so many things seem so now that never did before. All I used to do was selfish, except what I did for you."

"Yes, I understand all that. Before a person is changed in heart he is like a man living in a smoky atmosphere. He never sees things in their real color. But when the smoke is cleared up, he not only sees things all new, but finds out that he was always in a fog. I used to think I had a right to be angry when any one offended me; but now, Harry, I feel that Jesus disapproves of anger and unkind feelings, and so I try to overcome them. I'd rather suffer wrong than offend him."

"That is just my trouble now," he answered. "It is so hard to be patient, and not to be angry."

"I know it is, Harry; but then our Father wants us to, and isn't that enough? He knows it's hard, and so he helps us. There's a verse in the Bible that I think of sometimes. It makes it much easier to feel right. 'Be ye kind one to another; tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even *as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you.*' I think if we

thought of that we would not be so easily offended when any one does some little thing that we don't like."

"No, I am sure we wouldn't. *I* wouldn't, I mean. I don't believe it is as hard for you to do right."

"Yes it is, just as hard; but nothing is *too* hard to do for him, and I don't *want* to do only easy things. Harry, I'd die for him if it were necessary." And her eyes filled with tears.

"So would I, Ellen," Harry replied, in a deep, fervent tone.

"Can't we do *any thing* short of that, then?"

Ellen had been a week at the farm. Mary had been quite sick, but was now well; and Charley, too, had had a slight attack of fever, though he had not been kept in bed. But the death of little Nannie had made Mrs. Jones feel unable to work, and she still begged her to stay till she should be able to give her attention to her household duties. In a few days more she resumed her accustomed place, and Ellen was once again at liberty.

"I dare say your aunt will be glad to get you back again," Mrs. Jones said to her when she was getting ready to go. "You must tell her what a comfort you have been to me."

"I'll leave that for *you*, Mrs. Jones. It wouldn't do for me to say so; and, besides, you know best."

"Very well, I'll do it, then; and remember, Ellen, if you ever need a home, I'm your mother."

"You think too much of me, Mrs. Jones; but

where's Harry?" Ellen asked. "I want to see him a minute."

"He's out in the wood-shed, I believe. Charley, go call him."

"No, no, Charley, never mind. I'll go out there myself."

She went and found him chopping wood. He immediately laid down the axe. "Are you going, Ellen?"

"Yes; I've been here two weeks. I guess they're beginning to want me at home."

"Yes, I'm *sure* they are; but I'm sorry you're going. I wish we *always* lived together."

"So do I, Harry, for some reasons. We have spent some very happy hours together since I came over."

"Ellen, I wish I knew how to thank you; but thanks are dull things when any one loves you as I do. You've been a true friend to me. Nobody ever did me half as much good before."

"You know *you* don't like thanks, Harry, so say nothing more about that."

"But I must. I mean I would if I only knew how."

"I'll tell you how, Harry, come and see me *soon*," she said. "I'll miss you very much in the evenings."

"I'll be over soon enough; you needn't fear; but I forgot to tell you I'm going to school again in a week or two."

"Are you? I'm glad of that. You didn't begin so early last year, did you?"

"No, because Mr. Mason didn't come till winter."

"I'm very glad, for your sake; and *one* thing I know, Harry, you'll take more interest in it this year than you did last."

"Yes, Ellen, I know what you mean. Every thing is different now. You know how I used to talk to you sometimes. Well, now there *is* something worth working and trying for. There is *some one to please*—some one that I love besides you. Ellen, it seems to me that it changes every thing to think that God orders all. I now do my daily work to him, and *every* thing is now joyous, and I do it better."

"Indeed, it does change all things. That is what I tried to show you long ago," she said.

"Yes, but I couldn't see it then. I must have been kind of blind. I didn't know how it was."

"Good-by, Harry, I must go. Come *soon*."

Harry missed Ellen greatly. Her place could be filled by no one else, and the evening passed slowly away without her. Even Austen shared the feeling a little, for he said to Harry that night, "It seems to me there's something *missing* now that Ellen Foster's gone. Don't you think so, Harry?"

"Yes," said Harry, quietly. Though he felt proud of Ellen for gaining such a testimony from so strange and cynical a man, still he did not care to say any thing more.

There was just one thing that troubled him. It had happened that every evening since that first conversation with Ellen he had been alone in their room before

going to bed. Each night Austen had been late in coming in, and there had been nothing to prevent his doing just as he chose. Harry had taken advantage of that time to kneel down and pray before he went to rest. He felt that it was a duty as well as a privilege, and there were many things that he had to say to his best Friend that he could not keep within his own heart. But to-night he hardly knew what to do. Should he wait until he had gone to bed, and then pray without kneeling down? God would know just as well all that he thought and felt without kneeling. But was it *right* to do so? Did it not seem as if he were *ashamed* to pray? and surely such a thought as that must be wicked. Ashamed! there was nothing to be ashamed of in praying to God; he was much more ashamed of the time when he had never done it. He determined at length that he would not think of Austen, or let him interfere with his duty in any way. He opened his Bible as he was accustomed to do, and read a chapter; then he quietly knelt down to offer up his evening prayer. For a moment he *could* not forget that there was another person in the room, but after that the sense of being in God's presence overcame every other feeling. Not a word was said when he arose from his knees. Austen had been sitting perfectly still without moving, and he continued to sit there in the same position. Little did Harry know what his thoughts had been, how full of sorrow and of self-reproach. Long years had passed since he had prayed; yet the memory of a time when, as a little

child, he had been taught to kneel beside his mother morning and evening, and repeat with her the old familiar words, "Our Father, who art in heaven," came back to him, and he felt how far he had wandered from the way in which that mother had tried to lead him. He envied the boy who knelt there before him, who was neither afraid nor ashamed to show that he felt his dependence upon God. He would have given any thing for the same quiet, happy feeling with which Harry lay down to rest, at peace with his own conscience and at peace with God.

"This," thought he, "is the secret of several little things I've noticed lately in Harry; his having been so much more careful to do every thing thoroughly and well;" and he could not remember a week since he had come there which had passed so pleasantly as the last, without any outbreak of a passionate temper, or the use of one angry or profane word.

A long, deep sigh followed these thoughts, but Harry did not hear it; he had fallen asleep; and as Austen lay down upon his bed, he felt again that he would give any thing to be so free from care and from remorse as his young companion seemed to be. After that Harry never hesitated to kneel down to pray both morning and evening, without thinking of Austen's presence; and each time that he did it Austen felt it as a silent rebuke to him for living as he did without one thought of God. Many times, too, during the day, Harry used to *think* little prayers to God, and found deep peace in such unseen communion with the mighty Maker of the universe, his Father and his Friend.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE FIRST LETTER.

"A word in season, how good it is."

"It is just one year to-day since you came to the farm, Harry," said Mr. Jones, one morning. "What do you think about it now?"

"Think about it! Only that I can never be thankful enough that I came, and that I never can return all your kindness."

"My dear boy, don't talk about that; you've paid your way; I don't know how *I* can pay *you*. But I've got a letter for you."

"A letter! A letter for me!"

"Yes; a friend of yours in New York has written you one."

"A friend of mine! *I've* got no friends. Is it Frank?"

"Frank *who*? I don't know who 'Frank' is, but this is from Mr. Wilson."

"From Mr. Wilson! Well, it's just like him. I ought to have written to *him*, but I didn't. The fact is, when a person stays away a long time—"

Just here Ellen came up. She was on an errand to Mrs. Jones. "Good-morning, Mr. Jones. *Well*, Harry," she said, holding out her hand.

"How do you do, Ellen?" he replied, taking it, and holding it rather longer than was absolutely necessary.

"I think you might offer *me* your hand too, Ellen," said Mr. Jones.

"I'll do better than that," she replied; and the good-humored man stooped as she gave him a kiss.

"I guess Harry would like to have one too," said Mr. Jones, teasingly.

"Never you mind about Harry; you've got yours, and that's enough." Ellen felt provoked with herself for blushing, but she could not help it.

"Well, Ellen, you *couldn't* have a better fellow than Harry," continued the farmer, in the same vein.

"Mr. Jones, you ought to have more regard for your workmen's feelings than to talk so; and if you keep on, I won't kiss you again for a month."

"Well, that settles it."

"I hope I did not interrupt your conversation?" she said.

"No, it was of no account. Harry would stop in the middle of *any* sentence (except his prayers) for you."

"Now, Mr. Jones, I tell you— But what were you saying, Harry? if it is not a secret."

"No, it's no secret."

"And if it *was*, he'd tell *you*."

"I was only saying I ought to write to Mr. Wilson."

"To be *sure* you ought. Why didn't *I* think of that? If I wasn't a girl and a stranger, I would have done it myself."

"*That* needn't stop you. There are plenty of girls who do, and men and women too, and most of them are strangers; and he writes to them. That's the way

he gets stories for the boys. He'd be glad to hear from any body who cares for his boys."

"Then why didn't one of his boys himself write to him?"

"Because I never *did* write a letter, and I wouldn't know how; and, besides, when people don't see each other for a long time, they kind of *forget*, though they *like* each other too. It's so with me."

"Yes, it's so with *every* body, unless they *do* write; but what made you think of it now?"

"Why, Mr. Wilson has written to me."

"Is it a nice letter?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know! Why not?"

"I haven't *seen* it yet."

"Why, where *is* it?"

"I suppose in Mr. Jones's pocket, or maybe his hat."

This necessary reminder produced the letter. It was in a yellow envelope, and directed,

"HARRY LEE,

"Care Ebenezer Jones, Esq.,

"Wilton P. O.,

"Franklin Co.,

"Ohio."

On the right-hand corner, at the top, was a square red picture. It was a head of Washington. At the top was "U. S. postage," and at the bottom "three cents." Over a part of this picture, and on the yellow envelope, was a large black mark, containing the words "New York," and in the centre a date. Harry scru-

tinized it all. It was his "first letter." Who is there that does not remember *his*, and the joy that came with it. That same feeling was Harry's.

"Mr. Jones, how did you know it was from Mr. Wilson?" he asked.

"By the handwriting. I received one myself at the same time. But I haven't time to stop now." So saying, he went his way, and Harry and Ellen walked toward the house.

"Harry, we'll read this letter together over at *our* house to-night, won't we?" she doubtfully inquired.

"Yes, but now too; won't *you* read it to me?" He tore open the envelope. They sat down on a large stone beneath a tree, and Ellen read:

"124 Fulton Street, N. Y.

"MY DEAR HARRY,—How you are succeeding on the farm, and what the prospects are of your being a truly happy and useful man in life, have often been questions in my mind since you left here nearly (if not quite) a year ago. I have felt so much *about* you that it seems to me only natural to let you know of the interest I have, and so I write.

"To be truly happy, we must place ourselves in harmony with things as we find them in the world and in ourselves. No one can be perfectly happy who is hungry, or cold, or wounded—physical wants must be attended to; no one can be as happy as he may be who is not improving his mind. I do not now refer to the advantages of education, but only to the necessity there

is in us to be improving our minds if we would be happy; every body must be doing it, no matter how well educated or how ignorant. Our mental nature needs food as much as does our physical. We need also to have somebody to love, and who we feel loves us—of course, some *good* person. Our affections, as well as our minds and bodies, demand food. We need also to have some one to *reverence*, for our religious nature demands it. We have other faculties besides these, but if these are attended to we may be very happy. *I want you* to be, Harry.

“By this time you must have acquired new manners. Many of your street habits and phrases have been forgotten, and your methods of expressing yourself can not be very unlike those of the family you reside with. The neighbors will not know from your conversation that you have not been just as well reared as themselves, and it rests with you altogether to say whether you will be respected or not. There is one art only of making friends—it is *being friendly*; be *that*, Harry, and you will make friends. It is necessary for the full joy of every body to have somebody to love.

“Be diligent and faithful in your duties. Make yourself so useful to Mr. Jones that it would distress him to think of your leaving. Do nobody an injury, for you will find the world never forgets one insult (much less an injury), while ten thousand good deeds are buried in a moment. Injure no one; keep out of fights. It is more manly to manage so that you will

never have trouble, than to 'beat' a dozen boys at once; but if you *do* fight, Harry, never strike a weaker boy than yourself.

"Another thing, never swear. I don't caution you against stealing or drinking, for you *know* better; but I do caution you about swearing. Boys often think there is no great harm in that; but, if you have any confidence in my friendship for you, believe me wise when I say don't swear.

"This letter is growing too long. In conclusion, let me repeat, in a few words, get a knowledge of your business, so that you will be a man. Improve your mind, so that you will *feel* yourself a man. Cultivate your affections. Learn to love—above all, to love God, your heavenly Father. Be indomitably diligent. Control yourself. Don't fight. Don't swear. Try to foresee what you will be five years hence, and feel that you have at least one sincere friend in

"C. WILSON."

"Well, Harry," said Ellen, "that man is a true friend to you. Write to him if you want to feel right and make him happy. But now be off to work."

Harry obeyed, and, as he met Mr. Jones, he was greeted with, "Well, Harry, how do you like your letter?"

"First-rate, sir. It makes me better pleased to be here."

"I'm glad of that, Harry, for I don't know what I'd do without you, and I try to treat you well."

"Mr. Jones," said he, feelingly, "I never knew what it was to be happy until I came here. I have found *a home* with you."

"I am really very glad to hear you say so, Harry. I *wanted* to make you happy."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ONE YEAR AGO.

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits."

AFTER the conversation narrated in the last chapter, Harry and Mr. Jones returned to the house for dinner. That finished, Austen and Mr. Jones were standing together in the yard, and the former opened a conversation by remarking,

"Harry's been here a year, and it was a lucky day when we got him. He's a first-rate hand about work."

"*That's* so; he does his very best."

"He was always a good worker, and got along very well," said Mr. Jones, thoughtfully; "but, do you know, it seems to me he's been doing better lately than ever; the last few weeks he does every thing with such a spirit. Haven't you noticed it?"

"I can *tell* you something about that," said Austen.

"Well, what is it? I thought maybe Ellen had been *talking* it into him when she was over here. She has the same way about *her*."

"No, that ain't it altogether. It's something more

than Ellen Foster. *She* couldn't make him like he is now."

"I don't know. It seems to me she can make him do pretty much whatever she says. But come, out with it; what's the secret?"

Austen looked very serious as he answered, "Harry doesn't work for *you* any more, nor for himself neither; he's found a better master to please."

"What do you mean, Austen? Are you crazy? Don't work for me! what's the reason he don't, I'd like to know?"

"No, I ain't much more crazy than my betters; but ever since Nannie died all he seems to care about is to do as he thinks God would have him do. *That's* it. I see it all. Every morning and night he prays, and such long prayers I never heard of. He does it all to himself, but I never saw him get up from his knees sleepy, or any thing like it. I believe he must pray about the crops, and the cows, and every thing else, and it's very easy to see it all day long."

Mr. Jones looked down upon the ground for a few minutes in silence, and then said, "I never thought about that. I guess it's the truth."

Harry would have been truly happy if he could have heard that conversation, for it proved that his life was showing the power of his new affection for God. His love for Ellen had long been known. No one doubted it. Now that he had gained a similar feeling toward God through Jesus Christ, that, too, was becoming evident. He had made no public pro-

fession of either, but both were seen. No one *can* be long in doubt of the affection of any one for God, if it is genuine. When its existence would not be known except for the public profession of it, there is something wrong, and dangerously so.

"We ought to have got up something in honor of Harry's coming here," said Mr. Jones, at supper-time.

"I thought of it," said Mrs. Jones, "but—" She could not finish the sentence, and it was not needed. All thought of little Nannie and were silent.

Harry was glad to discover that he was so highly esteemed, but in Ellen's society he had enough to satisfy him without any other company. He was going over to spend the evening quietly with her, and this was to him much more of an enjoyment than any thing else could be. He remembered that it was the anniversary of something besides his first arrival at the farm, and he felt sure that *she* had thought of it too. Still, it was pleasant to know that they cared for him, and thought his coming among them an event worth celebrating.

As he walked over to Mrs. Foster's, how many thoughts crowded his mind! A year ago! Well he remembered the half-expectant, half-fearful feeling with which he had met Mr. Jones, not knowing what his life was to be, and feeling that a great deal depended upon him; then the arrival at the farm, and the pleasant welcome; the first entrance upon his new duties—all that had seemed so new and strange to him. The meeting with Ellen so unexpectedly;

the influence she had exerted over his character. That thought brought another of heartfelt gratitude to God for all his mercies, but, above all, for having revealed to him his love, and won his heart to himself. Oh, how could he best show forth his thankfulness? How should he make any return? His whole life—every energy, every power of mind and body—should be gladly offered to be used in his service.

Then his thoughts went back again. On that very day he had first met with Ellen, and had saved her from a sudden and horrible death. Who had so ordered it that he should have been standing by at the very moment of danger? Who had given him the presence of mind and the strength to act as he did? Who but God? There was his guiding hand again. Could either of them ever do enough to prove their grateful love for such a Friend? Such were his thoughts, and they filled his heart with happiness.

Ellen met him with even more than her usual cordial welcome.

"Harry, I'm *so* glad you have come. I *thought* you would not disappoint me to-night."

"Hadn't you better say I would not disappoint myself?"

"No, I keep to what I said at first. Will you *let* me remind you what happened a year ago?"

"You *needn't* remind me. I have been thinking of it myself."

"*I* have thought of nothing else all day. You feel now the truth of what I said to you a long time since,

how wonderfully God ordered every thing on that day."

"How wonderfully he orders every thing constantly—*every* day," he replied.

"Yes, I think we can both say so, especially as we think of the way in which he has called us to be his children."

"He sent Mrs. Howard to be your teacher, Ellen. He sent you to be mine."

"I hardly think that, I know so little myself. I rather think he taught you himself, Harry."

"Yes, I know he did, in one sense; but I should never have wanted to learn of him unless I had known you, and seen your joy, and heard you speak of him."

"The one most earnest longing of my heart was answered," she said, looking up into his face with a very happy expression. "The most fervent prayers I ever offered were heard when you became a Christian. You know what I mean," she added, the next moment; "you saved *my* life. How could I help wanting to lead you to *eternal* life?"

"Ellen, never speak again of being under any obligation to me. I owe you far more than I can ever repay," he said, earnestly.

Just then Mrs. Foster came in, and the conversation turned upon other matters. After a little while Ellen went out and returned with some cake and lemonade, which, she said, they were all bound to enjoy, as she had made them.

"Can't you give us something better than this?"

said her uncle, as she handed him a glass of lemonade.

"I don't *know* any thing better," she replied.

"I guess Harry will think this is poor hospitality," he said.

"No he won't. Don't you know Harry's a member of my temperance society?"

"No, I didn't know it. I thought that was one of your notions that you couldn't get any body else to follow."

"It's a pity she *can't*, then," said Harry. "I think it's a *notion* that might do a great many people good."

"Well, I don't know; for my part, I don't care for such new-fangled fancies."

Harry thought that, new or old, it was a fancy that nobody ought to despise; but he did not say so. He had often been glad that he had promised Ellen to keep the rule neither to touch nor taste any intoxicating drinks, and he was only more determined than ever that it should be kept. There were a great many things to be talked about that evening—the year that was past, with all the different events that had happened; and then the school was to begin on the next Monday, and Ellen was interested in that too; so that it was quite late when Harry left.

CHAPTER XXXV.

AN ACCIDENT.

“Charity seeketh not her own.”

WHEN Harry reached home he went directly to his own room, and, to his astonishment, he heard voices in conversation as he walked up to the door. Something must be the matter. He went in. Austen was lying on the bed with his eyes closed and as pale as death, while Mr. and Mrs. Jones were standing beside him.

“Oh, Harry, I’m so glad you’ve got back,” they both exclaimed; and then, in answer to his question, the farmer said, “Austen and I were down in the barn a little while ago, and he fell through the trap-door. I’m afraid his leg is broken. You must go over for Dr. Howard. It was all I could do to get him up here.”

Harry was off in an instant. It required but a few minutes to get one of the horses, and he rode over to the doctor’s as fast as possible. Still, it seemed to him an interminable time before they got back; every minute he was thinking of Austen’s sufferings, and how long it must appear to *him*.

It was only too true; his right leg was broken; but, fortunately, he was not hurt in any other way, with the exception of a few bruises. The broken bone was set and the limb bound up, and then, worn out with the pain, Austen fell asleep. Harry insisted upon being

left to watch him; the rest of the family retired, and the doctor left. He did not sleep very long, but woke with a burning fever, and was so restless, and evidently suffering so much, that Harry did not know what to do. However, he did the best he could, followed all the directions he gave, and exerted himself to the utmost to make him comfortable.

"It's the last time I'll ever go into any body's barn at night," Austen said, with a groan.

Harry wondered very much what he had been doing there at that time, but thought he had better not ask him. Pretty soon he volunteered the information.

"I meant to go into Columbus to-morrow, and I went after the harness, to mend something about it; and then I thought I'd go up there and throw down some fodder for the horses for the time I'm away."

"Well, how did you happen to fall?" asked Harry.

"I don't know. Mr. Jones came down there, and I was talking to him, and the first thing I knew I slipped, and then I found myself down below, with my leg all bent up under me; and here I am, won't be fit for work for six weeks, at the very least."

"Oh, never mind that," said Harry. "Does your leg pain you much?"

"I reckon you'll mind it when all my work comes down on you," said Austen, gruffly, and then he shut his eyes, and after a little fell asleep again.

Harry sat there thinking. No thought about himself had come into his mind until it had been put there; but he could not help it now. As to work, he cared

nothing for that; he was willing to do all that he could; but there was one trouble: would he be able to go to school? He had been expecting it so eagerly, and now it was only two days off, how could he give it up? It would be a sad disappointment. Then came the thought, here was an opportunity of being unselfish, of showing that he could give up his own pleasure cheerfully for the sake of another. God, who could read his inmost thoughts, could see whether his love had so changed his heart as to make him love his neighbor as himself. Perhaps he had let this accident happen just then to try him. Harry resolved that not one word or look should ever show that he thought it a trial to give up six weeks of school; he would not let Austen have one uncomfortable feeling about it, if he could help it; he would treat him as he himself would wish to be treated if he were sick and suffering; and asking God to enable him to keep the resolutions so nobly made, it seemed to him that the disappointment wore away; he felt perfectly willing to give up his own will and to do Austen's work.

With the first dawn of light Mr. Jones came in, and told Harry to go over to the house and take a nap. A bed had been fixed for him in a little room up stairs that opened off the store-room. He was very glad to lie down, and slept soundly for some time. When he went down stairs again he found that breakfast was over, and Ellen had come for Mary to go to Sunday-school. He had not thought till then what day it was.

"I'm so sorry to hear of poor Mr. Austen's accident," Ellen said. "How did it happen?"

Harry told her all that he knew about it, and then added, "I guess I'll have to stay with him to-day. I won't be at church."

"Well, you know how to make Sunday a day of happiness now, Harry, whether you can go to church or not," she said, in a low tone, that no one else might hear her. "You'll have a great deal to do now that Mr. Austen is laid up. I'm afraid I won't see much of you."

"Yes, I'll be pretty busy; but I'll find time to run over to your house some time; you know every thing has to be done before night."

"But, Harry, what about the going to school? How will you manage that?"

"Give it up, that's all, until Austen's well again. I thought it would be hard at first; but you know it's for God, and that makes it joy."

Ellen did not tell him how much she honored him for the perfect forgetfulness of self that could move him to give up so cheerfully the privilege of going to school, and he did not need the approval of any human friend; he felt that he was doing what was right in the eyes of God, and his conscience gave him all the reward he needed, the satisfaction of knowing that he was acting unselfishly. Perhaps Ellen understood that such was his feeling, and that may have been the reason that she rightly judged any words of hers to be unnecessary.

The greater part of that day Harry spent with Austen, waiting on him in the kindest manner, doing ev-

ery thing that he could for his comfort ; and, indeed, it was no easy matter to please him ; even Mrs. Jones remarked once, as she left the room, that he was as cross and disagreeable as if some one besides himself was to blame for the accident.

"This is a bad piece of work," said Mr. Jones to Harry, as they rose from the dinner-table. "There, Mr. Mason begins school again to-morrow, and I am sure I don't know what's to be done."

"I'll stay at home till Austen is well again," said Harry, pleasantly ; "that is the only way. I suppose I can help you with his work?"

"Yes, you can ; but then — why, I thought you would be sorry to stay at home."

"I would, if it could be helped ; but there's no help for it, so I must make the best of it. And, Mr. Jones, if I might ask you not to say any thing about it to Austen ; it would worry him to think he had interfered with any thing I wanted to do."

"I won't," said Mr. Jones, looking at Harry with a curious kind of expression, as if he did not know very well how to understand him.

"I'll tell you what it is," he said to his wife, when they were alone, "I hardly know what to *make* of that boy ; something's come over him of late ; he don't seem to care any thing about himself, and he's got over getting so mad about every little thing."

So the matter was settled, and he was to stay at home. Charley was exceedingly indignant when he was sent off to school the next day by himself, and de-

clared he believed Mr. Austen did it on purpose to plague Harry, because he knew he liked to go to school. "I'd *tell* him so too, if I were you," he added. "I'd let him *know* that I saw through it. I mean to tell Mr. Mason."

"Charley, you're foolish. Go *look* at poor Austen, and you'll feel sorry for him instead of thinking such absurd notions."

Charley was a little ashamed of himself when he went into Austen's room and saw how badly he looked. He kept his wonderful discovery of motives to himself, and even went so far as to say, what he really felt, that he was very sorry that the accident had happened, and asked, "Don't it hurt very much to break a bone?"

"Yes," said Austen, "it does hurt. You'd better take care of yourself, or you'll find out all about it."

"I think some other folks had better take care too," said Charley, as he walked out of the room; and then said to Harry, "Austen's got no room to talk to *me* about taking care now."

At noon, when Charley returned from school and met Harry, he said,

"Mr. Mason asked me where you were, and I told him Austen had half killed himself, and you had to do all his work and nurse him besides."

"He must have thought I had plenty to do, if that's the account you gave him," Harry said. "Austen isn't *quarter* killed, I hope, and I guess your

father can tell you who did the most of his work to-day."

Although it was true that Mr. Jones had done part of it, still things would have gone on badly at the farm without Harry's aid. He had been very busy all day, and was more thoroughly tired out when night came than he had ever been before; but he said nothing, and was happy in the consciousness that he had done his duty, and added to Austen's comfort by having done it cheerfully.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

TRIALS.

"The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, patience, temperance, faith."

"He who forgives without a farther strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie;
And 'tis a firmer conquest, truly said,
To win the heart than overthrow the head."

HARRY found it was no easy matter to get on peaceably with Austen now that he was laid up sick. Every thing annoyed him; nothing was done just as he wanted it, and it was hard to bear with his impatience and crossness, while all the time he was doing his work, and not only so, but was kept from school by the necessity of doing it. Still he looked upon it as something that had been sent to try the strength of his new principles, and during all those weeks he was so kind and attentive to Austen, and so patiently

endured all his disagreeable ways, that Mrs. Jones was perfectly amazed, and said to him one day, "Harry, if Austen was your brother, I don't believe you could be kinder to him."

Once, however, his power of endurance fairly gave way. He had gone to his room at night, feeling very tired, but before sitting down had asked if there was any thing he could do. Austen had gone to bed, and told him no, he didn't want any thing. So Harry sat down and opened a book to read—an enjoyment that he had been obliged to give up almost entirely of late.

Presently Austen said, "The room's very hot. I wish you'd open the door."

- He did it, and went back to his book; but in a few minutes another request was made.

"Shut that door now, Harry; there's a cold draft blowing right over me."

So the door was shut; but that did not suit him either.

"Can't you open one of those windows to let in a little air?"

For the third time he stopped reading and did as he was asked without saying any thing, though he was beginning to feel a little provoked at being interrupted so often.

"I can't go to sleep with that light shining right in my eyes," Austen said, crossly, when Harry had again become interested in his reading. Harry got up and moved his seat so that the light would not disturb him. But still he was not satisfied.

"You'd better go to bed, I think," was the next remark. "It seems to me you don't do nothing now but read, read, read all the time."

Harry could not stand that. He was angry now, and, getting up, he replied, "Austen, that's a— You *know* that ain't so. You've been trying your best to tease me ever since I came in. That's all the *thanks* I get."

There was no reply, and, saying to himself that Austen had no right to treat him so, Harry took up his book, but for some reason he could not get interested in it again. ●

Caution whispered to Conscience in Harry's ear, "Was he not almost too angry?"

Conscience returned, "Is not *any* anger too much?"

Harry twitched.

Pity suggested, "Poor Austen—broken leg—can't move—can't sleep for the rustling pages—cross Harry."

Honor whispered, "He ought to be ashamed of himself."

Harry twitched again and tried to read, but there were no thoughts in the words.

Combateness huskily spoke in Harry's defense, saying, "But he had no business to say he does nothing but read, when he's been doing Austen's work, and hardly ever gets time to open a book."

Harry felt very uncomfortable. "What," thought he, "would GOD say?" It would not do to excuse any thing wrong. However wrong Austen had been,

he was conscious that he too was at fault. He was very unhappy indeed. He thought how much better it would have been if he had put out the light and gone to bed at once. He would have saved himself all these painful feelings, besides being kind and forbearing to Austen. The words of a prayer passed through his mind, but his heart was out of holy tune, and he could not *really* pray at all. He went to bed noiselessly, but with the painful consciousness that Austen was offended, that he had done wrong, and that God was displeased.

The next morning when he arose, Harry offered to help Austen to move over to the other side of the bed, as he had done every day since the accident happened.

"I can help myself," said Austen, coldly; "it's too much *trouble* to do any thing for me."

Harry knew that he meant to remind him of the last night's occurrence, and felt very uncomfortable, while he stood there watching his vain attempts to do every thing for himself.

"You *can't* move by yourself without hurting your leg. Won't you let me help you?" Harry's *tones* expressed penitence. He felt it, and was partly relieved with the expression. He would have been, even if Austen had not submitted to be assisted by him, which he did with the air of one injured, and as if it were very disagreeable to him.

Once Harry would have cared nothing about it, and would have been perfectly willing that Austen should

be angry just as long as he pleased; now he felt differently; he wanted to be at peace with every one, and he was trying to think how he could do away with the unpleasant effects of what he had said the night before. He wanted to feel *fully* relieved. "Austen," he said, resolutely, "I was unkind to you last night, and wrong. I ask your pardon. You mustn't think I don't like to do any thing for you. I do."

This speech was not very graciously received, but he was glad he had made it; he had done his duty, at any rate; and now, if Austen was still displeased, he felt he was not wholly to blame. The real reason why Austen was so silent and seemingly out of temper was that he knew he had done Harry injustice, and, not having the honest courage to say so, he could not get over his own uncomfortable feelings; he was ashamed to receive any kindness or attention from one whom he had treated unkindly, and who seemed to have forgiven and forgotten it so completely; and not for two or three days did he come back to his usual manner, and appear willing to have Harry do any thing for him. But he could not always withstand the uniform kindness with which he was treated, and before a week had passed away he seemed to be entirely willing to be dependent upon him for every thing. But that which was most pleasing to Harry was that he now could pray again. How much of heartless prayer arises from unrepented sin, who can say?

The two months during which Austen was unable to attend to his work at last wore away, and one morn-

ing Mr. Jones said, "Well, Harry, I guess you can go to school now as soon as you choose."

"That 'll be to-day, sir," said Harry, looking very much pleased.

"Let it be so, then. I see nothing to hinder you."

Austen looked up with a troubled expression, but said nothing till he and Harry had gone out of doors, when he inquired, in a low tone, half incredulously, and half sadly, "Have you been staying from school all this time on my account?"

"Don't stop me now, Austen, I must be off to school." Harry spoke with assumed impatience, but modesty was blushing too deeply beneath it not to shine through so thin a veil. Austen almost read the truth, and he was not disposed to be put off in that way.

"I want to know, Harry, if you've had to stay at home to attend to my business? I never *dreamed* of it before."

"Well, don't dream about it now. It's all over, and I did it cheerfully." So saying, he hurried away.

Although Austen did not dream, he could not help *thinking* of it, and he felt heartily ashamed of his petulance, now that he knew what Harry had been doing for him. He admired him as more than a simply noble boy, and wondered at his patience, while he honored him more than he would have thought possible a month before. From that time he was entirely changed in all his intercourse with Harry, and there was never any difficulty between them again; even Charley no-

ticed it, and said, "I wouldn't ha' thought Mr. Austen could see any good in any body, but he does seem to think *Harry* deserves a pleasant word now and then."

"Maybe he'd think the same of you, if you were a little more like Harry," was his mother's reply.

What a change a year has wrought! A poor boy on a hay-barge, homeless, friendless, doomed to ruin in a city, now held up as a model to the children of virtuous parents! What a power has the simple religion of Jesus over the human heart! Who, looking upon such fruits, can have the hardihood to say it is not a good thing, and worth all it costs?

Harry was glad to get back to school again, and it was very delightful to be so kindly welcomed by Mr. Mason. He found that his absence had allowed him to fall behind all the other boys in his class, and that he would have to be very diligent for a little while in order to "catch up" with them; but he was now at liberty to be just as much interested in his lessons as he chose to be; no one at home ever thought he was giving too much time to his books. So much had been won by the loss of two months at school. Then, whenever he found any difficulty in preparing his lessons, Ellen was not far off, and could generally help him through it. Her society was of itself pleasure, and a temptation not to study; but Ellen, not only from a sense of duty, but a womanly instinct of wisdom, required study to be first disposed of, and then their social enjoyment was higher. Had she dispensed with study, as her feelings often inclined her to do, she

would not have been able to command Harry's highest respect, and without that his affection for her would have declined.

One Sunday morning Ellen was walking home with Harry from church, and the conversation turned upon the sermon. Its theme was the power exerted over others by a life of love.

"Harry," she said, "I would like to tell you what Mr. Austen said about you the other day. I know you would like to hear it, and I don't believe it would make you vain."

"I don't know about that; if it's any thing good, it *might*."

"No it won't. He was telling uncle how he had broken his leg, and all about it, and how kind and patient you had been to him while he was laid up."

"I didn't know he *thought* that," said Harry.

"Yes, indeed he does; how could he help it? Then he said that he never saw any body *changed* so much as you had been since you came here. I don't mean to tell you *all* he said, but that was part of it. He said he never stopped wondering what had made you so different from what you used to be. I tell you this because I think it will make you happy. You *ought* to know that others see in your daily life that you are trying to walk in the way of God's commandments; but it only ought to make you joyful and thankful, not vain."

"Yes," he replied; "but it sometimes seems to me as if nobody could see it, there is so much that I know

is wrong. If they only saw me as God sees me, or even as I see myself, they wouldn't think so well of me. Their praises pain me, and make me feel how far short I am of being what they imagine me."

"Well, isn't it a comfort to know you do succeed so far that it may be seen that you are *trying*, at any rate?"

"Yes, it is, Ellen. There's one thing I want to talk to you about. Doesn't it trouble you to think that all of these people never have a thought about God?"

"Indeed it does, more than I can tell you. If they only knew how happy it makes any one to feel His love in their hearts, and to live for Him, they would not be satisfied to live as they do now."

"I have thought of it so often lately," said Harry, "and feel as if I ought to *do* something, but don't know what."

"I was talking to Mrs. Howard about this very thing the other day," Ellen replied, "and she says if we show that our religion makes us happy, and loving, and gentle, other people will begin to wish they were like us. I know it was Mrs. Howard's loveliness that made *me* want to be a Christian, and I guess she's right."

"It must be very nice to have Mrs. Howard to talk to; she seems to tell you every thing you want to know."

"Yes, she does. Don't you remember the first day I went to her Sunday-school?"

"That day," he replied, thoughtfully, "was the beginning of true happiness to us both."

"I believe it was. Do you recollect what you said to me about Sunday being a tiresome day? I thought so too, then."

"Yes; but now it's the brightest and best day in the week, and over at the church I do feel so happy that I am always sad as I see the sun set."

After a moment's silence, Ellen said,

"Don't you ever feel sorry for Austen, Harry? *He* never goes to church. If he did maybe he'd be happier."

"Would you ask him if you were me? Do you think he *would* go, Ellen?"

"Yes, I think he might. Ask him, at any rate. You don't know how much good he might get by going."

So Harry did ask him when the next Sunday came, and, to his surprise, he consented to go at once. Nor was it only for that day that he did so. Every Sunday afterward he got ready and accompanied him without waiting for an invitation.

"There," said Ellen to him one day, "you see how easy it is to do good if you only try. Certainly Mr. Austen is keeping the Sabbath-day holy far more by going to church with you than if he staid at home all day doing nothing."

"And, do you know, I was half afraid to ask him," Harry replied. "I didn't know how he might like it, or, what he would say."

One of Harry's most severe trials was to be strictly conscientious at school. The boys had so many ways of trying to evade the rules, and escape from the recitation of their lessons, all of which he felt was wrong. Yet it was so nearly universal that he found it difficult to do just as he thought right. There was one day that they were all anxious to go off to a pond near by to skate, and they were very impatient to be dismissed.

Just before the time came for the whole school to write, some one called at the door to see Mr. Mason. After talking there for a little while he walked down to the gate with his visitor.

"Boys, here's a chance for us," said one of the older boys, jumping up from his seat; "we can cut off ten minutes from the writing-hour. I *hate* to write, anyhow. Let's doctor the clock. I'll help that hand along five minutes if somebody else will; *he* won't find it out."

There were plenty of offers to assist in the work of mischief.

"Now, boys, it's a bargain; nobody's to tell any tales," said the first speaker.

Harry felt that the whole plan was deceitful and wrong, yet he had a good deal of fellow-feeling with the trick. But conscience triumphed, and he spoke up,

"Boys, don't touch the clock," he said. "It's a mean thing."

"Shut up, there. What's it *your* business?" was the reply; and the deed was done, and all the boys

quietly seated at their desks again when Mr. Mason returned. Things went on as usual. He said nothing about the time, but set them all to work with their copy-books. They thought their plan had succeeded admirably. They, however, watched the clock with a strange interest, and, as Mr. Mason thought, with some excitement. He was surprised. Harry saw him look at the clock and then take out his watch. He seemed puzzled for a moment or two, but a pleased look passed over his features as he put it in his pocket again without saying any thing.

When the hand pointed to the hour he did not tell them to stop. Two or three of the boys looked up uneasily, and then went on with their writing. At last one of them spoke,

“Mr. Mason, the time’s up.”

“Not quite,” he said, very quietly, with half a smile, and took no farther notice till ten minutes had passed.

The ringleaders in the piece of mischief were now beginning to wish they had taken Harry’s advice. They did not know very well what to expect from their teacher’s quiet way of proceeding. He said nothing till the proper time came for dismissing the school. Then he told the boys to keep their seats for a little while.

“During my absence from the room to-day some one put the clock forward ten minutes. I wish to find out who it was.”

There was the most perfect stillness in the room—

not a movement. The boys did not even look at each other, and no one spoke. Mr. Mason waited for a moment, and then said,

"The boy who did it will rise in his place."

No one moved. Silence was unbroken.

"If the boy who is guilty will not confess it, I have another question to ask. But first, I will give him another opportunity of telling the truth at once."

Still no one rose. One or two of the little boys looked over to the seats where the operators were, but said nothing.

Then I must ask, "Is there no one in the room who knows how this was done?"

For one moment not a word was said; then Harry rose, and said, in a quiet, firm tone, "*I* do, sir."

Immediately several other voices repeated the same words.

"Take your seats," Mr. Mason said. "You spoke first, Harry Lee. What do you know about it?"

"I saw it done."

"Who did it?"

"I would rather not tell, sir," he answered.

After a moment's pause, Mr. Mason said, "I honor your feelings, and will not press you."

Then he took up the list of names and began to read it, requiring each boy to answer whether he had been the doer of the mischief. All denied except George Miller, who replied, "I helped, sir. I held the table steady, but I didn't touch the clock."

There was a general movement among the boys,

and then another one spoke up, "I did *part* of it too, but I did not do it all."

Again there was silence for a moment, and Mr. Mason said,

"You two and James Clark will stay; the rest of you are dismissed. Go out in order."

How had he discovered who did it? The boys were all amazed, and very curious to know how the secret had been found out.

"I believe Mr. Mason can see through the wall," one of them remarked. "He couldn't know who did it without that."

"Yes he could," said another. "He was looking right in the windows when Jim first got up out of his seat. Didn't he *know* he was after some mischief?"

"Yes," said a third; "and he looked like a thief too."

"Well, I wish they'd mind their own business, and let the clock alone the next time," grumbled one of the boys, forgetting that he himself had offered to help them to do it. "We'd have been out of here half an hour ago if it hadn't been for that."

"I *tell* you, you'll have to get up early to get ahead of Mr. Mason," said Charley Jones. "I guess nobody'll try it again in a hurry."

The next morning, before beginning their lessons, the boys were required to listen to a few remarks from their teacher on the sinfulness of acting a lie as well as of speaking one, of which some of them had been

guilty the day before. The two boys who had "doctored the clock," and refused to confess it, looked exceedingly uncomfortable. At recess, while they were all out of doors, James Clark gave vent to some of his passionate feelings.

"I'll tell you what," he said, fiercely, to Harry, "if it hadn't been for *you*, nothing would have been found out about it."

"So *I* think; but I simply told the truth," said Harry, calmly. "I said nothing about you. I was not going to deny that I knew all about it, neither was I going to tell. I'd a been turned out first."

"You *wanted* to tell, but you knew better," James replied. "You were *afraid* to tell."

"No, *sir*, not of *you*, surely," said Harry, in the same tone in which he had spoken at first. "I deem you a coward. I was afraid of neither you nor Mr. Mason. You *were* afraid of him, and proved it by denying what you had done; but I was not willing even to tell the truth for his favor. I *would* have been afraid to lie."

"Oh, yes," said James, smarting under Harry's cutting words, and assuming a scornful tone, "you're mighty good, but if I *am* a coward I can lick you."

"Well, suppose you *try* it. I'll not strike you first, but mind, I *tell* you, I'll take *care* of myself."

"Harry, why don't you knock him down?" said George Miller, excitedly.

"Because I don't want to. I don't hate him. I only pity him. He feels bad enough now. Besides,

I would disgrace myself, and what good would it do me?"

Clark was not really afraid of Harry, yet he was not wholly free from doubt as to his powers, and so, after a little noisy pretense, he turned away, while Harry went into the school-house for his books.

"I tell you what it is," said George to the other boys, "you needn't talk about Harry being *afraid* of any thing. I believe he can lick any boy in the school. He's a New York boy, and he knows how to fight."

Mr. Mason had met Harry at the door. He took him by the hand, saying, "Harry, I've been standing here by the window, and I honor you for refusing to fight when bantered. You are the only boy in the school, I am pretty sure, who has that much courage. There are plenty who are *afraid* to fight, but I feel sure you are not. It is courage with you." They parted, and each took his seat.

"Where's my arithmetic?" said James Clark, coming in to look up his books. "Somebody's always taking my things."

"I don't know, but I'll help you to find it," said Harry, cheerfully; and, getting up, he commenced the search.

"Here it is," said he, picking it up from under one of the desks and handing it to James. James took it sullenly, without even thanking him, and sat down to do his sums; but recess was almost over, and his sums not done. As usual, his slate was out of the

way too. He began dashing the things about, looking for it. At last Harry said, pleasantly, "You can have *my* slate, if you want it."

Clark looked up with some surprise, and then said, in a greatly subdued tone, "Don't you want it yourself?"

"No, you can take it. I don't need it again to-day."

He did take it, and, as he said "Thank you," felt almost choked with shame. Harry went out again and left him.

Recess ended, the boys came in, and, after a time, the school closed. As Harry was just going out of the gate, James came up.

"Harry," he said, "I'm sorry I said what I did to-day. You *have* got more pluck than me, but I think* I can *throw* you."

"Oh, never mind what you said; *that* don't make any difference. You were mad, and didn't think any thing about it. I guess we are very good friends now; but if you want to wrestle in sport, I'll give you a chance to throw me."

A ring was formed and the trial was made, resulting in Harry's victory, and followed by "three cheers for Harry Lee." When the noise had ceased, Harry called out, "Boys, Jim Clark has done better than I have to-day; he has conquered himself. He came to me and told me he thought I was right about the clock. I propose three cheers for Jim Clark."

Three hearty cheers burst forth, and hardly had they ceased when Harry continued, "Three cheers

for the clock." At this, a shout of mingled cheers and laughter went up, and when that noise quieted down, Harry proposed, "Three cheers for Mr. Ma-son." They, too, were given most vociferously, and with tumultuous tossing of hats; and next came, "Three cheers for dinner and long legs," at which all laughed heartily as they scampered off.

"I tell you what," said James to George Miller the next day, "you can't help liking Harry Lee, to save your life you couldn't."

"I don't *want* to help liking him," replied George.

"Well, *I* did yesterday, but somehow I couldn't do it. He's a first-rate fellow, that's a fact."

Harry had won another friend. James was one of his greatest admirers ever after, thinking that whatever he did must be not only brave, but exactly right—a much more enviable reputation than he would have gained by settling their difficulty by a fight.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LOOKING FORWARD.

"Men at some time are masters of their fates.

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE second winter of Harry's stay at the farm wore away, and the spring was at hand again. Those months had been full of quiet happiness; very different from the year before, when something had been

constantly occurring to make trouble between him and Austen, or Charley, or some one else. His position now in the household was more like that of an older son, and Mr. Jones often said that he could not part with him.

He had found another source of enjoyment too. One day after school Mr. Mason invited him to come and see him sometimes in the evening; so, about a week after, he paid his first visit to his teacher. It was followed by many others. Mr. Mason was so kind and agreeable, that, without being conscious of what he was doing, Harry gradually told him more about himself, and his thoughts and feelings, than he had ever disclosed to any one except Ellen, and he felt that he had found a friend who understood and sympathized with him. Very often afterward he spent an hour in the evening in pleasant and profitable conversation with Mr. Mason, and, finding that he was very fond of reading, and truly anxious to improve himself, his teacher lent him from his own library many a volume that was delightedly read at home and then talked over during another visit.

Harry had greatly improved since he came to the farm. In his intercourse with Ellen he now no longer felt that she was so far superior to him and so much better educated. He could enter into her feelings of interest and pleasure in those studies which she was prosecuting under the direction of Mrs. Howard, and feel that he could appreciate them almost as well as she did. Her society was even more enjoyable than

it had ever been before; and it had come to be a regular part of the day's proceedings three times in the week to spend the evening at Mr. Foster's, or, as he now felt it, "at Ellen's."

"Do you know, Ellen," he said to her one day, "I can scarcely believe I am the same person I was when I lived in New York. Every thing is so different—all that I think of and care about."

"I don't think you *are* the same," she replied; "indeed, I know you're not, in one sense."

"I never told any one but you how it happened exactly that I came here. I was almost sorry that day that I had said any thing about it."

"Why, Harry? Why shouldn't you have told me?"

"I don't know; but it seemed to me perhaps you had better not have known it."

"You didn't think it would alter my feelings toward you, did you?" said Ellen.

"I wasn't sure. I thought afterward that you might not want to have any thing to do with any one who had been so given up to every thing that is wicked. I thought you might be sorry that you had ever had any thing to say to me when you knew it all."

"Oh, Harry, how *could* you think such a thing? When I knew that it was forgiven, and forgotten, and blotted out forever, how could it make any difference to me? Besides, you had not offended *me*; I had no right to remember it when God had forgiven it."

"I don't think every body would feel so about it," he said.

"Well, they ought to. I was sorry to hear it for one reason, because I knew it must be a sad and bitter memory to you; but it could not make our friendship any the less true and lasting. I don't believe any thing ever will do that."

"I'm glad now that you know it, Ellen," he replied. "I have often been glad since, when I saw that it didn't make any change. It seemed to me more honest to let you know just who you were treating so kindly."

"Don't talk about kindness. I'm sure nothing I have ever done for you is worth remembering."

One afternoon Harry and Mr. Jones were working together in one of the fields. They had been talking pleasantly about different things, when at last Harry said, "I've been thinking a good deal of late about what I'm going to *do*."

"When?" asked the farmer. "I don't know what you mean."

"Why, I mean this—I reckon I won't live here *all* my life—what I'm going to *be* after a while myself."

"Well," said Mr. Jones, "what do you think about it?"

"One day," said Harry, "Charley will be old enough to take my place, and you won't need me any longer. I like farming, and I have been thinking I might some time have a farm of my own."

"Go on, Harry; I want to hear all that you're thinking."

"I wanted to ask you, Mr. Jones, if sometimes the

government don't give people land away out in the West, in the new states, if they'll go and settle on it?"

"No, not *give* it away. They let you *pre-empt* it. But sometimes *speculators* give it away, to make what they have left the more valuable, and there will be no trouble about that."

"It seems to me it would be a good chance for me to do something for myself. I might go out there when the time comes for me to leave you."

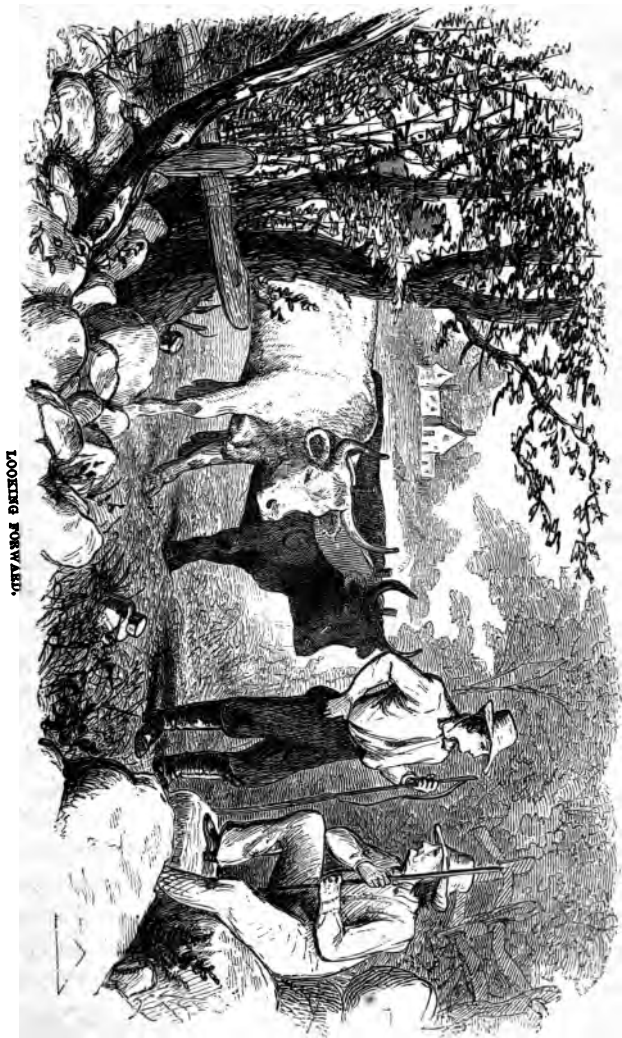
"Well, I *like* that," said the farmer. "I do like to see a boy have some ambition, and I'll help you to a hundred or two, if you do as well all the way through as you *have* done so far. I think it would suit you first-rate. But I'd better call you a *man*, after this; there ain't much of the boy about you any more."

"I feel deeply obliged for your promise," Harry replied. "I ask nothing, but what you choose to give I'll feel a favor, and I'll repay you by doing the same thing to some other poor boy. It seems to me I'd like to go out where it is all new and unsettled. I *think* I'd like it."

"Well, there'll be time enough to talk about it. We've got two or three years to work along together yet before we part."

"I'll be sorry ever to leave you, Mr. Jones, but, you know—"

"Oh yes," Mr. Jones said, "I understand; every body that's of any account wants to do something for himself. I wouldn't give much for you if you didn't."



LOOKING FORWARD.

"I thought you would understand," Harry replied. "You know I am very happy, and couldn't have a better home. But I can't live on you always, and you won't need me when Charley's older."

"I only wish Charley may ever be of half as much use as you are, Harry," was the farmer's answer.

Every thing went on the same as usual. Harry's plan for the future made no alteration in the present, and it was not spoken of to the rest of the family. He thought of it a great deal himself, and drew many a bright picture in his own mind of what his home should be, if every thing should turn out just as he wished. At last he spoke of it to Austen, and was rather surprised at the way in which it was received.

"*You* talking about going away from here, Harry? Why, what's that for?"

"Well, I couldn't expect to stay here all my life, you know."

"Why not?"

"Because I wouldn't want to, for one reason. I'd like to have something of my own; and then, besides, Mr. Jones won't want me when Charley is old enough to help about the work."

"Charley'll *never* be like you. The fact is, Harry, you're the first boy I ever knew that *was* of any account."

Harry laughed. "Thank you for your good opinion of me, Austen, but I guess there are a *few* others. *You* were a boy once."

"Well, if there are I never came across them, *that's* all."

"*We* didn't use to get along so well with each other at first," said Harry. "I dare say you often wished I had staid in New York."

"No I didn't, not even when we got into a fuss. But, really, I don't like to think about your going away."

"Well, it's a long time off. There's no *use* in thinking about it now."

"I guess I'll have to go off too, it'll be so lonesome here without you," said Austen, in a tone that showed he was not in sport, even if he did not mean precisely what he said.

Harry was a little surprised. He was not aware that Austen cared enough about any one to express himself so sadly.

"Oh, well, wait till the time comes," he said, cheerfully. But he could not help thinking of those words; and it certainly was a tribute to his constant good-nature and obliging disposition, for Austen was not easily won to like any one, and now he seemed to be really very fond of Harry. The next Sunday afternoon they were sitting quietly in their room, both of them reading, for, of late, Austen had followed Harry's example, and spent part of Sunday in that way. Presently he looked up.

"Harry, what ever made you take so to going to church and reading the Bible?"

"I began going to church because I got tired of

doing nothing, and Ellen Foster wanted me to go. And then, too, I promised to read the Bible every day, and soon I got to like them both."

Austen sighed. "I had a mother," he said, "that used to talk to me about all those things when I was a boy, but I didn't think much about them then. Maybe it would have been better for me if I had."

It was difficult to talk of such subjects to one so much older, and yet Harry felt as if he must say something; so he replied,

"I know one thing, Austen, it would have made you much happier."

"I reckon so," was the answer. "She used to tell me so then, but I didn't mind it. It's too late now."

"No it isn't," said Harry, earnestly. "It's never too late to change, and do right, and be changed, and get happy. I *know* it."

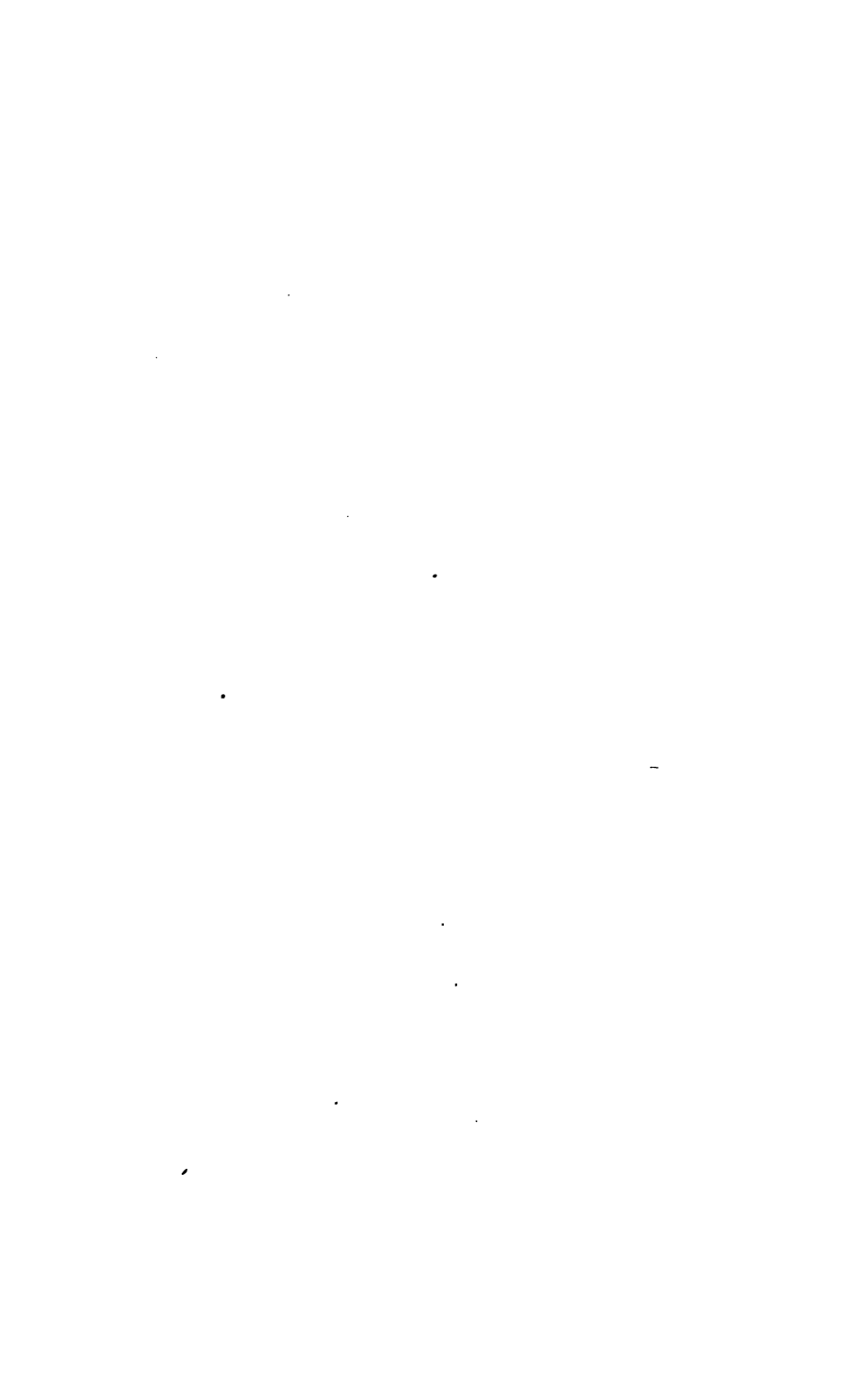
Austen said nothing. He was sitting by the open window looking out. Harry began and read aloud the words of that beautiful parable, the Prodigal Son. He knew that they were all true, and he hoped that Austen might feel them as he had done so long before. When he finished, he went out of the room. He thought it better to do so; and he did not return again. He wandered off into the woods, and spent the rest of the time by himself until he thought supper was ready, when he went back to the house.

Austen said nothing more to him. He was not much given to expressing his thoughts and feelings. But Harry noticed that the little Bible which lay on

his table was no longer neglected, and that he always seemed to be very attentive when he was at church, and very thoughtful when he was on the way home afterward. It was not easy to break through his almost life-long habits of petulance and ill-nature, yet he appeared to be more regardful of the feelings of others, and more careful not to give offense. Harry thought of all this, and could not help feeling a hope that Austen was beginning to realize that there was something more to live for than his own gratification and his own interests. He was glad to think it, and trusted that the time would yet come when Austen should know what it was to be truly happy, and to try to add to the happiness of those around him. It was a very blessed thought that he had been instrumental in leading him to think of those things that alone could make him happy in this world and in the next.

Summer was coming on again, and bringing with it additional work to be done, but Harry never felt disposed now to leave it "to do itself," as he had said a year before. He had won his way so completely into the confidence of the farmer, that he was sometimes sent into Columbus by himself to attend to important business for him.

One day he took a load of hay to a man who lived in the city. He was to receive pay for that and many other things besides, amounting in all to more than a hundred and seventy-five dollars. He had started rather later than usual, and, consequently, the afternoon was wearing away before he turned the horses'





THE STORM.

heads homeward. A dark cloud was beginning to spread over the sky, and Harry knew enough of the signs of the weather to see that a storm was coming on, and pretty rapidly too; the best he could do was to get home as soon as possible. He drove on as rapidly as he could; but the horses were tired, the day had been very hot, they had already gone a long distance, and he could not urge them on as quickly as he wished. Before six miles of the way had been passed the wind was blowing a perfect hurricane, and the clouds of dust almost blinded him; it was growing dark too, and the vivid lightning and the terrific peals of thunder only added to the uneasiness of the horses. They were getting unmanageable. Harry was a little frightened and exceedingly uncomfortable. He heartily wished himself safe at home, where he knew they were all looking out for him with anxiety. At last the rain began to fall, and in a few minutes he was wet through. Still, the storm was at its height, and he had to trust to the instinct of the horses to find their way home. It was impossible to see the road except when the lightning illuminated every thing for a moment, only to make the darkness that followed seem more intense. At last Harry determined that it was useless to try to go on, and, taking advantage of an instant when he could see where he was, he drove up close to the fence on one side of the road and stopped.

He got down and went to the horses, patted them on the head, and spoke to them, by way of inducing them to stand still; then fastened one of them to the

fence, and went round beside the wagon, where he would be sheltered from the rain. For a full half hour he staid there, waiting for the storm to abate; it was useless to try to go on till it did. He was sorry to think how uneasy they would all be at home, Mrs. Jones especially, but, as far as he himself was concerned, he was not very unwilling to wait for even a longer time. He rather liked a thunder-storm; he enjoyed it; he liked to watch the lightning flashing out from the dark clouds, or seeming to dart across the sky like a line of fire.

At last the wind ceased, the rain was falling more quietly, he started on his way again, and in time he reached home. He did not drive up to the house, but went directly to the stable, put up the horses and the wagon, and then went in.

"Oh, Harry!" was the general exclamation, as he opened the door, "is that you?"

"Why, to be sure it is," he said, laughing; "though I guess I look more like a drowned rat. I thought I'd tell you I had got home safe before I went to put on some dry clothes."

"Yes, that was right," said Mrs. Jones; "we've been so uneasy about you. But make haste now, or you'll catch cold."

He went to his own room to change his clothes, and then returned to the house for his supper.

"You didn't see *Ellen*, did you?" Mr. Jones said, as he re-entered.

"No, *that* I didn't. Excuse me, Ellen. Did you get caught in the storm too?"

"Not exactly *caught* in it; but I had come over here, and had to stay."

"Won't your aunt be frightened about you?"

"No, she knows where I am. She isn't as easily frightened as Mrs. Jones."

"I don't think *you* need talk about people being easily frightened, Ellen," said Mrs. Jones. "Somebody that I know was a little more uneasy than *I* was while Harry was away."

"Yes," said Charley; "when you said you hoped nothing had happened to him, she was just about to cry."

There was a general laugh at Ellen's expense, in which even Harry joined; but Ellen understood him, and knew why he had done so. He turned to Mary, and asked for his supper.

"Oh, I forgot," she exclaimed, starting up. Ellen thought *she* would not have forgotten, but she said nothing, and Harry gave an account of his adventures in the storm.

"Weren't you scared?" said Charley.

"No, not exactly; though it wasn't very pleasant to be out in it all alone so far from home."

"I feared robbers more than the storm, for, if alive, I knew you'd get home safe," said Mr. Jones. "You see I gave you credit for having enough sense to take care of yourself. None of the rest of these folks think that much of you."

Harry was just as well pleased that they did not. He was almost glad to think that Ellen had been

alarmed about him, and then he said to himself that it was unkind to feel pleased that she had been unhappy; but somehow he could not get over the feeling. And when, as he bade her "good-night," she said to him, "Harry, I was really alarmed about you when the storm was raging so," he even felt that he loved her the better for her solicitude.

"I guess you'd have found out how much they all think of you," Austen said, "if you could have seen them while you were out. Such a running to the door every now and then, to see if you were coming, and listening for the wheels. *I* never saw such a time."

"Well, it's very pleasant to know that people care something about you, even if you don't deserve it," Harry replied.

"I reckon some folks might think differently about the deserving it from what you do," said Austen. "And if you like to have somebody to make a fuss about you, you'd better not go out there to them new states by yourself. It *would* be mighty lonesome, I *tell* you."

Either Harry could not or would not understand exactly what Austen meant by that last remark, and made no reply. Yet he thought of it afterward, as he had done before; but for the present he kept his thoughts to himself.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A HAPPY PROSPECT.

“Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.

He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of morning, Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.

She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.”

LONGFELLOW.

HARRY had been almost two years at the farm, the only part of his life that he thought worth remembering, the only part upon which he could look back with any pleasure. The season of the year when he had left New York for his Western home always brought with it many recollections of the days gone by, and, more than all, many thoughts of gratitude to God, who had ordered every thing aright, and given him so much happiness. The time had come, of which Mr. Mason had spoken, when he could see and acknowledge, in regard to the dealings of his heavenly Father, that “He doeth all things well.”

One evening early in the fall, when he went into the house after the day's work was over, he found Ellen there, in the midst of a very interesting story which she was telling the children.

“Oh, Harry,” exclaimed Mary, “*won't* you take Ellen home if she stays till after supper?”

"Certainly I will, Mary. Why shouldn't I?"

"She said you wouldn't, or you couldn't, or something."

"Nonsense, Mary," said Ellen; "I didn't say that. I said perhaps he might have something else to do; that was all."

"No, I haven't any thing to do. Don't you know, Ellen, I'm always at your service?"

"Thank you. I know you're ready enough to oblige any one. You see, this is the thing: I've been telling the children a story, and I could not get through in time, so they begged me to stay and finish it, and said you would go home with me if it was not done before it grew dark, and I said I would if you were at leisure, and could go with me. Now you have the history of the whole transaction."

"Very well; go on; I'll go home with you when you're ready." So Ellen continued the story until the summons to supper interrupted her.

"I declare, these children give you no peace of your life when you're over here," said Mr. Jones. "They seem to think they have a right to tease you as much as they choose."

"Oh, they don't tease me; I like to answer them," Ellen said.

"We don't tease her a bit," Charley added. "She ain't so easily put out as most folks."

"No, I'm sure she isn't. But come, Ellen, and have your supper. I guess they'll let you alone that long."

Ellen was Mr. Jones's special pet. He always in-

sisted upon having her sit next to him at the table when she was there, so she took her place beside him, and they had a very pleasant chat. When supper was over she had to finish the story. Harry went out of the room and did not come back for some time. When he did make his appearance she was ready to go and waiting for him.

"Harry, you just ought to have been here," said Charley. "Why didn't you stay and hear the story?"

"Because I thought I wasn't wanted," he replied.

"*Who* didn't want you?"

"I didn't," said Ellen, answering for him.

Charley looked rather surprised, and said, "I thought you liked Harry."

"So I do, a little bit," she replied, laughing, and looking at Harry, "but I didn't want him to listen to the story; that was only meant for you and Mary."

"You see I was right," said Harry, as he took up his hat and went out with Ellen.

"What a lovely night! Did you ever *see* any thing more beautiful?" she said to him as they walked along.

"Never," replied Harry, "and I'm obliged to you for all the pleasure that such things give me now. I never cared for them till that evening—do you remember it?—when you *would* make me admire the sunset."

"Yes, I remember it very well. I don't know how it is possible not to enjoy such a beautiful moonlight night as this."

"I do enjoy it, but always more with you than at other times." He paused a moment, and then continued, "Ellen, I want to *tell* you something."

"Well, Harry, what is it?"

"I hardly know how—"

"Don't be afraid of hurting my feelings. Have I wounded yours?"

"Oh no, but I've been thinking a good deal lately of what I'm going to do after a year or two, when Mr. Jones won't need me any longer. I've been talking to him about it, and I thought I would tell you."

"I'm glad you have. Don't be troubled about it, Harry. You'll find a good place, I'm sure."

"You don't know what I mean, Ellen. I don't *want* a place. I want a farm of my *own*, and a *home* of my own too."

Ellen's hand, that was resting on his arm, trembled violently. He noticed, and was almost pleased with her agitation, but he continued,

"I have heard that away out in the West they sometimes give men land if they will go out there and settle."

"Oh, Harry, you don't think of *that*!" said Ellen, interrupting him.

"Why not, Ellen? It seems to me the very thing—the very best chance for me to do something for myself."

"But, Harry, *why* go away? I'm *sure* you're very happy here, and they *all* think so much of you, and what—"

"I know all that; but when Charley is older I will not be needed. And then, besides, I want to have a home of my own. Every body ought to have."

She said nothing in reply, and they walked on for a few minutes in silence. Harry was the first to speak.

"I've been here almost two years, Ellen, and during all that time, as you must know, *you* have made my happiness. Many a time have I thanked God that we ever met; and now, Ellen, when I shall have a home in the Far West, will you not share it with me? It could not be home without you."

"Harry, I love you more than my own life. I would go *any* where for you and with you. I long to be to you all that woman can be to man. Are you satisfied?"

"Yes, my own Ellen, I am. It is impossible for us to be happier than we now are. From this time we belong to each other, and God has joined us. Let nothing sever us."

Harry was satisfied, but Ellen was more than satisfied. Woman's heart is formed by God on purpose to trust and to love. Ellen felt that she had now a strong arm to lean upon, a noble, generous, and renewed heart to beat in unison with her own. And, above all, she knew that theirs was an attachment which would not end on earth; founded upon the everlasting love of God, it could not die.

The silence of the lovely night was for a long time unbroken. Both were deep in thought. To Harry it seemed as if every dream of happiness that had

ever passed through his mind would surely be realized—nay, was *now* more than realized, and he could not say any thing that would adequately have expressed his feelings. At length the little gate before Mr. Foster's house was reached. They passed it by as if it were not there, and returned again. Once more they passed it. Their walk was a long one, and each felt that words were unnecessary. When at last they stood before the gate again, Harry opened it.

"Will you come in, Harry?"

"No, Ellen, not now. God bless you," he said, fervently. For another moment he held her hand in his, then, bending down, he kissed her, turned away, and walked rapidly along the path. She stood at the door for some minutes till he was out of sight, and then entered the house.

"Why, Ellen, where have you been so long?" said Mrs. Foster; and, as the light fell upon Ellen's features, her aunt started up, exclaiming with fright, "But what's the matter with you, my child? What's the matter?"

Ellen could make no reply; she embraced her aunt and sobbed violently. Mrs. Foster led her to a chair, sat down, took her on her lap as tenderly as if she were an infant, and kissed her again and again without saying a word, until some time had elapsed, and Ellen's emotion had subsided. "What *is* it, Ellen?" then inquired her aunt, tenderly.

Ellen looked up, half crying, half laughing, as she replied, "You'd *laugh* at me if I'd tell you."

"No, Ellen, my child—*tell* me. Am I not almost your mother?"

"Yes, my dear aunt, you are, and I will tell you. Harry—Harry—but, aunt, I can't tell you."

"Ah! it's Harry, is it?" and Mrs. Foster understood it all in a moment. "No, Ellen, you darling girl, you *needn't* tell me. Don't—I know all about it. I'm glad it's so; but you mustn't *dream* of it for a long time yet. You can be as happy in the way you now are as if you were married ten times over. You are only a little girl yet, and Harry is a boy; two or three years will make him much more of a man."

Ellen was now sure that she was understood, and again she wept. What place *is* there so dear to any girl as an affectionate mother's bosom? It matters not *how* one is a mother, whether by adoption or by nature, if the maternal heart is there. No doubt Ellen will recover, and we will leave her in good hands while we look after Harry.

He had scarcely gone twenty yards into the woods when, with a heart full of emotion, he fell on his knees at the foot of a large tree, and, weeping, poured out his gratitude to God in unspoken but fervent thanksgiving.

Probably ten minutes elapsed before he was himself again and was on his way home.

"Why, what's the matter with you?" said Austen.

"Do I look as if any thing was the matter?" he asked, looking up.

"You don't look very sad, but your *eyes* look as if you'd been crying. What have you been at?"

"Building castles in the air. Thinking of all sorts of pleasant things," he answered.

"Well, suppose you tell me some of them. They seem to make you very happy; maybe they'd do me just as much good."

Harry laughed. "I don't believe they would," he answered; "and, at any rate, I'll wait until they come to pass before I tell you."

Whether Austen had any idea of what he was thinking of or not, he could not tell, but he said, very quietly, "I guess I'll find out your secret yet," and then left him to his own thoughts; and he needed no better company; they were bright and happy enough to satisfy him perfectly.

At last came the day to which the younger members of the household had been looking forward for so long, the second anniversary of Harry's arrival at the farm, and Mrs. Jones had invited quite a number of the neighbors to spend the evening there in honor of the occasion. There were great preparations to be made, and the whole house was in a commotion all day. Once Harry found Mr. Jones disengaged, and thought he would like to have a quiet talk with him. He had been such a true, kind friend to him during those two years, that he felt as if he ought to tell him of all his plans and hopes for the future; so he confided to him the result of that conversation with Ellen. The farmer did not appear to be at all surprised, but he said,

"I'm very glad to hear it, Harry, very glad indeed ;



I hope you will both be as happy as you so well deserve ;” and then he added, in his usual merry way, “ I *knew* Ellen would make somebody a good wife one day.”

Harry only laughed.

“ Well, you’ve got a good while to wait,” the farmer added, “ and I guess Ellen won’t want every body to be talking about it. Ain’t you afraid I’ll go and tell your secret ?”

“ No,” said Harry, “ I *trust* you.”

The evening came, and with it the invited guests. It passed away very pleasantly. Harry was a universal favorite in the neighborhood, and all seemed to think his arrival there was worth remembering and celebrating. But the kind words he received, and the pleasant things said of him on every side scarcely gave as much pleasure to him as they did to Ellen. It was no little delight to her to hear him spoken of with so much respect and affection by old and young, and she was the very picture of happiness all the evening. Mr. Jones was standing near her once when no one else happened to be there.

“ I think I have some claim to you now,” he said, in a low tone. “ I always thought I’d like to have you for my daughter.”

Ellen knew very well what he meant. She blushed deeply, but could not reply, and the farmer relieved her from her embarrassment by saying, “ Never mind, Ellen, your secret is safe with me, and I’ll do handsomely by Harry when he’s free, not only for his own,

but for your sake." Tears came to her eyes—tears of pride and gratitude—which Mr. Jones observing, he began to joke about something that was going on in another part of the room, where the children were playing.

Harry's friend Mr. Mason was present, and he and Ellen had a long conversation together. She was quite able to enjoy the society of a man who was far superior to the rest of the people who lived there, and some time after he said to Harry,

"Where did that niece of Mr. Foster's come from? She hasn't lived here very long, has she?"

"No," he replied, "she has only been here two years. She used to live in Boston."

"Well, she's a very sensible, intelligent girl, as well as handsome. You are acquainted with her, are you not?"

That was almost too much for Harry's gravity. He could scarcely keep from laughing outright as he said, "Yes, sir, I know her very well. It was she who used to help me with my lessons."

"Is it so, Harry? Give me your hand; I must congratulate you. You've got a prize."

Nothing could have been more gratifying to Harry than this expression of good feeling and high opinion of Ellen, and it was, of course, retailed again and again to Ellen herself.

When the company had all gone, Charley made extraordinary onslaughts on the cake and lemonade, from which he had been restrained by the presence

of so many strangers, and then he spoke about the party.

"Harry, wasn't this a first-rate party?"

"Yes, very nice indeed."

"I'll tell you who was the prettiest girl in the room," he continued. "Who do *you* think?"

"Well, I guess Mary."

"No."

"Then it was Lucy Miller."

"Oh pshaw! Harry, you know better than that. Guess again."

"I can't."

"Why Ellen, of course; and you *know* she was too."

"Why didn't he say it, then?" said Mary.

"I don't know. I don't believe he *likes* Ellen."

"*You're* smart," Mary replied. "If *he* don't like her he's the only person about here that don't. Don't like her! why, he'd stand on his head to please her."

"Don't trouble yourselves about it, children," said Harry, as he left the room, rather amused at their being so much exercised about his feelings toward Ellen.

He was beginning to long for the time to come when he should set out in the world for himself. The prospect was all so bright and beautiful before him—a home of his own, to be shared by Ellen—it was the most perfect idea of happiness that he could conceive of. There was one satisfaction in staying still at the farm. Every day was teaching him more

and more of a farmer's duties, giving him more experience to be put into practice when he should have to depend upon himself alone, and not only so, but have some one else dependent upon his exertions. He had fully resolved that, when Ellen should become his wife, she should have a comfortable home, if industry and hard work could give her one. There was little danger of such a spirit meeting with any thing but success.

"Well, Harry," said Mrs. Foster to him one day, "it'll be dreary enough here without Ellen when you take her away, but I suppose we'll have to submit; and, after all, I reckon you've got a better right to her than any one else. I would never have seen her if it hadn't been for you."

Whether it was the fact of his having saved her life that gave it to him or not, he was very well satisfied that he *did* have a better right to her than any one else had, and he was only anxious for the time to come when he should be able to claim it. But as yet he was obliged to exercise his patience.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HARRY'S HOME.

“ Oh, there is one affection which no stain
Of earth can ever darken; when two find,
The softer and the manlier, that a chain
Of kindred taste has fastened mind to mind,
'Tis an attraction from all sense refined;
The good can only know it; 'tis not blind,
As love is unto baseness; its desire
Is but with hands entwined to lift our being higher.”

PERCIVAL.

FIVE years had passed away since that evening when Harry had told Ellen of his plans for the future, and during that time his bright dream had become a reality. The little farm in the Far West was his own. He had gone there at first by himself. It *was* a trial to part with those who had been so kind to him, and to leave his first home, where he had spent so many happy years; but he was anxious to go and carve out his own fortune in the world. For nearly a year he had toiled alone in the wilderness, his heart and his arm strengthened for his labors by the thought of what was to come afterward, and by letters from Ellen. Then, when the little log house had arisen in the midst of the forest, and the first harvest had been gathered in, he had returned to Ohio to claim Ellen as his wife.

In the little sitting-room at Mr. Foster's, where they had spent so many happy hours together, they were

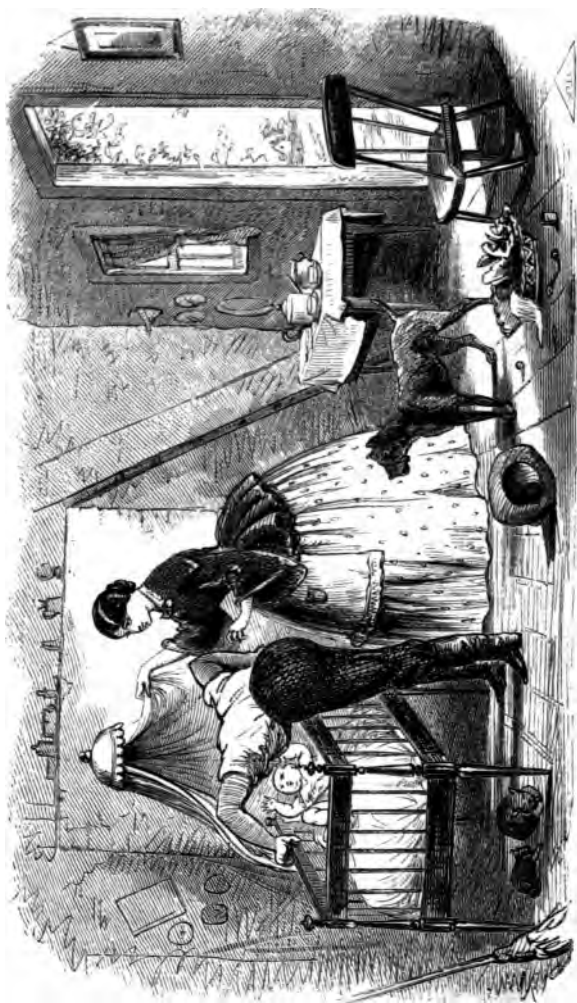
married, and then they bade adieu to their friends and set out for their distant home. There we will take one look at them.

It was a bright, calm summer evening; the sun was just going down behind a deep wood, and leaving in shadow the little cottage that had been built by Harry's almost unaided exertions, where, for more than a year, he and his wife had been living in quiet happiness. A new and brighter page had been opened before their eyes; the hearts of the young husband and wife had been knit by a new tie, stronger, deeper, fuller, and more tender than they had ever known before. An infant, a few months old, was sleeping quietly in the cradle, and, as Ellen bent over it, her heart went up in a psalm of glad thanksgiving to God. She was scarcely changed by the five years that had passed over her. Perhaps she looked a little older, a little more womanly, but that was all. After a few minutes, she left her seat beside the cradle and set the table for tea. She had just finished when the sounds of a horse's feet were heard. She went out and walked down the pathway in front of the house. As the horse with its rider came near, any one would have recognized an old friend, Harry Lee.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come!" she said, as he alighted. "I *thought* you wouldn't stay late."

"No indeed, Ellen; I had no notion of leaving you and baby alone in these wild woods longer than I could help; and besides, whenever I go into town, do you know I am always in a hurry to get back to my own sweet home? there's no place like it."





HARRY'S HOME.

"Indeed there isn't. But make haste, Harry; supper's ready." She went into the house, while he led the horse away, and then followed her. He went to the cradle, and stooping, imprinted a loving kiss upon the brow of the sleeping infant.

"Ah! Ellen," said he, "our little cottage was full of light before, but it is all one blaze of sunshine now."

"Yes, Harry, a new life has sprung up within it since our darling was given to us."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," he said, when they were seated at the table, "I got a letter all the way from New York to-day."

"Did you? Who is it from?"

"From my very first friend, the superintendent of the Lodging-house."

"What does he say?"

"Every thing pleasant about being so glad to hear of all our happiness, and especially that I have got such a treasure of a wife. He writes with all the warm feelings of a woman."

"He thinks that of me because he don't know me," said Ellen, laughing.

"That's it, is it? Then what's the reason I think so? But here's the letter; I'll read it."

So it was duly read and commented upon, and then they rose from the table.

"Now, Harry, just one bucket of water, and, as soon as I put things to rights, we'll go out and enjoy the fresh air while baby sleeps."

The water was brought most cheerfully, and every thing put in its place; then they went out together.

"Come and sit down here on the grass, Ellen," said her husband; "it's so sweet and quiet now. Doesn't it look glorious over there in the west, where the sun has just gone down?"

"Yes; what beautiful clouds! I never saw any thing lovelier."

"I have been thinking ever since I got that letter—thinking so much of all the past while I was riding home alone," Harry said.

"It has brought it back to my mind too," she replied. "I like to look over my life, and see how wisely it has been all ordered for me."

"Yes, Ellen, you have no sad and painful memories as I have. I can not yet think of one part of my life without sorrow; and yet, as you say, it is pleasant to see in every thing the wisdom and the love of God, that have watched over each moment, and arranged every event."

"Harry, ought not joy and gratitude to overcome every other feeling? I don't like to have you make yourself sad by such thoughts as those you spoke of just now."

"They don't make me *only* sad, Ellen," he answered, cheerfully; "they make me more grateful for all my present blessings, and oh, how many they are!"

"Yes, they are many, indeed. I don't believe that sun has set upon two happier people;" and she looked up with a bright smile.

"It has not, I am sure; nor upon two people who have greater cause for happiness. I was thinking of the night when I first went to the News-boys' Lodging-house in New York. You know I have often told you about it. Who could have thought then that I would ever have such a home as this?"

"No one; and neither could I when I first saw you. How long ago it seems. And yet I remember just how I felt that day when you walked off without my being able to speak to you. I remember it all as well as if it had happened yesterday. But, Harry, dear, do you know, I feel sometimes afraid you will think that I love you only because you saved my life; and I have wanted to tell you that that was but part of the reason. It is more what you *are* than what you have *done* that makes you so dear to me. It is your nobleness of heart and mind, and the faithfulness with which you fulfill every duty."

A grateful, happy smile illumined Harry's fine countenance as he laid his hand in hers. "Five years ago," he said, thoughtfully, "and now, Ellen, look around. All this is our own. We have all that we need for our daily wants, and we have each other. What more could either of us desire?"

"Nothing, except the greatest blessing of all, and that is ours too, the love of God burning within our hearts."

"I did not forget that; without it there would be no satisfying happiness in the others."

"I wonder what they are all doing far away in

Ohio," said Ellen, after a little pause. "Wouldn't you like to take a peep at them now?"

"Yes, very much. I dare say they're thinking of us."

"Aunt said in her last letter that they talk about us every evening."

"And poor Austen," said Harry, "I never thought he could care so much for any body; but he says he feels perfectly lost without us. Wouldn't it be nice to have a visit from him some day?"

"Yes, indeed, it would be delightful. While you were here alone he and I got to be great friends. It was so pleasant to talk to somebody that never tired of hearing your name. I used to be afraid the rest of them would."

"I didn't have the satisfaction of talking to *any* body during that year," said Harry. "I was alone nearly all the time."

"How dreary it must have been in these woods, all by yourself."

"No, not dreary, because I was so busy all the time, working with might and main, to make the place habitable for you."

"Well, you see I appreciate all your efforts," she said. "I wouldn't exchange our home for any other place on the face of the whole earth."

"I don't think I would either, Ellen; but I wanted to ask you, what have you been doing all day while I was gone?"

"Oh, various things. I wasn't idle, I can assure you."

"No, indeed, I'm pretty sure of that. I dare say you didn't miss me very much."

"Yes I did; but I forgot to tell you I had a visitor to-day."

"You don't say so; who was it? I thought visits were unknown in this part of the world."

"It was the wife of a farmer who lives over there through the woods—Mrs. Allen."

"Oh yes, I remember now; I had forgotten we had any neighbors so near at hand. How did you like her?"

"Very much. She was quite pleasant, and said we ought to be very sociable, there are so few neighbors within any sort of reasonable distance."

"Well, I'm very glad she made herself agreeable. I have been thinking that you would feel the want of some neighbors—somebody that you could see occasionally."

"Indeed I don't, Harry. I don't care if I see no one else from one year's end to another. I am perfectly satisfied; you are enough."

"It's very well you think so," he replied.

"Yes, it is. It would be a pity if I thought otherwise."

"Can't you sing something, Ellen?" he asked, after a few minutes.

"Yes, if you want me to. What shall I sing?"

"That song you learned from Mrs. Howard."

"Oh yes, I'll sing that; it just suits."

And she began. Perhaps Ellen's singing would

not have been so sweet to every one else, but Harry wanted to hear no other music, and it was one of his greatest delights every evening, after the day's work was over. The words that she sang were these :

“ ‘ Come to the sunset tree,
The day is past and gone ;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.
The twilight star to heaven,
And the summer dew to flowers,
And rest to us, is given
By the cool, soft evening hours.

“ ‘ Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the wind's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie.
But rest more sweet and still
Than ever nightfall gave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.

“ ‘ There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noontide heat ;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary, wandering feet.
So we lift our trusting eyes
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God.’

“ Isn't it sweet ?” she said, when she had finished.
“ Harry, it seems as if it were just meant for me to sing to you.”

“ Yes, I was thinking so. Oh, Ellen, what a comfort

it is to know that we have such a home in the land beyond the grave. We can never be separated long—you, and I, and little Harry. Even if one of us should be called away, we would meet there very soon, never—never to part again.”

The last ray of daylight had faded out, and they went in. There will we leave them, happy in their own sweet home, happy in each other's love, happy in their new-found treasure, but, above all, happy in the blessing of the Lord, and in the hope of an unending life of love and joy in that glorious city, of which it is written, it shall have “no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it;” “for the Lord shall be its everlasting light,” “the New Jerusalem,” “whose builder and maker is God.”

CONCLUSION.

READER, this story, of whose defects no one is more fully and painfully conscious than the writer, may possibly awaken on your part a desire to be a Christian, or, being a Christian, to lead a holier and lovelier life. Should it do so, the author's chief aim and earnest prayer to God will be answered. Such a feeling, however, will not be awakened solely by this book, but by the Holy Spirit of God making use of its simple truths; and let no one either resist or neglect it. Fan it as a sacred flame; pray over it; speak to your pastor or to some Christian friend in whom you have confidence, and from whom you may receive counsel and sympathy. But any counselor is unnecessary. Jesus himself is all-sufficient. Go to him at once, for to him any serviceable advice *must* lead you. He will pardon your every transgression, and redeem you from all sin. Let the words of the well-known hymn be yours:

“I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
Prostrate I'll lie before the Son,
And all my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.

- “Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, though I perish, I will flee,
And perish only there.
I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.
- “Jesus, I come. Oh, look on me
As on the dying thief;
Now fill my soul with love to Thee,
And charm away its grief.
'Tis weary, wounded, sick; oh cure,
And soothe, for Thou alone
Canst cleanse its stains, canst make it pure,
And mould it like thine own.
- “I *trust* Thee, Jesus. Thou hast said
'*Come unto me and rest.*'
I long to lay my weary head
Upon Thy loving breast.
Nor wilt Thou tell me to depart,
For once thy sweetest name
Was 'Friend of sinners,' and Thou art
Forever, Lord, the same.
- “Great God, I come; I venture nigh,
In Jesus reconciled;
And 'Abba, Father,' now I cry,
Take home Thy wandering child!”

One word may be desirable as to the theology of the book. It does not really trench upon theologic ground; it is purely practical. The subject of the Atonement is a large one, and will probably always

need personal, if not pastoral explanation. It has been the aim of this story rather to arouse those who can be reached in no other way than through the medium of an almost technical love-story, particularly the very poor and comparatively illiterate, to an interest in the great central truth of our holy religion—*love*; to illustrate the operation of the principle, and to extort a confession in the inmost soul even of the caviler and the skeptic, that, so far as the practice of religion goes (whatever may be true of its many differing, but not necessarily contradictory theories), it is only what does happen thousands of times in the daily experience of every enlightened nation; and that, when they are called upon to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ as a Savior to each one of them, there is no intrinsic absurdity or superstitious puerility in the call.

In the prosecution of this work, it soon became apparent that the story might be made entirely catholic. The radical principle of love enables us to avoid introducing in a practical work such things as will shut it out from the sympathies of any class of readers. Some will doubtless be found who will close the book, as not accordant with their past teachings; but if they will pause and consider that it is rather what is *not* said than what is, and then think why it has been thus written, they may take a different view. Let it, then, be distinctly understood, that this book does not pretend to *theology*. It is simply a hurriedly written story, illustrative of the emotional part of the Chris-

tian religion—illustrative of the redeeming tendency of love.

And, now that the last line is to be written, how can it be better done than by invoking the Divine blessing upon this feeble attempt to portray feelings which are surely divinely written in the soul, whether or not they have been correctly read and expressed? May God bless it.

THE END.



Abbott's Juvenile Series.

The Little Learner.

A Series for very young children, in five small quarto volumes, beautifully illustrated, and designed to assist in the earliest development of the mind of a child, while under its mother's special care, during the first five or six years of life, as follows:

Learning to Talk;

Or, Entertaining and Instructive Lessons in the Use of Language. By JACOB ABBOTT. Illustrated with 170 Engravings. Small 4to, Muslin, 50 cents.

Learning to Think.

Consisting of Easy and Entertaining Lessons, Designed to Assist in the first unfolding of the Reflective and Reasoning Powers of Children. By JACOB ABBOTT. Illustrated with 120 Engravings. Small 4to, Muslin, 50 cents.

Learning to Read.

Consisting of Easy and Entertaining Lessons, Designed to Assist Young Children in Studying the Forms of the Letters, and in beginning to Read. By JACOB ABBOTT. Illustrated with 160 Engravings. Small 4to, Muslin, 50 cents.

Learning about Common Things;

Or, Familiar Instructions for Children in respect to the Objects around them that attract their Attention and awaken their Curiosity in the Earliest Years of Life. By JACOB ABBOTT. Illustrated with 120 Engravings. Small 4to, Muslin, 50 cents.

Learning about Right and Wrong;

Or, Entertaining and Instructive Lessons for Young Children, in respect to their Duty. By JACOB ABBOTT. Illustrated with 90 Engravings. Small 4to, Muslin, 50 cents.

Price of the Set, including case, \$2 50.



2

3

